Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

C - 10
3 6 5 2 5

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

HOOD'S OWN.

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH ALL

THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

E. MOXON, SON, & CO., DOVER STREET.

1870.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

PREFACE.

My first idea, on sitting down to prepare a preface for the Second Series of "Hood's Own," was to have recourse to my father's prefaces to the old "Comic Annuals," those "Anniversaries of the Literary Fun" (as their wrapper designated them), whose opening speeches I felt sure would be far better than anything I could devise. But any such intention was nipped in the bud by the first one I opened upon. There I found the following passage :—

"Nothing is more difficult than to address the Public annually on the same subject: a fact well understood by the Beadle of my old precinct of St. M***** B*****, who, as usual, presented me at Christmas tide with a copy of verses. Instead of the scriptural doggerel, however, which

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

used to fill up his broadside, and which indeed had become sufficiently stale and irksome, the sheet exhibited a selection of Elegant Extracts from our Standard Authors ; and by no means a bad assortment, if our Scarabæus Parochialis had not most whimsically garbled the pieces to suit a purpose of his own. Finding, perhaps, that original composition was beyond his bounds, that Parnassus, in fact, was not in

his Parish, he had contrived, by here and there interpolating a line or two of his own, to adapt the lays of our British Bards to his Carol. For instance, Gray's celebrated Elegy in a Country Churchyard, was thus made to do duty after this fashion.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—
And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds!

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain—
Save all the ministers that be in power,
Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign!

* * * * *

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The Parish Beadle calling at the door!

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life.
They kept the apple-women's stalls away!

* * * * *

Yet e'en their bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
He never lets the children play thereby.

* * * * *

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
Oft have we seen him at the break of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn!

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he!

The next *with hat and staff, and new array,*
Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou cans't read) the lay
He always brings upon a Christmas morn!

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
And never failed on Sundays to attend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald's Road."

Of course the perusal of this at once pointed out to me, that in stringing together the old "Comic Addresses," I

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

should be as involuntarily comic as John Bugsby, the Parish Beadle.

Not without some regret, therefore, that those most laughable yearly prologues should lapse by lapse of time, I have determined to confine myself in these preliminary observations to the materials and the form of the volume they are to accompany.

The time of Annuals is gone by. The "Forget-me-not" is forgotten, the "Souvenir" has passed from remembrance, and "Friendship's Offering" no longer, like "Friendship's Volunteered Advice," goes in at one year and comes out at the other.

The First Series of "Hood's Own" may be said to have marked the very time when the change in the issue of periodicals took place. Public opinion preferred a monthly number to a yearly volume, and the publications bowed to the decree. The "Forget-me-not" and others of its class left no representatives—but the "Comic" found a successor in the monthly shilling number of "Hood's Own"—the humour being checked in one place only to break out in another.

But the "Comics" were not entirely exhausted when unexpected circumstances brought the issue of the "Hood's Own" numbers to a stand-still. Ample materials were still left to assist in the formation of a Second Series.

Although Thomas Hood has been dead fifteen years, his fame, instead of dying out, is on the increase:—indeed, Time has rather added to, than obscured his popularity, and his writings find an ever-increasing circle of readers in England, while in America he is almost better known than in his own country.

Under these circumstances, and in compliance with a very general wish on the part of the public, it has been

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

determined to publish a collected edition of his works as complete and uniform as circumstances will allow.

As regards the present volume, the more immediate subject of this preface, it will be seen that various reasons —the number of wood-cuts chiefly—render it necessary to present it to the public in a form which it would not be convenient to continue through the whole series of works. With the exception, however, of the two volumes of "Hood's Own," the collection will be uniform.

This, then, is the cause of the embodiment of "Whims and Oddities" with "Hood's Own." They could not, with their illustrations, be included in the projected series. The cuts of "Up the Rhine," (the text of which will be shortly reprinted) are, for a similar reason, incorporated in the present volume.

Thus far for the illustrations—for the letter-press we have had recourse to the old "London," "Hood's Magazine," the "Whimsicalities," "Whims and Oddities," and to four or

FIVE "COMIC ANNUALS."

T. H.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Preface	iii
Review.—The Rambles of Piscator: by Sylvanus Suburban	1
"Napoleon's Midnight Review;" a New Version. .	10
Clubs, turned up by a Female Hand . . .	13
A New Song from the Polish	17
Hints to the Horticultural	25
Stanzas composed in a Shower-Bath . . .	32
Ode to J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M.P. . . .	34
The Fatal Bath	48
The United Family	63
A Letter from an Absentee	70
An Intercepted Dispatch	80
Poetry, Prose, and Worse	84
Hitchin Hall.	91

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

PAGE

Sketches on the Road.—The Wonderful Dog . . 96
The Fresh Horse . . 101
The Dead Robbery 108
Spanish Pride: a Yarn 117
John Jones: a Pathetic Ballad 123
An Irishman. 126
Domestic Poems 129
The Corresponding Club 141
Queries in Natural History 168
Lord Durham's Return 173
The Character 177
The Assistant Drapers' Petition 186
Sketches on the Road.—The Railway . . . 191
Ali Ben Nous: a Fable 197
Second Nature 207
Epigram 207
The New Lodger 208
Pompey's Ghost: a Pathetic Ballad . . . 213
The War with China. 219
A Popular Fallacy 228
"Up the Rhine" 229
A Bull 231
Speculations of a Naturalist 232
Not in "Boz" 234
A Sketch off the Road 235
Anacreontic. 241
A Popular Fallacy 243
The Pursuit of Letters 243
Riddle 243
A Reflection. 243
Suspended Animation 244
A Caution 246
The Schoolmistress Abroad; an Extravaganza . . 247
Epigram on a late Cattle-Show in Smithfield . . 305
Howqua 306

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

PAGE
A Sea-Totaller 306
An Extraordinary Operation 318
The Earth-Quakers 322
A Sketch on the Road 339
The Grimsby Ghost 340
No ! 365
A very So-so Character 367
The Repeal of the Union 367
Epigram on Lieutenant Eyre's Narrative of the Disasters at Cabul 372
Hydropathy, or the Cold Water Cure . . . 373
Mr. Chubb ; a Piscatory Romance 383
Notes on Shakespeare 407
News from China 409
New Harmony 446

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"MIRTH, ADMIT ME OF YOUR CREW."

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

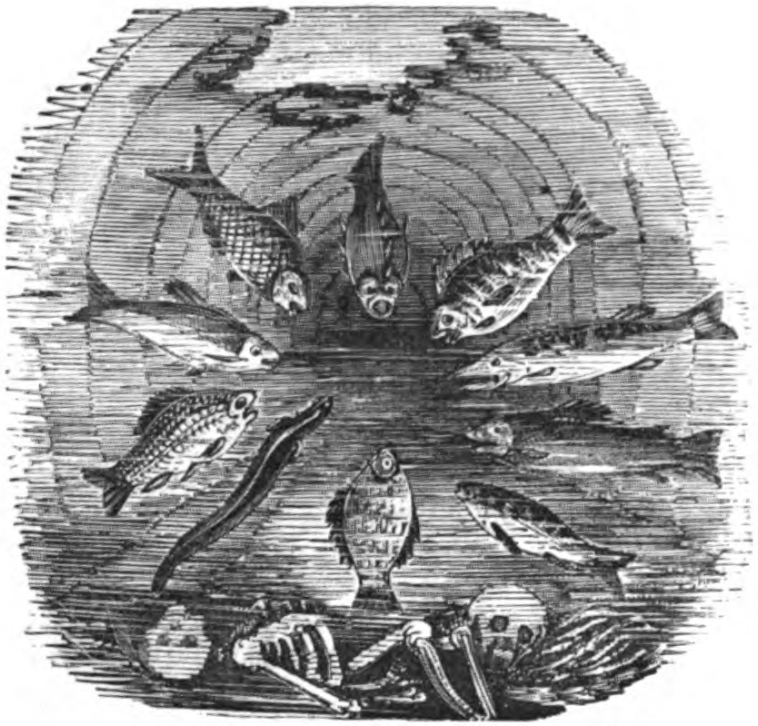
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

HOOD'S OWN:

OR, LAUGHTER FROM YEAR TO YEAR.



SHAREHOLDERS OF THE THAMES TUNNEL, A.D. 1938.

REVIEW.

The Rambles of Piscator. By SYLVANUS SUBURBAN. Fisher. London. 1837.

To sit down soberly to review a work upon Fishing is out of the question. At the very first piscatory paragraph, the angling rod swallows up the critical ditto, and we cannot write a single line till we have wetted one. That is precisely our temptation at present, and there is no remedy, except like other sporting gentlemen when they are troubled with their books, to levant.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

So away we go—at a right angle—stop us who can! Out of the way all Printer's Devils, or we will give you the butt! We can look at no proofs but water-proofs in the shape of boots. Now for our fustians, and now for our hats—but wherefore retain the critical plural, when the first person singular is quite sufficient for the Contemplative Man's Recreation?—Indeed most amateurs prefer, with Coriolanus, to do it alone!

I have grasped my implement, then; pocketed my tackle, and am armed all ready for the start — but whither? I will set up my rod on end and be determined by its fall. There!—Due North! A divining rod, by Jove! What a mysterious instinct in hazel!—why, that's the New River! So much the better, for to that Middletonian stream I am indebted, as Filch says, for my education. I could go the way blindfold. Up Hatton-Garden down Something Hill, across What-d'ye-call-it-Square, along Thingamy Row, then through So-and-So Fields—but alas! I see they are bricked over!—and then Sadler's Wells! Yes, that building before me was formerly dear funny Joe Grimaldi's old Theatre, and those tavern gardens behind me used to be Little Vauxhall. But I can't stop to moralise. Hollo there! you in the cord'roys!—But there are nine in cord'roys—You in the ragged cap—but there are four in ragged caps—you in the blue pinafore then,—a shilling for that paper of worms. There's your money—and now be off to your book, for it's any odds to nothing that you're a truant. That Doctor's boy will go along with you—there are no roaches here—and besides the little Hoopers have been coughing the last hour for their Roach's embrocation.

Now then I'm set up for bait. A few gentles wouldn't be amiss, but that hobble-de-hoy in raw pork-sausage colour, with skyblue sleeves, and a tray on his head, says "he never know'd 'em so blow'd scarce." Now then for the height of human felicity, at least in these parts; a live gudgeon in a gallipot.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But stop—that's a valuable hint from the tall charity-boy, to spit first in the water for luck! So—my float is launched. There's a big fellow yonder laughing at me, may be one of the Stockbridge Club, or Christopher North himself, but I don't care a split shot. "The London Angler," as Salter says, "is ridiculed by none but the Shallows." The fewer the fins the more skill in bagging them. The fishes here know what fishing is. They don't shut their eyes and open their mouths; good reason why! for most of them have had a warning or two about worms and a few gentle hints about gentles. They're shyer than those in the Lea, and there they are uncommonly wary, even on this side of Ware. As for New River fish, some of them have had such experience, I verily believe they know a Kendal hook from a Kirby. It's next to impossible to worm yourself into their confidence; and if you can't take them in, of course you won't take them out.

The New River is a free fishery, and never without plenty to take up their freedom. Let's just count heads. There are seven charity boys, two men, four young blackguards and three young gentlemen on the other side—and one old gentleman (that's me), four errand-boys, two doctor's ditto, two butcher's ditto, a climbing boy, and a little boy in petticoats, on this. Now look at the bridge. There are three lads sitting on the coping, another sweep holding on by the iron rails, and next to him a lathy chap with white nightcap, white face, white jacket, white apron, white stockings, and whitish shoes, hanging over the stream like the Flour of Yarrow. Now I think of it, it's my remark that of all the fisher-boys I have ever seen I never yet noticed a Jew boy. The old curse prohibiting rest for the sole of the foot is perhaps too much against it, for New River angling is, it must be confessed, of the still description. But hush—there is something at me, or something like it. I say, Butcher, which of those green and white floats is mine? "Vich-ever I

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:54 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pulls up!"—Thankee, but they both pulls up at once. The tackle in this republican free and easy water is wonderfully given to fraternize. There!—we're all clear—*somehow*—but as the butcher has broken his top-joint he thinks it is time to deliver the joint of mutton. Another nibble—not at me though, but at the little boy. Ah, the climbing gentleman is right, it is

THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.

"ony a veed!" But don't go away, little boy—never give up—the last time I was here I almost caught a bleak! There!—I told you so: there's a bite at somebody over the way. Huzza! that's right! All strike at once and you're sure to have him. There he comes—and now for a wrangle. No less than three lines have sworn to cling to each other through thick and thin, and up they fly all in a tangle. Now then for the old remedy, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Go it,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Gut! Tug away, Horse hair! Hold on, Hemp! String wins! What a pity the Stockbridge man is gone away! Well, an' what is it? The old answer: "I don't know, but it's either a gudgeon, or a perch, or a chub!" No matter—put it into the basket; but as usual you've got no basket, and I doubt if the baker will sell you his. It's the first fish, however, and a very fine one for the place.

Well done, Muffin-cap number nineteen!—but now you must cut out, for you have no right to distress the water. I can tell you for your comfort it's the biggest I ever saw pulled out there except one, and that was years and years ago. He was full six inches long and couldn't be unhooked for want of a disgorger, that nobody had the thought to bring—so the lucky one carried him home to Barbican hanging just as he was, and a whole mob of people after him. How he was ever let grow to such a size I can't guess, unless he lived up a mainpipe. You've had glorious sport, so good bye—but yes, you're right, show the great fish to everybody before you go. It's a sight for sore eyes hereabouts—but hush, there's one at me, as big as yours perhaps; who knows? Ah, I didn't give him time enough, but we all strike too soon or too late in this water.

I say, Sweeper, keep out of my swim! Talking of striking, I never knew exactly till now what a striking countenance is; but that baker never twitches up his line without twitching up his nose and mouth along with it. What an ardent love of the art in every line of his face! He is quite in earnest—mind your eye, Fur-Cap! for he strikes as if he'd pull up the bottom. I'll lay my life—but, Mercy on us! where's the little boy—where's the little unbreech'd? There'll be distracted parents somewhere—who saw him last? Such a genteel little fellow too—and so young—I shall never forgive myself—but hark! I hear a small voice—Lord! here he is sure enough, fishing between my legs! It has made me nervous though; my hand

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

shakes like a perpetual nibble, and I shan't lose the notion all day of fallings in. I don't half like that fellow's seat upon the wooden rail. When cord'roys get glazed behind they're very slippy, as I know to my cost. I once had two famous hidings, three good kickings, a proper whacking, a regular wallopping, a rare bloody nose, and a precious black eye, for only tumbling in at that very spot! It's no joke my little master, for all your

SON-SET COMPOSITION.

laughing. I once saw a little fellow slip in here, just your size; and what do you think he said when he was pulled out? Why he said, "I'll tell my mother!" and you'll be just as angry with everybody in the world if you slip in. So do go home, little boy—for you're fatal to my peace of mind—and you may come again when you're breeched. Put up, little boy, there's a man—but what is that fellow singing out, four off? Who'll lend you a worm? Why, I will. But mind, I expect to be paid

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

honestly; and I live at Brompton! There's a very likely one—and I cry halves, whatever you catch. Mayhap if the weather would only be so kind as to mizzle a little—zounds! what a devil of a splash! Ah! just what I expected—say I told you so. The enthusiastic baker has gone in after a gudgeon that slipped off his hook. Thank heaven he has learned to swim,—yes, that's right, lend him a hand to help him out, but then get away from him as fast as you can, unless you are sworn friends and have promised to stick to him. He'll be all over paste! And now, between me and myself, all fishing will be done for hereabouts; and so, as the policemen say, I'll move on. High time too—the loan of that worm has done my business—I've got too liberal a character for the neighbourhood. There are two more I see quite out of baits,—and yonder's a muffin-cap making towards me with a line minus a hook. So I wish you all, gentlemen, a tacit good morning.

Owen's Row, here, used to be a comfortable spot, with its dwarf-wall to sit upon; but the last time I enjoyed it, a Quaker lady, at number nine, red me a lecture all the time from her balcony. "You think you are fishing," says she, "but you're being fished for, &c. &c., and if you once bite at the Old Serpent," &c. &c. So I'll just step across the City Road. The air's particularly wholesome, opposite Rhodes's Cow Lair,—and thereby hangs a tale. The fact happened at the very spot where I am now standing—and so I'll just tell it to anybody that likes stories, while I put on a finer line.

Well, it was nigh six o'clock, and my old friend Corkindale, very well dressed of course, was on his way to the Wells. There was to be a New Grand Aquatic Spectacle, and as usual with real water. It was fated, however, that Corkindale was to meet with another Entertainment in the same element, not announced in the bills. He had just arrived here, or hereabouts, when, all at once, he perceived something floating in the river which,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

if not a woman, was certainly a man in woman's clothes. In either case the duty was the same; and in a moment the little man, perfumed and powdered, and in a bran-new suit, was plunging into the water like a Newfoundland dog. The object proved, as expected, to be a human body, not yet a corpse; in short, he had the happiness of prolonging the life of an unfortunate female; and was so well satisfied with his own performance that he abandoned all intention of going to the Theatre. So far so good; and as any other man might have acted; but with poor Corkindale the matter took a more singular turn, namely, a turn for pulling people out of rivers. The Humane Society unfortunately sent him a Silver Medal; and from that hour the desire of saving increased upon him as it does with a Miser. He neglected his business to take long daily rambles by the Serpentine, or wherever else there seemed a chance of gratifying his propensity—and, above all, he haunted the scene of his former exploit, under the very common expectation that what had occurred once would happen again in the same locality. And, curiously enough, the calculation was partly to be realised.

POWDER'S END.

At the same hour, on the same day of the week of the same month, as before, I was walking with him on our road to the Wells, when lo and behold! at the identical spot we perceived a boy in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently for something which seemed to have

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

disappeared in the river. We of course inquired what was the matter; but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly; though he was able to intimate by signs that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such cases every moment is precious; and merely throwing off his new hat, Corkindale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under, indeed so

FLOATING CAPITAL.

long, that I really began to fear he had been grappled by some perishing wretch at the bottom. At last, however, he emerged; but it was only to ask eagerly for a more explicit direction. By this time the poor boy was more composed, so as to be able to direct the search rather more to the left—which was with the current. Accordingly down went Corkindale, a second time, in the direction pointed out; but with no better success; and when he came up again between agitation and exertion he was almost

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

exhausted. At last he was just able to articulate "Gracious heaven!—Nothing—not a shred." The anxiety of the poor boy, in the meantime, seemed extreme. "Laws bless you, Sir, for ever and ever," said he, "for going in, Sir—but do just try again—pray, pray do, Sir!" Corkindale did not require urging. "Quick, quick," says he, making himself up for another attempt—"tell me—man or woman?" "Oh! how good on you, Sir," cries the boy, poor fellow, quite delighted at a fresh hope—"Oh how very, very good on you, Sir. But it's nobody, Sir, but a nook!—a nook for fishing!—And O Lord! O Cri—! if you don't find it—for I've got never a fardin for to buy another!"

And now to return to the book before us. It closely resembles all other works of the same class: and the remarks we have made upon any one of the family will apply equally to "The Rambles of Piscator, by Sylvanus Suburban."

"NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

A NEW VERSION.

In his bed, bolt upright,
In the dead of the night,
The French Emperor starts like a ghost!
By a dream held in charm,
He uplifts his right arm,
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,
For the charger he rides;
And he mounts him, still under the spell;
Then, with echoing tramp,
They proceed through the camp,
All intent on a task he loves well.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Such a sight soon alarms,
And the guards present arms,
As he glides to the posts that they keep;
Then he gives the brief word,
And the bugle is heard,
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

A MEDIA-NOCHE.

Next the drums they arouse,
But with dull row-de-dows,
And they give but a somnolent sound,
Whilst the foot and horse, both,
Very slowly and loth,
Begin drowsily mustering round.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

To the right and left hand,
They fall in, by command,
In a line that might be better dress'd;
Whilst the steeds blink and nod,
And the lancers think odd
To be rous'd like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,
Mortars seem all agape,
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep;
And, whatever their bore,
Seem to think it one more
In the night such a field day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,
Fire no volley at all,
But go off, like the rest, in a doze;
And the eagles, poor things,
Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

"PIE-BALD."

Till each pupil of Mars
Takes a wink like the stars—
Open order no eye can obey:
If the plumes in their heads
Were the feathers of beds,
Never top could be sounder than they!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

So, just wishing good night,
Bows Napoleon, polite;
But instead of a loyal endeavour
To reply with a cheer;
Not a sound met his ear,
Though each face seem'd to say, "*Nap* for ever!"

CLUBS,

TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs! Clubs! part 'em! part 'em! Clubs! Clubs!"
Ancient Cries of London.

Of all the modern schemes of Man,
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all agree
They hardly know their hubs;
And heart and voice unite with me,
"We hate the name of Clubs!"

One selfish course the Wretches keep;
They come at morning chimes,
To snatch a few short hours of sleep—
Rise—breakfast—read the Times—
Then take their hats, and post away,
Like Clerks or City scrubs,
And no one sees them all the day,—
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

On what they say, and what they do,
They close the Club-House gates;
But one may guess a speech or two,
Though shut from their debates:
"The Cook's a *hasher*—nothing more—
The Children noisy grubs—
A Wife's a quiz, and home's a bore"—
Yes,—that's the style at Clubs!

"TO LADIES' EYES AROUND, BOYS!"

With Rundle, Doctor K., or Glasse,
And such Domestic Books,
They once put up—but now, alas!
It's hey! for foreign cooks!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"When *will* you dine at home, my Dove?"
I say to Mister Stubbs,—
"When Cook can make an omelette, love,—
An omelette like the Clubs!"

Time was, their hearts were only placed
On snug domestic schemes,
The book for two—united taste,—
And such connubial dreams,—
Friends dropping in at close of day
To singles, doubles, rubs,—
A little music—then the tray—
And not a word of Clubs!

But former comforts they condemn;
French kickshaws they discuss,
They take their wine, the wine takes them,
And then they favour us:—
From some offence they can't digest,
As cross as bears with cubs,
Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—
That's how they come from Clubs!

It's very fine to say "Subscribe
To Andrews'—can't you read?"
When Wives, the poor neglected tribe,
Complain how they proceed!
They'd better recommend at once
Philosophy and tubs,—
A woman need not be a dunce
To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Picts,
Would seek us now and then—
They're pretty pattern-Benedicts
To guide our single men!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Indeed my daughters both declare
"Their Beaux shall not be subs.
To White's, or Black's, or anywhere,—
They've seen enough of Clubs!"

They say, "*without* the marriage ties,
They can devote their hours
To catechize or botanize—
Shells, Sunday Schools, and flow'rs—
Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,
Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,
Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—
As Wives do since the Clubs."

CLUBS LEAD.

Alas! for those departed days
Of social wedded life,
When married folks had married ways,
And lived like Man and Wife!
Oh! Wedlock then was pick'd by none—
As safe a lock as Chubb's!
But couples, that should be as one,
Are now the Two of Clubs!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Of all the modern schemes of man
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair!
My female friends they all allow
They meet with slights, and snubs,
And say, "They have no husbands now,—
They're married to their Clubs!"

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

A NEW SONG FROM THE POLISH.

It was my good fortune, one day, in a casual ramble through Deptford, to encounter an old, whimsical, frost-bitten Tar, with whom I had made a slight Somerset House acquaintance. He was a North-Poler, by name Drury, but surnamed ex-officio "Why Then?" and the recent return of the late Arctic Ex-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pedition affording us a congenial topic, I immediately broke the ice:—"Well, Drury, what do you think of the last exploring job in the North?"

"Why, then, your Honour," said Drury, taking up a talking position, "to speak my private mind, it's much the same as I said to you a year ago in the Navy Pay. It's come to the same bad end as all afore it, and as all will come to that come arter it, by trying to find what's not to be found—no, not if you took out the Town Crier."

"You stick to the old opinion, then, Drury, that the Arctic Pole is nothing but an Arctic *Gull?*"

"Why then—yes, your Honour,—something between a gull and no bird at all. Since I see you last, I've turned it over and over, and took double turns of it, and by help of scripture larnings, which is worth all other larnings, ten times over, not excepting navigation, I've been able to make out the pint."

"Indeed, Drury! Then you will perhaps give an old friend the benefit of the decision."

"Why then, your Honour, it's my own argument entirely; and here it is. As for the Frozen Ocean, it's my belief, Natur would never act so agin natur, as stick a sea where there was no earthly use for it whatsomever, whether to King's ships, or to Marchantmen, or any craft you like, by reason of the ice. That I call making Cape Clear."

"And what then, Drury?"

"Why then, it stands to reason, and stands well too, on both legs, that there never was no sea at all in them high latitudes, afore the Great Flood. Whereby, there came sich a spring tide of the Atlantic, as went over and above all the old water-marks, and so made the Frozen Ocean. That's my own private notion, and not agin Gospel nor geografy neither."

"But what has that to do, Drury, with the existence of the Pole?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Why then—all the *do* in the world, your Honour. Give in to that, and the t'other comes arter it, like a ship's boat towing in her wake. That 'ere sea, time out of mind, has been called the Arctic Sea, and good reason why, because it was named arter the Ark, by Noah, when he diskivered it in his first voyage. That's Philosophy!"

"But the Pole, Drury, the Pole!"

BARE CIVILITY.

"Why then—Ah, there it is!" returned Drury, with a face almost too grave to be serious. "For sartin, Captain Parry couldn't find it—and no more could Captain Ross, though he don't stick to say he did—and now there's Captain Back come home, third, without a splinter. Howsomever the Schollards—and nobody can say they don't take lots of licking—the Schollards do still insist and lay down that there was, is, and shall be, some sort of a pole, as a May pole, or a Shaving pole, or any how a bit of a spar, or even such a comedown as a walking-stick, stuck upright at their favourite spot.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

I have even heard say, there be Schollards as look for a wooden needle there, accordin' to magnetism!"

"And what may be your own belief, Drury, on the point?"

"Why then,—to be sure, your Honour, there's no denying what phenomenons there might be, oceans ago, on the face of the earth. But it's my own private opinion, if ever there was sich a pole, there, or thereabouts, why then, old Admiral Noah carried it away with him for a pole to stir up 'his wild beasts!'"

This new and original theory of Drury's of course amused me extremely. It was perhaps only one of the dry jokes for which the shrewd old Mariner was rather celebrated; but in that case he enjoyed it only in the *cockles* of his heart, for it was not betrayed by his *muscles*. I now asked him his opinion of the conduct of the late Expedition.

"Why then—your honour, nothing but a fresh credit to the Service. The men have showed themselves good men, and so has their commander; and they do seem to have had their full allowance, and something handsome besides, of nips, and pinches, besides the ship's trying to climb up an iceberg after a booby's nest, and what was more awkward starn-foremost."

"And I have been told, Drury," said I, willing to still draw him out, "that all through the winter, she had nothing for winter clothing, but a *great coat* of ice!"

"Why then — so I heard too, your Honour," returned Drury, but without even the twinkle of an eye. "And what's more, with only ould Bluff Pint for a Cape to it. That's what I call a naked-next."

"I have often envied the feelings of such as you, Drury, after a merry Christmas among the bears, when you first saw your way open to return."

"Why then, — we did saw our way, sure enough," said Drury, wilfully misunderstanding me, "and it's harder work than fiddling, saw what tune you like. I've had a good spell of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

it in my time, and prefer any other sort of fun to it—letting alone riding horseback, in a hurry, a chasing the Portsmouth Mail. That's work and overwork—Why then, it's scaldings, the bosen's cat, and take-me-and-shake-me, all rolled into one!"

"So I'm told, Drury. But I still think the other Expedition must be worse. They say, Captain Back was so glad to see Papa Westra again, that he nearly wrung the old gentleman's hand off at the wrist."

DISTRESSED SHIPOWNERS.

"Why then—no doubt on it, your Honour! And mayhap the shake communicated to a round dozen of hands arter the first, like the shock of a torpedor—that's to say the 'lecteral

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

heel. There's not sich a pleasant green lane in life, including the sububs, as the first lane of open water arter wintering;—and in course Capting Back, arter making sich a back-stay, would be joyful to be a bolt-rope and bolt out on it. That's only human natur,—all the world over and back."

"Then, Drury, the hardships of a Polar wintering have not been magnified by their Journalists!"

"Magnified!" exclaimed Drury, with the air of a personal offence in the word—"Magnified! Why then they haven't book'd half on it—and that's the half us poor fellows come into at coming home. Axing your Honour's pardon—why then you have never had the bad luck to be drownded?"

"Never, Drury, whatever other catastrophe Fate may have in store for me."

"Why then, your Honour, you have lost all the pleasure and comfort of being fetched back; and an infernal sight of pain it is:—worse, if worse can be, nor saddleback. So it is with the Polers;—but it has been put into better shore-going lingo than I was apprenticed to—and so—why then, here goes!" So saying, without further preface or apology, My Ancient Mariner began to tune his pipes; and then favoured me, to the tune of "I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy," with the following ditty. N. B. or *Notaries* Beware—the words are copywright.

THE OLD POLER'S WARNING.

COME, messmates, attend to a warning,
From one who has gone through the whole;
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It's not for the ice-bergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court,
It's the shocks very hard and unpleasing
You'll meet on returning to port.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It's joyful to sail up the Channel,
And think of your girls and your wives,
Of the warming-pans, Wallsend and flannel,
To comfort the rest of your lives!
But Lord! you will look like a ninny
To find, when to shore you have got,
That Old England is turned into Guinea,
It feels so confoundedly hot!

The next thing is coming, in Wapping,
To houses you lived at before,
And you find there is no sort of stopping
Without open windows and door!
Then Poll, if dispos'd to be cruel,
Or has got some one else in her grace,
She just chucks on a shovel of fuel,
And drives you smack out of the place!

There's Tomkins, that took for to grapple
With Methody Tracks at the Pole,
Is half crazy he can't go to chapel,
It's so like Calcutta's Black Hole!
And Block, tho' he's not a deceiver,
But knows what to marriage belongs,
His own wife he's obleeg'd for to leave her,
Because of her poker and tongs.

Myself, tho' I'm able at present
To bear with one friend at a time,
And my wife, if she makes herself pleasant,
At first I was plagued with the clime.
Like powder I flew from hot cinders,
And whistled for winds fore and aft,
While I set between two open winders
A-courting a cold thorough-draught!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The first time in bed I was shoven,
The moment I pillow'd my head,
Oh! I thought I had crept in an oven,
A-baking with all of the bread!
I soon left the blankets behind me,
And ran for a cooler retreat;—
But next morning the Justices fin'd me
For taking a snooze in the street!

"ALL HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."

Now, there was a chance for a feller!
No roof I could sleep under twice;
Till a Fishmonger let me his cellar,
Of course with the use of the ice.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But still, like old hermits in stories,
I found it a dullish concarn;
With no creature, but maids and John Dories,
To listen to spinning a yarn!

Then wanting to see Black-Ey'd Susan,
I went to the Surrey with Sal;
And what next?—in the part most amusin',
I fainted away like a gal!
Well, there I was stretched without motion,
No smells and no fans would suffice,
Till my natur at last gave a notion
To grab at a gentleman's ice!

Then, Messmates, attend to a warning
From one who has gone through the whole,
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It's not for the ice-bergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court;
It's the shocks, very hard and unpleasing,
You'll meet on returning to port!

HINTS TO THE HORTICULTURAL.

It is always dangerous—as landsmen experience when they advise seamen—for a mere theorist to offer suggestions to practical men. It is quite as perilous—as bachelors discover in counselling mothers—for the simple speculator to volunteer advice to practical women; and, therefore, it must be doubly hazardous for one not even a tyro, to throw out hints to practical persons of both sexes, as in the present case. Indeed, I almost

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

blush like a "scarlet likeness" of myself, while recollecting my very slender claims on their attention. If the usual qualification of a horticulturist—a plant bearing his patronymic—were to be called for, I could not produce a sprout or a sprig indebted to my sponsorship. To say nothing of such "lofty growths" as *my* Queen Margaret, *my* Princess of Orange, or *my* Duke of Nassau, the British Flora never heard of so much as *my* Chickweed, *my* Groundsell, or *my* Dandelion. I never cultivated a common Daisy; and for any budding or blossoming desert on my part, a black "ball of earth" would justly exclude me from even a Candy-Tuft-Club.

It is venturing, then, on a soil to which I am neither indigenous nor adapted; nevertheless, at the risk of being called a "straggler," I will venture to bring forward a few plain rules, founded on personal observation and study, and directed to points hitherto not touched upon, from the voluminous encyclopedias down to the dwarf works on Botany. They are addressed especially to those humble practitioners who garden without gardens, and play at the Floral Games without the costly appendages of greenhouses; the Conservatives, so to speak, without conservatories. Many hundreds of such amateurs exist in London and the suburbs; particularly females, who, disdaining the resource of Covent Garden, as well as the supply of the itinerant posy-people, indulge in the innocent ambition of growing their own geraniums, stocks, and mignonette. Hitherto, however, they have proceeded on desultory principles; and it is with a view of inducing them to adopt a more scientific method, and proceed by fixed rules, that I present to their notice a few hints derived from my ambulatory Note-Book.

The technical terms, as well as the phrases marked as quotations, are borrowed from the only herbaceous volume in my library,—"Paxton's Magazine of Botany."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Rule the First.

To produce a "Blow" from Plants at any Season of the Year.

Select a lofty house, in the most airy situation you can find—the corner of a street to be preferred. Any month in the calendar will do; but the best time is towards Lady Day or Michaelmas; that is to say, about the Equinox. The higher the windows are from the earth the better; your plants cannot have

BOTANISING—A DOG PLANT.

too much air. Avoid, however, all iron bars, wooden rails, strings, or other contrivances, which only tend to cramp and confine the pots, and impede the blowing. As to plants, the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"hard woody sorts" are reckoned to "strike best and strongest;"—they must be potted in large-sized pots, and particularly well sticked. Keep them in the room, but not too near the fire, and water occasionally, till a favourable opportunity offers for their exposure to the fresh air, which cannot be too fresh. In winter, a wind from the north or north-east and in summer from the south, or south-west, is generally found to answer the purpose; but the quarter is indifferent, provided the current of air is brisk enough.

Now put out your plants, so as to receive the full benefit of the breeze; and in a short time you may expect a blow which will sometimes come to such a pitch, that your plants will excite the attention and astonishment of the passengers in the street. Some persons, of course, will be more struck than others by the beauty or size of your plants; and in such cases it is usual to make a distribution of offsets and specimens to the public. A liberal amateur, indeed, will not grudge to see a few ladies and gentlemen making off with pipings and cuttings. N.B. "The plants need not be taken in at night."

Rule the Second.

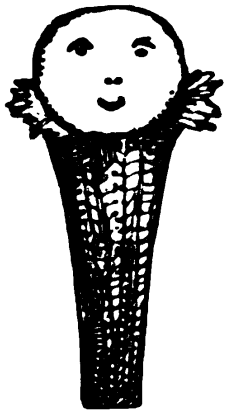
To destroy Vermin in the most effectual Manner.

One of the great objects of the Florist ought to be to cleanse his plants thoroughly from blights, animalculæ, &c., in such a manner as to avoid all chance of *re-infection*. For this purpose, the best situation is a first-floor in a well-frequented street;—a balcony will be of the utmost advantage, as not only affording a stage for the exhibition of the more beautiful plants, but also every possible convenience for the object in view.

Now take an infected plant, and carefully pick off all slugs, maybugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centi-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pedes, cuckoo-spits, earwigs, or other vermin, preparatory to casting them into the street. In this latter particular consists the difficulty, as well as advantage, of the mode proposed. There are two points to observe: firstly, to seize the proper moment when some passenger, or passengers, shall be passing below; and, secondly, to cast your slugs, may-bugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centipedes, cuckoo-spits, earwigs, and other nasty insects, with such a nicety, that they shall alight upon the hats, bonnets, tippets, shawls, capes, cloaks, pelisses, great coats, gowns, muffs, &c. &c., of the party, or parties, beneath. Above all, the opportunities afforded by milk-pails, porter-pots, beer-cans, bakers' baskets, butchers' trays, &c., must not be neglected—as ensuring the effectual destruction or absorption of the obnoxious animalculæ. A little daily practice will give the dexterity required. Some persons advise the operation to be performed in wet weather, as thereby the slugs, may-bugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centipedes, cuckoo-spits, and other nasty insects, will be more likely to adhere to the hats, bonnets, tippets, shawls, capes, cloaks, pelisses, great coats, gowns, muffs, &c. &c., of the persons on whom they are conferred. Either way, the beneficial tendency of the plan will be obvious, on reflecting that the troublesome animalculæ, &c., are thus most probably carried off to distant private houses, lodging-houses, counting-houses, receiving-houses, wholesale houses, public-houses, eating-houses, green-houses, or the Houses of Parliament, so as to provide against the insects returning to the place from whence they came. The mode will be found peculiarly grateful to those persons whose extreme sensibility revolts at the deprivation of life, even amongst the minute tribes in question.



THE PRIZE HOBBY.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Rule the Third.

To water Plants so that none of the Moisture may be wasted or lost.

The same situations as above recommended will be proper in this case; except that where there is no balcony, an area must be dispensed with. A plentiful supply of water is the grand desideratum; if not laid on in the house, it will be advisable to

"POUR MARY ANNE!"

remove to the neighbourhood of a public pump. For plants—prefer Hydrangeas. "Persons who have plants in rooms, most generally injure them with too much water, in which respect the Hydrangea is very accommodating, it requiring a good supply." Choose a fine day. The best implement is a watering-pot, with

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the rose off, but you may use any jug, mug or pitcher, with a good pour, provided it is large enough to hold at least two quarts of fluid. The most careful hand, however, with the best implement, is apt to spill in watering, by overshooting or undershooting the mark; or in cases of mental abstraction, by aiming at quite a different object. Short-sighted persons have even been known to mistake artificial flowers for the real. In all such instances, particularly in dry seasons, or neighbourhoods ill supplied, it becomes a public duty to provide that all such extra spirts, squirts, spouts, gushes, splashes, jets, souses, and even the very drippings and dribbles, shall be received in quarters that will be duly sensible of the benefit. "Nothing adds more to the charms of Horticulture, than that amenity or kindly feeling which inculcates the importance of a liberal participation of one another's superfluities." Such superfluities will particularly be apt to arise when plants are troubled with insects, to remove which a certain dashing style of watering is necessary, approaching to what is vulgarly termed "slushing," or "sloshing," or "slowsing," or "squashing," and from which a very considerable superabundance will always accrue. A liberal economy will dictate, therefore, to perform the act only at such moments, and in such directions, as will be sure to bestow the excess of fluid on proper objects. Thus, supposing the plant under treatment to be a large Hydrangea, it may be quite possible, while directing a sufficient stream on its head, to perform the same office with the over-abundant fluid, on "Taylor's Glory" or "London Pride." The following varieties, all common to the metropolis, may also be expected to participate, viz.—Runners, Creepers, and "Stove-Climbers" of different kinds: Cockscombs, Narcissus, Adonis, Maiden's Hair, Painted Ladies, Columbines, Turk's Caps, "Natives of the North of Europe," Sun-Flowers, Old Man, Pinks, Honesty, Thrift, the Sensitives, the Fly-Catchers, Major Convolvulus, and Virginia Stock.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

N.B. Hot-Water, Tar-Water, Lime-Water, Infusions of Tobacco, and other medicated waters, may be used with equal, or even greater advantage to the health of the plants. The Syringe may be used occasionally for a change.

POT-LUCK.

STANZAS.

COMPOSED IN A SHOWER-BATH.

"Drip, drip, drip—there's nothing here but dripping."
Remorse, by Coleridge.

TREMBLING, as Father Adam stood
To pull the stalk, before the Fall,
So stand I here, before the Flood,
On my own head the shock to call:
How like our predecessor's luck!
'Tis but to pluck—but needs some pluck!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Still thoughts of gasping like a pup
Will paralyse the nervous pow'r;
Now hoping it will yet hold up,
Invoking now the tumbling show'r;—
But, ah! the shrinking body loathes,
Without a parapluie or clothes!

OPERATION FOR THE CATARACT.

"Expect some rain about this time!"
My eyes are seal'd, my teeth are set—
But where's the Stoic so sublime
Can ring, unmov'd, for wringing wet?
Of going hogs some folks talk big—
Just let them try *the whole cold pig!*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM."

ODE TO J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., M.P.

ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON DRUNKENNESS.

"Steady, boys, steady."—SEA SONG.

"*Then did they fall upon the chat of drinking;* and forthwith began Flaggons to go, Goblets to fly, great Bowls to ting, Glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water; so, my Friend, so; whip me off this Glass neatly, bring me hither some Claret, a full weeping Glass till it run over!"—RABELAIS.

"Now, seeing that every vessel was empty, great and small, with not so much at the Bottom as would half befuddle or muddle even a Fly, such as are the Flies of Baieux, I say, seeing this lamentable sight, Gargantua leapt up on one of the Tables, and with Tears in his eyes as big as Cannon Bullets, did pathetically beseech Pantagruel, as well as he could for the Hiccups and the Drinking Cups, and all sorts of Cups, as he valued his precious Body and Soul, one or both, never to drink more than became a reasonable Man, and not a Hog and a Beast. And the Stint of a reasonably reasonable Man is thus much, to wit, seven Thousand three Hundred and fifty-three Hogsheads, twice as many Kilderkins, thrice as many little Kegs, and as many Flaggons, Bottles, and Tankards as you will beside. A Christian ought not to drink more. As Gargantua said these Words his Voice

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

grew thick, his Tongue being as it were too huge for his mouth; and on a sudden he turned dog-sick, and fell off the Table a prodigious Fall, whereby there was a horrible Earthquake, from Paris even unto Turkey in Asia, as is remembered unto this day."—RABELAIS.

O, Mr. Buckingham, if I may take
The liberty with you and your Committee,
Some observations I intend to make,
I hope will prove both pertinent and pretty.
On Drunkenness you've held a special court,
But is consistency, I ask, your forte,
When after (I must say) much Temperance swaggering
You issue a Report,
That's staggering!

Of course you labour'd without drop or sup,
Yet certain parts of that Report to read,
Some men might think indeed,
A corkscrew, not a pen, had drawn it up.
For instance, was it quite a sober plan
On such a theme as drunkenness to trouble
A poor old man,
Who could not e'en see single, much less double?
Blind some six years,
As it appears,
He gives in evidence, and you receive it,
A flaming picture of a flaming palace
Where gin-admirers sipped the chalice
And then (the banter is not bad),
Thinks fit to add,
You really should have seen it to believe it.*

* What is your occupation?—My occupation has been in the weaving line; *but having the dropsy six years ago, I am deprived of my eyesight.*

2734. Did you not once *see* a gin-shop burnt down? *About nine months ago* there was the sign of the Adam and Eve at the corner of Church-street, at Bethnal-green, burnt down, and they had such a quantity of spirits in the house at the time that it was such a terrible fire, that they were obliged to

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

That *he* could see such sights I must deny,
Unless he borrowed Betty Martin's eye.
A man that is himself walks in a line,
One, not himself, goes serpentine,
And as he rambles,
In crablike scrambles,
The while his body works in curves,
His intellect as surely swerves,
And some such argument as this he utters,
"While men get *cut* we must have cutters,
As long as Jack will have his rum,
We must have pink, corvette, and bomb,
Each sort of craft
Since Noah's old raft,
Frigate and brig,
Ships of all rig,
We must have fleets, because our sailors swig,
But only get our tars to broths and soups,
And see how slops will do away with sloops!
Turn flip to flummery, and grog to gravy,
And then what need has England of a navy?" *

Forgive my muse; she is a saucy hussy,
But she declares such reasoning sounds muzzy,
And that, as sure as Dover stands at Dover,
The man who entertains so strange a notion
Of governing the ocean,
Has been but half seas over.

throw everything into the middle of the road to keep it away from the liquor, and it was all in flames in the road; and the gin-shop opposite was scorched and broke their windows; and there was another gin-shop at the opposite corner; at three corners there were gin-shops, and was, from the fire, just like a murdering concern; for you could not get round the corner at all, it was so thronged that *a man could not believe it unless he saw it.*

* 3893. *If temperance were universal, do you think we should need any line-of-battle ships?*—It would be very unsafe for us to be without them.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Again: when sober people talk
On soberness, would not their words all walk
Straight to the point, instead of zig-zag trials,
Of both sides of the way, till having crost
And crost, they find themselves completely lost
Like gentlemen,—rather cut—in Seven Dials?
Just like the sentence following in fact:
"Every Act *
Of the Legislature," (so it *runs*) "should flow
Over the bed,"——of what?—begin your guesses.
The Bed of Ware?
The State Bed of the May'r?

One at the Hummums? Of MacAdam's? No.
A parsley bed?
Of cabbage, green or red?
Of onions? daffodils? of water-cresses?
A spare-bed with a friend—one full of fleas?
At Bedford, or Bedhampton?—None of these.
The Thames's bed? The bed of the New River?
A Kennel? brick-kiln? or a stack of hay?
Of church-yard clay,
The bed that's made for ev'ry mortal liver?
No—give it up,—all guessing I defy in it,
It is the bed of "Truth,"—"inspired" forsooth,
As, if you gave your best best-bed to Truth
She'd *lie* in it!
Come, Mr. Buckingham, be candid, come,
Didn't that metaphor want "seeing home?"

* 1686. Do you mean to infer from that, that the law in all its branches should be in accordance with the Divine command?—I do; every Act of the Legislature should flow over the bed of inspired truth, and receive the impregnation of its righteous and holy principles.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:55 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

What man, who did not see far more than real,
Drink's beau ideal,—
Could fancy the mechanic so well thrives.
In these hard times,
The source of half his crimes
Is going into gin-shops changing fives! *
Whate'er had wash'd such theoretic throats,
After a soundish sleep, till twelve next day,
And, perhaps, a gulp of soda—did not *they*
All change their notes?

"CAN I HAVE A BED HERE?"

Suppose, mind, Mr. B., I say, suppose
You were the landlord of the Crown—the Rose—
The Cock and Bottle, or the Prince of Wales,
The Devil and the Bag of Nails,

* 2512. Are they in the habit of bringing 5*l.* notes to get changed, as well as sovereigns?—Very rarely; *I should think a 5l. note is an article they seldom put in their pockets.*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The Crown and Thistle,
The Pig and Whistle,
Magpie and Stump—take which you like,
The question equally will strike;
Suppose your apron on—top-boots,—fur cap—
Keeping an eye to bar and tap,
When in comes, muttering like mad,
The strangest customer you ever had!

Well, after rolling eyes and mouthing,
And calling for a go of nothing,
He thus accosts you in a tone of malice:
"Here's pillars, curtains, gas, plate-glass—What not?
Zounds! Mr. Buckingham, the shop you've got
Beats Buckingham Palace!

It's not to be allowed, Sir; I'm a Saint,
So I've brought a paint-brush, and a pot of paint,—
You deal in Gin, Sir,
Glasses of Sin, Sir;
No words—Gin wholesome!—You're a story-teller—
I don't mind Satan standing at your back,
The Spirit moveth me to go about,
And paint your premises inside and out,
Black, Sir, coal black,
Coal black, Sir, from the garret to the cellar.

I'll teach you to sell gin—and, what is more,
To keep your wicked customers therefrom,
I'll paint a Great Death's Head upon your door—
Write underneath it, if you please—Old Tom!" *

* 3006. Do you think it would be of good effect, were the Legislature to order that those houses should be painted all black, with a large death's head and cross-bones over the door?—I wish they would do even so much.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Should such a case occur,
How would you act with the intruder, Sir?
Surely, not cap in hand, you'd stand and bow,
But after hearing him proceed thus far,
(Mind—locking up the bar)
You'd seek the first policeman near,
"Here, take away this fellow, here,
The rascal is as drunk as David's Sow!"

If I may ask again—between
Ourselves and the General Post, I mean—
What was that gentleman's true situation
Who said—but could he really stand
To what he said?—"In Scottish land
The cause of Drunkenness was education!" *

Only, good Mr. Buckingham, conceive it!
In modern Athens, a fine classic roof,
Christened the *High* School—that is, *over proof!*
Conceive the sandy laddies ranged in classes,
With quaichs and bickers, drinking-horns and glasses,
Ready to take a lesson in Glenlivet!

Picture the little Campbells and M'Gregors,
Dancing half fou', by way of learning figures;
And Murrays,—not as Lindley used to teach—
Attempting verbs when past their parts of speech—
Imagine Thompson, learning A B C,
By O D V.
Fancy a dunce that will not drink his wash,—
And Master Peter Alexander Wedder
Invested with a medal
For getting on so very far-in-tosh.

* 4502. What are the remote causes that have influenced the habit of drinking spirits among all classes of the population?—One of the causes of drunkenness in Scotland is education.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Fancy the Dominie—a droughty body,
Giving a lecture upon making toddy,
Till having emptied every stoup and cup,
He cries, "Lads! go and play—the school is up!"

To Scotland, Ireland is akin
In drinking, like as twin to twin,—
When other means are all adrift,
A liquor-shop is Pat's last shift,
Till reckoning Erin round from store to store,
There is one whiskey shop in four.*
Then who, but with a fancy rather frisky,
And warm besides, and generous with whiskey,
Not seeing most particularly clear,
Would recommend to make the drunkards thinner,
By shutting up the publican and sinner
With pensions each of fifty pounds a year?†
Ods! taps and topers! private stills and worms!
What doors you'd soon have open to your terms!

To men of common gumption,
How strange, besides, must seem
At this time any scheme
To put a check upon potheen's consumption,
When all are calling out for Irish Poor Laws!
Instead of framing *more* laws,
To pauperism, if you'd give a pegger,
Don't check, but patronise their "Kill-the-Beggar!" ‡

* 3804. Did you observe the drinking of spirits very general in Ireland?—In Ireland, I think, upon a moderate calculation, one shop out of every four is a whiskey-shop, throughout the whole kingdom. Those who have been unsuccessful in every other employment, and those who have no capital for any employment, fly to the selling of whiskey as the last shift.

† 773. Now, suppose we were to give 50*l.* a-year to every spirit-seller in Belfast, to pension them off (and I am sure it would be much better for the country that they should be paid for doing nothing than for doing mischief)——

‡ 794. We have in our neighbourhood a species of whiskey of this kind, called "Kill-the-Beggar."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

If Pat is apt to go in *Irish Linen*,
(Buttoning his coat, with nothing but his skin in)
Would any Christian man—that's quite himself,
His wits not floor'd, or laid upon the shelf—
While blaming Pat for raggedness, poor boy,
Would he deprive him of his "Corduroy!" *

Would any gentleman, unless inclining
To tipsy, take a board upon his shoulder,
Near Temple Bar, thus warning the beholder,
"BEWARE OF TWINING?"
Are tea-dealers, indeed, so deep-designing,
As one of your select would set us thinking.
That to each tea-chest we should say Tu Doces,
(Or doses,)
Thou tea-chest drinking? †

What would be said of *me*
Should I attempt to trace
The vice of drinking to the high in place,
And says its *root* was on the *top o' the tree?* ‡
But *I* am not pot-valiant, and I shun
To say how high potheen might have a *run*. §

* 795. Another description of what would be termed adulterated spirits, is by the vulgar termed "Corduroy."

† 798. It is quite common, in Dublin particularly, to have at one end of the counter a large pile of tea-chests for females to go behind, to be hid from sight: but the dangerous secrecy arises chiefly from the want of suspicion in persons going into grocers' shops.

788. It is a well known fact, that mechanics' wives not unfrequently get portions of spirituous liquors at grocers' shops, and have them set down to their husbands' accounts as soap, sugar, tea, &c.

‡ 816. Do you ascribe the great inclination for whiskey at present existing among the lower classes, originally to the use of it by the higher classes as a favourite drink?—I attribute a very large portion of the evil arising from the use of spirituous liquors to the sanction they have received from the higher classes; the respectable in society I hold to be the chief patrons of drunkenness.

§ 759. What do you mean by the phrase run?—It means, according to a common saying, that *for one gallon made for the King, another is made for the Queen.*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

What would *you* think, if, talking about stingo,
I told you that a lady friend of mine,
By only looking at her wine
Flushed in her face as red as a flamingo? *
Would you not ask of me, like many more,—
"Pray, Sir, what had the lady had before?"

THE FLUSHING EXPEDITION.

Suppose at sea, in Biscay's bay of bays,—
A rum cask bursting in a blaze,—
Should *I* be thought half tipsy or whole drunk,
If running all about the deck I roar'd
"I say, is ever a Cork man aboard?"
Answered by some Hibernian Jack Junk,

* 4627. A lady informed me lately, that in dining out, although she should not taste a drop in the hob and nob at dinner, yet the lifting of the glass as frequently as etiquette requires, generally flushed her face a good deal before dinner was ended.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

While hitching up his tarry trowser,—
How would it sound in sober ears, O how, Sir,
If I should bellow with redoubled noise,
"Then sit upon the bung-hole, broth of boys?" *

When men—the fact's well known—reel to and fro,
A little what is called how-come-you-so,
They think themselves as steady as a steeple,
And lay their staggerings on other people—
Taking that fact in pawn,
What proper inference would then be drawn
By e'er a dray-horse with a head to his tail,
Should anybody cry,
To some one going by,
"O fie! O fie! O fie!
You're drunk—you've *nigh* had *half a pint of ale!*" †

One certain sign of fumes within the skull
They say is being rather slow and dull,
Oblivious quite of what we are about—
No one can doubt
Some weighty queries rose, and yet you missed 'em,
For instance, when a doctor so bethumps
What he denominates "the forcing system,"
Nobody asks him about *forcing-pumps!* ‡

* 3901. Are you aware of the cause of the burning of the Kent East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay?—Holding a candle over the bung-hole of a cask of spirits, the snuff fell into the cask and set it on fire. They had not presence of mind to put in the bung, which would have put out the fire; *and if a man had sat on the bung-hole it would not have burnt him*, and it would have put it out.

† 4282. Do many young men visit those houses?—A very great many have done, more so than what visit the regular public-houses. I was in one of those places about twelve months ago, waiting for a coach, and there came into the beer-shop twenty-two boys who called for half a gallon of ale, which they drank, and then they called for another.

‡ 1211. The over-stimulation, which too frequently ends in the habit of drunkenness in Great Britain in every class, is the result of the British *forcing system* simply.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Oh say, with hand on heart,
Suppose that I should start
Some theory like this,—
"When Genesis
Was written—before man became a glutton,
And in his appetites ran riot,
Content with simple vegetable diet,
Eating his turnips without leg of mutton,

SINKING IN SIGHT OF PORT.

His spinach without lamb—carrots sans beef,
'Tis my belief
He was a polypus, and I'm convinc'd
Made other men when he was hash'd or minc'd,"—
Did I in such a style as this proceed,
Would you not say I was *Farre gone* indeed? *

* 1282. Was not vegetable food prescribed in the first chapter of Genesis? Vegetable food was appointed when the restorative power of man was complete. The restorative power in some of the lower animals is still complete. If a polypus be truncated or cut into several pieces, each part will become a perfect animal.—*Vide Evidence of Dr. Farre.*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Excuse me, if I doubt at each Assize
How sober it would look in public eyes,
For our King's Counsel and our learned Judges
When trying thefts, assaults, frauds, murders, arsons,
To preach from texts of temperance like parsons,
By way of giving tipplers gentle nudges.
Imagine my Lord Bayley, Parke, or Park, *
Donning the fatal sable cap, and hark,
"These sentences must pass, howe'er I'm pang'd,
You, Brandy, must return—and Rum the same—
To the Goose and Gridiron, whence you came—
Gin! Reverend Mr. Cotton and Jack Ketch
Your spirit jointly will despatch—
Whiskey, be hang'd!"

Suppose that some fine morning,
Mounted upon a pile of Dunlop cheeses,
I gave the following as public warning,
Would there not be sly winking, coughs and sneezes?
Or dismal hiss of universal scorn.
"My brethren, don't be born,—
But if you're born, be well advised—
Don't be baptised.
If both take place, still at the worst
Do not be nursed,—
At every birth each gossip dawdle
Expects her caudle;
At christenings, too, drink always hands about,
Nurses will have their porter or their stout,—
Don't wear clean linen, for it leads to sin,—
All washerwomen make a stand for gin—

* 975. What happy opportunities, for example, are offered to each Judge and King's Counsellor at every assize, to denounce all customary use of distilled spirit as the great excitement to crime. The proper improvement of such opportunities would do much for temperance.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

If you're a minister—to keep due stinting,
Never preach sermons that are worth the printing, *
Avoid a steam-boat with a lady in her, †
And when you court, watch Miss well after dinner, ‡

A BARROWNET.

Never run bills, or if you do don't pay, §
And *give* your butter and your cheese away,— ‖
Build yachts and pleasure-boats if you are rich,
But never have them launched or payed with pitch, ¶
In fine, for Temperance if you stand high,
Don't die!" **

* 4642. When a clergyman gets a new manse he is fined in a bottle of wine; when he has been newly married, this circumstance subjects him to the same amicable penalty; the birth of a child also costs one bottle, and the publication of a sermon another.—*By J. Dunlop, Esq.*

† 4637. The absolute necessity of treating females in the same manner, in steam-boat jaunts, is lamentable.

‡ 4637. Some youths have been known to defer their entrance into a temperate society till after their marriage, lest failure in the usual compliments should be misconstrued, and create a coldness with their future wives.

§ 1635. It (drinking) is employed in making bargains, at the payment of accounts.

‖ 4639. A landlady, in settling with a farmer for his butter and cheese, brings out the bottle and the glass with her own hands, and presses it on his acceptance. How can he refuse a lady soliciting him to do what he is, perhaps, unfortunately already more than half inclined to?

¶ 4640. The launching bowl is a bonus of drink, varying from 2*l.* to 10*l.*, according to the size of the ship, bestowed by the owners on the apprentices of a ship-building yard at the launch of a vessel. The graving bowl is given to the journeymen after a vessel is payed with tar.

** 4638. On the event of a decease, every one gets a glass who comes within the door until the funeral, and for six weeks after it.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Did I preach thus, Sir, should I not appear
Just like the "parson much bemused with beer?"
Thus far, O Mr. Buckingham, I've gather'd,
But here, alas! by space my pen is tether'd,
And I can merely thank you all in short,
The witnesses that have been called in court,
And the Committee for their kind Report,
Whence I have picked and puzzled out this moral,
With which you must not quarrel,
'Tis based in charity—*That men are brothers,*
And those who make a fuss,
About their Temperance thus,
Are not so much more temperate than others.

THE FATAL BATH.

It is seldom that medical men are of accord in their theories: the differences of doctors have, indeed, passed into a proverb; but if there be any one point on which their opinions entirely harmonise, it is on the propriety of bathing with an empty stomach. The famous Doctor Krankengraber, in his most famous book, called "Immersion deeply Considered," forbids, under all kinds of corporeal pains and penalties, the use of the cold bath, after the mid-day meal. "Take it," he says emphatically, "as you value your life, health, and consequent peace, comfort, and happiness, by all means before, before, before dinner." It is a high authority to set up against; and yet if the pen were my professional implement instead of the sword—could I write treatises, as eloquently as the learned Esculapian,—I would cry to the ends of the earth, bathe, as you love yourself, or love any one else,—as you love the precious meal itself

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

—bathe *after*, *after*, *after* dinner! Let the candid reader decide between us.

It is now nearly twenty years since I met the lovely and fascinating Christina F——, now, alas! Christina Von G——, at our Casino Ball. I had only the happiness of dancing one waltz with her—but what a waltz it was! It never left off! She had completely turned my head—not one turn from right to left, or otherwise; but she had set it spinning for ever! Like the har-

FOND OF BATHING.

monious everlasting revolutions of the planets, was that dance with its music in my memory. All the rest of the night, or at least the few hours of morning slumber allowed me by my military duties, that ineffable whirl, with the same bright angel for my partner, went on in a dream.

Every one who happened, like myself, to be abroad in Coblentz, on the first of May, 1835, must recollect the remarkable whirlwind of that date, and its memorable effects. I saw it come down the Moselle, twirling round a jackdaw or two, some

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hides of leather, linen, and other articles, caught up in its vortex; and then, passing over the Rhine towards Thal-Ehrenbreitstein, where I was then quartered, it disappeared in the direction of Ems. But it left its mysterious influence behind. After gazing for a moment at the place where it had vanished, all of a sudden, striking up a popular air in a whistle, a countryman caught hold of a woman who happened to stand near him, and compelled her, with gentle violence, to revolve with him in the national dance. The hint took. A second pair began to

HE-DIP-US—TYRANNUS.

turn—a third—the infection spread—each caught hold of a neighbour, male or female,—till in the space of a few minutes, soldiers, officers, civilians, carmen, marketwomen, ladies, maid-servants, barge-masters, peasants, old or young, were all spinning. There was not an individual to be seen on either bank, or on the bridge, but was engaged in the universal waltz!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Alas! the lovely Christina was to me as that tornado! She not only made me whirl myself, but everything else to whirl round me. My thoughts flowed in circles: I could never project them in a straight line to any given point. I was a human humming-top, always humming that one dear air by Zirkel that I had danced to. My brain became dizzy and giddy—the earth reeled beneath me, the sky spun round above me. In short, I was eddying in endless circles in that Maelstrom of Passion called Love.

The discovery of my state was so sooner made than I strove to collect my senses, and soberly review the past, in order to estimate my chance of eventual bliss. I recalled the affable smile, the frank hand, the tender glance, of Christina; and especially her ready "Ja! ja!" to everything I said. I remembered the gracious expressions of her mother, with whom I had also danced, even to the use of the affectionate "thou," as though I were her son elect. I thought of the benevolent smile of her father, as I touched glasses with him:—and above all, I knew that I possessed more than that minimum of revenue, without which officers of the Prussian army are forbidden to become Benedicts. Everything was in my favour. Hope herself assumed the face and figure of Christina, and, consenting to dance with me, I began spinning again worse than ever. We waltzed now by wholesale,—Christina, myself, her mother and father, all her relations, and all mine, in one great family circle!

In the meantime my military duties were not fulfilled in the best manner for hastening my promotion: I became the standing joke of the standing army, at least of such part of it as garrisoned Coblentz. When the band struck up on the Parade I began to revolve. I gave the word of command "Waltz!" instead of "Wheel!" On another occasion, when Captain Stumbké, at his rejoining the regiment, approached to embrace me, I seized

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

him by the waist and actually turned him round in presence of the whole battalion! Never was such a delirium! But it was too sweet to last. One morning the telegraph on Ehrenbreitstein, with its arms all abroad, began to make signals; which my fond fancy merely converted into an invitation to the other telegraph on the top of the Palace, to come and waltz with it: there was, however, a darker purport in its motions. Our battalion was ordered to Posen!

I had danced into delight, and was now doomed to march out of it. On consideration, I determined to break my mind to Christina before I went; but no opportunity offered, and with my heart broken instead of my mind, I turned my back to Coblentz and the treasure it contained. My waltzing was over. One good turn deserves another, but, in doubt whether that good turn would ever come, I went on, without a single spin, to our journey's end.

I found the Polish city the same that I had left it; but every trace of gaiety was gone. I still went, it is true, to balls where waltzes, gallopes, and mazurkas were danced; but I went in boots up to my knees. I had made a vow never to waltz again; and was keeping it better than vows are generally observed, when an event occurred that set me spinning again as fast as ever!—It was Christina herself, who entered the ball-room in the train of the Princess L * * * * *! I could have eaten my long boots without sauce! At any rate I wished them successively on the legs of every ugly villain that danced with her. To go the whole length of a confession, I almost wished her a mild sprained ankle herself! It went against me to look on; and as fast as the giddy pair whirled one way, as swiftly in mere contrariness I seemed to spin with a reverse motion. Formerly I was a happy humming-top; I was now a whipping-top, lashed by the unsparing hand of jealousy till I reeled again! Possibly I should have ended, like certain rotary fireworks, with

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

an explosion,—at all events I should have flown off to my quarters, when a few gracious words from the Princess converted the centrifugal into a centripetal impulse. It was an invitation to a dinner and ball on the succeeding Sunday, at which my former partner would be present. Christina herself condescended to express pleasure in the prospect of meeting me there; and when I ventured to solicit her promise, engaged herself to dance with me, as I fancied, with a slight blush. Gracious heavens! how I spun!—or else I had become conscious of the earth's revolution! I whirled home without feeling my long boots, or the legs that were in them,—I was a spirit,—something ethereal—a zephyr waltzing with a zephyr, in a gentle whirlwind, that carried us up, spirally, even into the seventh heaven! Again Christina and Hope were one and the same person. I went to bed, and dreamt that having offered in a waltz, and been accepted in a waltz, we waltzed off to the altar together.

Never were six such long days invented as ushered in the blessed Sunday. However, they were so tedious that they wore themselves out at last; and exactly as the clock struck three,—lovers are never late—I found myself at the Chateau, or rather in its Park, in which, having come too early, I preferred to amuse myself till the company arrived. I should have been in time if my horse had walked; but he had galloped:—I seemed destined to prove in my own person that in much haste there is little speed.

The weather was warm, and I was still warmer; my face, as I looked at it, in a secluded lake, to which I had sauntered, was as hot and flushed as if I had just waltzed with a bear. I looked at my watch, and then at the water, blue as the sky itself, and studded with snow-white lilies;—the very reeds bowed invitingly, and seemed to whisper, "Pray, walk in!" It was irresistible. In a trice, I was stripped, and luxuriating in the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cool element. After lingering a little at the brim to enjoy an air bath. I struck out towards the middle, now diving like a wild duck, and then springing like a trout, or sailing away after a prize lily. 'Twas delicious!—lovely nameless Naiad!—thanks for that refreshing embrace! Thanks for the present of those white porcelain lily cups! Thanks for the vocal melody of thy

A BARE POSSIBILITY.

reeds! A thousand thanks for that liquid, azure, heaven!—but, oh!—a thousand thousand, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, decillions of thanks backwards—yea, hot, fervent, earnest, and bitter maledictions for all the rest!

"The Leech was sent, but not in mercy there!"

The first step I made out of the water disclosed my fate! Sharp as is the bite of the blut-egel on land, when we are, perhaps, nervously expecting it, I had never noticed it in swimming;

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

partly from a certain chilly numbness, partly from the constant muscular exertion, and partly from the frequent pricking of the broken reeds. A glance sufficed. There they were, a set of cuppers on each calf! As yet I could scarcely have lost a thimbleful of the vital fluid; but I felt as faint, as sick, and as ready to fall full length on the ground, as if I had lost quarts of it!

The first dinner-bell sounded. It was no time to be nice, and I tore off one or two of the blood-suckers by force; but the flow of gore that followed proved to me that I had better have left them alone. Then I tried to shake them off by dancing, and had they been each a tarantula, they could not have bitten me into more frantic capering. But they held on like sailors in a storm. I looked at my legs and raved! I thought of Christina and groaned! In the folly of desperation I gnashed my teeth at the leeches, and shook my fist at them, and then, trying my very useless powers of persuasion, I apostrophised them, "Suck, suck, suck, ye vipers!—suck! suck! suck! suck!" But the vipers were in no such hurry as mine; they pumped on quite composedly, and seemed only intent on filling out every wrinkle of their skins, in order that I might admire the detestably beautiful pattern down their abominable backs! I all but blasphemed! I cursed the weather, the water, the lilies, the leeches, and then my own self for going in,—and still more for coming out. I never thought of the cramp, or I should have cursed it too for not seizing me in the middle of the lake!

The second bell sounded—like a deathbell:—and there was I, as effectually pinioned and fastened to the spot by a few paltry vermin, as Gulliver by the Liliputians. Methought I beheld my empty chair on one side of Christina, and, on the other, a hatefully well-made fellow, with an odious handsome face, and a disgustingly sweet voice and manner, endeavouring to make amends for my absence. I stormed, raved, tore my

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hair, and even wept for vexation. In the paroxysm of my despair, I prayed for wooden legs!

Hitherto the sounds from the Chateau had nothing personal in their character; but, now, they pointedly addressed themselves to me. First I heard the clang of a gong; then the flourish of a hunting horn; next the recal upon the bugle; and, finally, a general shout, in which my distempered fancy seemed to detect the clear sweet voice of Christina above all the rest! I wonder, with water so handy, I did not commit suicide. But a sort of resignation, very different from the marble Resignation which typified Count Pfefferheim leaning over his departed lady, had taken possession of me. It was grim and gloomy—I had resolved to try patience, a catholicon plaster efficacious in every possible case, with the sole drawback that nobody can get it to stick on. For my own part, I soon gave up the remedy. I happened to remember the trouble I endured, when I really wanted leeches, to make them bite, and I could emulate Job no longer. I wished—in such ecstasies we do not look before we leap in wishing,—that I had been affected with Hydrophobia, ere that fatal bath — that I had been turned into a serpent at Schlangenbad, or boiled to rags in the Kochbrunnen at Wiesbaden!

At last the clangour ceased; but in lieu of it, I heard the servants running about beating the wood for me, and calling me by name. If I had been wise I should have answered;—but I was now worked up to the frenzy fit of nervousness; I felt my situation, except in my own eyes, sufficiently ludicrous;—and I dreaded lest some mischievous wag, or, perhaps, rival, should delight to exhibit me in a ridiculous light to Christina. In truth, I should have been, if discovered, a laughable figure enough. To save time eventually, I had dressed myself so far as I could—conceive, then, a gentleman, in full uniform above, even to his cocked hat, but below perfectly bare-legged, with

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

three leeches hanging to one limb, and four to the other! I should think no criminal ever felt more anxious of concealment than I did as I took refuge amongst the tallest reeds!

To pass the time, I had no better amusement than to watch the leeches, how they swelled and filled, and finally rolled off, gorged with my precious blood, a pailful of which I would rather have shed for my country at any convenient time and place! And Christina—what could she think of my absence? Why,

A FINISHED DRAWING.

she could only look upon me, as I looked on my leeches, with aversion and disgust,—whilst her infernal neighbour, the Colonel, in the splendid uniform of the Royal Guard, for such I painted him, became every moment more agreeable. Of the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

next five minutes I have no mental record; my impression is, that I was stark, staring, raving, rampant, mad!

At length the last of my tormentors fell off!—and when he touched the ground, as I had served all his fellows, I weaned him with a stone from ever sucking again. It was a poor revenge, for, after death, they bequeathed to me a new misery. The blood would not cease flowing, even though I plucked all the nap off one side of my hat to apply to the wounds. I forgot how it would look afterwards stripped of its felt. I was famished besides—but my cruellest hunger was in my heart. Oh! Christina!—It seemed an age, ere at last I dared to creep gingerly into my white kerseymeres! My watch marked it to have been but three hours!

I returned to the Chateau at the pace of a hearse; fearing to put one foot before the other, and looking sharply every other step at my legs. As for the anticipated celestial waltz — I seemed doomed to make one of that dreary corps of long visaged gentlemen who prefer to look on. I arrived, however, stainless, spotless, — only I was obliged to keep one side of my hat to myself. An attempt was made to rally me on my absence; but my excuse of having lost myself in the forest passed off very currently, and a tray was ordered for my refreshment. But I was unable to eat a morsel; I could only

"I WISH I COULD SELL OUT!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

fill a glass of wine to pledge Christina, who had not shown any sign of resentment; on the contrary, she appeared to commiserate my wanderings in the wild woods. In the mean time the ball began. As I entered the room, in a blaze of light, I *fancied* that every eye was directed towards my legs: my head swam and for a minute I seemed waltzing with the whole assembly at once! Christina looked twice reproachfully towards me, ere with the air of a matrimonial martyr saluting his destined bride, I went up and claimed her hand. The music struck up; we began to waltz, at least *she* did, turning me round with her, as though she had been practising the dance for the first time with a lay-figure. Stiffly and coldly as I moved, me-thought I felt the circulation in every vein and artery becoming more and more rapid from even such gentle exercise. At last the whirl ceased, and we sat down again side by side. How I wished for the despised long boots up to the knees, in which I might have chatted at my ease! It was impossible. I never opened my lips except to say yes and no, in the wrong place; sometimes where I should have answered I was mute. One little stain of the slightest possible tinge of crimson, which no eye but my own would have detected, absorbed my whole soul. I was suffering the unspeakable tortures of the murderer, conscious that his secret blood-guiltiness was on the eve of coming to light!

The gentle Christina, after the first waltz, in consideration perhaps of my supposed long ramble in the forest, had expressed her intention of not dancing any more during the evening; a little stir now made me look, and—the fiends seize him!—a tall handsome Colonel, in the splendid dress uniform of the Royal Guard, exactly such a figure as my jealous fancy had formerly depicted, was leading her out to dance! The music played a waltz. They turned, they spun, they flew round, in each other's arms—giving me a turn also till my very

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

soul became sick and dizzy! My eyes grew dim,—I could no longer see—but I heard her frequent "ja! ja! ja!" and her light laugh!

CROSSED IN LOVE.

I wish Doctor Krankengraber could have seen the plight I was in at that moment, merely through bathing, according to his detestable rule. Oh that he could have felt my burning temples, my throbbing pulse, my palpitating heart. Had that floor before me been a pond, I verily believe I should have practically illustrated his "Immersion deeply Considered" with my pockets full of stones. I once or twice endeavoured to catch the eye of Christina, but in vain. I addressed her, and she looked as coldly on me as one of our kachel-ofens* on a born Englishman!

I would fain have sought an explanation; but this haughty treatment sealed my lips. I no longer attributed her estrangement to any other cause than the imputed fickleness of the sex. Muttering something to the Princess about indisposition I left her ball, without blessing it, and flew home. Three days later I was again at her Chateau, determined to decide my fate.

* A German stove, cased with white tiles.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Christina had quitted Posen! In two short months afterwards the Berlin Gazette informed me that she was married to a Colonel of the Royal Guard.

I never beheld her again: but a she-cousin of mine, who was her bosom friend and confidant, in after years thought proper, amongst other matters of feminine curiosity, to inquire on what grounds her unfortunate kinsman had been repelled. The answer she did me the favour to extract, and kindly sent it to me, by way of a correction, and a guide, probably, should I ever dream of addressing a lady again. The reader is welcome to partake of the document: it runs thus:—

"You ask me, dearest Bettine, why I did not like your cousin Albrecht? Under the seal of our sisterly confidence, I will frankly confess to you, that it was through no fault of mine. I will even own to something like a preference, up to that memorable evening at the Princess L.'s. I had there determined to watch him narrowly, to observe every light and shade of his character—and you know the result. Did you ever hear of the young Count Schönborn; and the egregious personal vanity which brought him to his fate? Suspected of correspondence with the revolted Poles, he disappeared, and according to the custom with deserters, a vilely daubed effigy, with his name at full length under it, was suspended on the public gallows. He was still skulking in disguise at Berlin, and might doubtless have effected his escape—but shocked at the libellous picture that professed to represent him, he was actually arrested one morning, at the first dawn of light, brush and palette in hand, painting up the odious portrait to something more resembling the personal attractions of the original! And now for our Albrecht. Conceive him sitting languishingly—a Narcissus without his pond—seeing nothing, admiring nothing, but his own certainly well-turned legs! Fancy him stretching them, crossing them, ogling them in all possible attitudes, taking back and front views of them, and along the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

outer or inner side. Imagine him coquetting with them, carelessly dropping a handkerchief over them, as if to veil their beauties; sliding his enamoured hand down them by turns,—and then, with great reluctance brought to dance on them, if dancing it might be called, so languidly, as if he feared to wear out the dear delicate limbs by the exertion. Suppose him afterwards relapsing into his former self-contemplation, so exclusively as to neglect the common politeness of an answer even to a question from a lady—and a lady to whom he professed to show particular attention. And now, dearest and best Bettine, you have my secret. It is very well to marry a man with handsome legs, but one would not choose to have them always running in his head.

"HERE'S A SLOP."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE FAMILY SEAT.

THE UNITED FAMILY.

"We stick at nine."
MRS. BATTLE.

"Thrice to thine,
And thrice to mine,
And thrice again,
To make up nine."
THE WEIRD SISTERS IN MACBETH.

How oft in families intrudes
The demon of domestic feuds,
One liking this, one hating that,
Each snapping each, like dog and cat,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

With divers bents and tastes perverse,
One's bliss, in fact, another's curse.
How seldom anything we see
Like our united family!

Miss Brown of chapels goes in search,
Her sister Susan likes the church;
One plays at cards, the other don't;
One will be gay, the other won't:
In pray'r and preaching one persists,
The other sneers at Methodists;
On Sundays ev'n they can't agree
Like our united family.

There's Mr. Bell, a Whig at heart,
His lady takes the Tories' part,
While William, junior, nothing loth,
Spouts Radical against them both.
One likes the News, one takes the Age,
Another buys the unstamp'd page;
They all say *I*, and never *we*,
Like our united family.

Not so with us;—with equal zeal
We all support Sir Robert Peel;
Of Wellington our mouths are full,
We dote on Sundays on John Bull,
With Pa and Ma on selfsame side,
Our house has never to divide—
No opposition members be
In our united family.

Miss Pope her "Light Guitar" enjoys,
Her father "cannot bear the noise,"
Her mother's charm'd with all her songs,
Her brother jangles with the tongs.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Thus discord out of music springs,
The most unnatural of things,
Unlike the genuine harmony
In our united family!

We *all* on vocal music dote,
To each belongs a tuneful throat,
And all prefer that Irish boon
Of melody—"The Young May Moon"—
By choice we all select the harp,
Nor is the voice of one too sharp,
Another flat—all in one key
Is our united family.

Miss Powell likes to draw and paint,
But then it would provoke a saint,
Her brother takes her sheep for pigs,
And says her trees are periwigs.
Pa praises all, black, blue, or brown;
And so does Ma—but upside down!
They cannot with the same eye see,
Like our united family.

Miss Patterson has been to France,
Her heart's delight is in a dance;
The thing her brother cannot bear,
So she must practise with a chair.
Then at a waltz her mother winks;
But Pa says roundly what he thinks,
All dos-à-dos, not vis-à-vis,
Like our united family.

We none of us that whirling love,
Which both our parents disapprove,
A hornpipe we delight in more,
Or graceful Minuet de la Cour—

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A special favourite with Mamma,
Who used to dance it with Papa,
In this we still keep step, you see,
In our united family.

Then books—to hear the Cobbs' debates!
One worships Scott—another hates,
Monk Lewis Ann fights stoutly for,
And Jane likes "Bunyan's Holy War."
The father on Macculloch pores,
The mother says *all* books are bores;
But blue serene as heav'n are we,
In our united family.

We never wrangle to exalt
Scott, Banim, Bulwer, Hope, or Galt,
We care not whether Smith or Hook,
So that a novel be the book,
And in one point we all are fast,
Of novels we prefer the last,—
In that the very heads agree
Of our united family!

To turn to graver matters still,
How much we see of sad self-will!
Miss Scrope, with brilliant views in life,
Would be a poor lieutenant's wife.
A lawyer has her Pa's good word,
Her Ma has looked her out a Lord,
What would they not all give to be
Like our united family!

By one congenial taste allied,
Our dreams of bliss all coincide,
We're all for solitudes and cots,
And love, if we may choose our lots.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

As partner in the rural plan
Each paints the same dear sort of man;
One heart alone there seems to be
In our united family.

LOVE AND A COTTAGE.

One heart, one hope, one wish, one mind,—
One voice, one choice, all of a kind,—
And can there be a greater bliss—
A little heav'n on earth—than this?
The truth to whisper in your ear,
It must be told!—we are not near
The happiness that ought to be
In our united family!

Alas! 'tis our congenial taste
That lays our little pleasures waste—
We all delight, no doubt, to sing,
We all delight to touch the string,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But where's the heart that nine may touch?
And nine "May Moons" are eight too much—
Just fancy nine, all in one key,
Of our united family!

The play—Oh how we love a play
But half the bliss is shorn away;
On winter nights we venture nigh,
But think of houses in July!
Nine crowded in a private box,
Is apt to pick the stiffest locks--
Our curls would all fall out, though we
Are one united family!

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF JULY.

In art the self-same line we walk,
We all are fond of heads in chalk,
We one and all our talent strain
Adelphi prizes to obtain;

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Nine turban'd Turks are duly sent,
But can the royal Duke present
Nine silver palettes—no, not he—
To our united family.

Our eating shows the very thing,
We all prefer the liver-wing,
Asparagus when scarce and thin,
And peas directly they come in,
The marrow-bone—if there be one—
The ears of hare when crisply done,
The rabbit's brain—we all agree
In our united family.

In dress the same result is seen,
We all so doat on apple-green;
But nine in green would seem a school
Of charity to quizzing fool—
We cannot all indulge our will
With "that sweet silk on Ludgate Hill,"
No *remnant* can sufficient be
For our united family.

In reading hard is still our fate,
One cannot read o'erlooked by eight,
And nine "Disowned"—nine "Pioneers,"
Nine "Chaperons," nine "Buccaneers,"
Nine "Maxwells," nine "Tremaines," and such,
Would dip into our means too much—
Three months are spent o'er volumes three,
In our united family.

Unhappy Muses! if the Nine
Above in doom with us combine,—
In vain we breathe the tender flame,
Our sentiments are all the same,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

And nine complaints address'd to Hope
Exceed the editorial scope,
One in, and eight *put out*, must be
Of our united family!

But this is nought—of deadlier kind,
A ninefold woe remains behind.
O why were we so art and part?
So like in taste, so one in heart?
Nine cottages may be to let,
But here's the thought to make us fret,
We cannot each add Frederick B.
To our united family.

A CRICKET BALL.

A LETTER FROM AN ABSENTEE.

About two years since, a great sensation was created in the neighbourhood of Hatfield, Herts, by the sudden departure of a gentleman who had long resided in the vicinity, at a shooting-box called the Grange. So abrupt was his retreat, that his intimates and neighbours only became aware of it by calling upon

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

him, and finding no one at home but the bailiff; who informed them that Mr. Charles de la Motte had gone off he did not know where, nor for how long, and that the Grange was to be let for the season. So mysterious a flight of course gave birth to a great deal of local speculation at the time; but, like other

POSTE RESTANTE.

popular topics, it got much the worse for wear; and in the course of a few weeks the name of the fugitive was scarcely remembered. His long absence and utter silence, however, alarmed his friends; and the next of kin to the property was becoming particularly anxious as to the fate of his relative when the general solicitude was opportunely relieved by the receipt of the following letter from the missing gentleman.

To WILLMAN PLAYFAIR, *Esq.*, *Hawkester.*

MY DEAR WILLMAN,

Time, who brings down all things, has I hope ere this killed your resentment, or at least winged it, so that it does not take

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

quite so high a flight as it did, doubtless, when you discovered that I had gone off, like the cockney's gun, without a word of warning to my best friend. The first explosion must have been awful! Your temper was always very like Hall's "*quick-firing*" gunpowder; and you took care to keep it dry and ready for use. Thousands of miles off I have fancied the effects of the burst; my poor character quite blackened, lying about in a hundred fragments, without the least feature of an old friend or a good fellow to be made out from them. This was the only dismemberment (to flatter you) which gave me any pain or concern. Of course there were plenty of charitable persons ready to invent criminal reasons for my going off; but I trusted that even their judgments would come to rights when they found that no tradesman had lost his money nor any gentleman his wife. I had never been a banker nor a tax-gatherer, nor in receipt of the parochial funds. It was only in the articles of friendship and confidence that I was a defaulter; and here I must crave your pardon; urging, however, certain circumstances in extenuation. My *secret* may now be divulged, when the event has stamped the character of the enterprise. You know how men become traitors or rebels, according to the success of their attempts; and the design, the execution of which now affords me such pride and pleasure, would, untried, have been denounced as a scheme founded on extreme weakness. To be sure it was a weakness that besets very great men,—ambition: but how the walls of your snuggery would have rung again with 'aughter, had I confessed beforehand the nature of my aspirings; that my topmost aim, which was directed all across the Atlantic, was to——shoot an elk! To think of me, a young bachelor not absolutely frightful, and well to do in the world—who might settle down whenever he chose in domestic felicity, or look forward to make a figure in Parliament, to think of my leaving behind all the delectables of courting, marrying, spout-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing, and franking, encountering all the dangers and disagreeables of the sea, at the risk besides of being set down for a murderer, seducer, swindler, heaven knows what, — for the purpose of killing a *coarser kind of venison!* Your reason would have recoiled and kicked at the idea! At present we stand upon other terms. I *have* shot my elk; and, should you think lightly of such a feat, I can retort, proudly with my muzzle in the air, "Go and do it yourself if you can!" Had I failed, 'twas another thing. You remember how we roasted poor Hawkins, who, led by an ambition with which I can sympathise, when Cross was obliged to order military execution on Chuny, paid his two guineas for a shot at the elephant, and missed?

Should you still sneer at my expedition, and determine to run me down, I can take shelter like a hunted deer, amongst a herd of authorities. I may be the greatest of the sort, but not the first; Lord John Russell, Professor Wilson, Waterton, Audubon, Washington Irving, Colonel Hawker, and many others, are not a bad fellowship to fall into; and each has, like myself, endeavoured to shoot his elk! By this phrase I do not literally mean the killing of an animal of the deer kind, some eight or ten feet high, but the bringing down of some object bigger than ever we brought down before. This was my mainspring in my expedition. Before you undervalue its strength, pray just read an excellent article, in a by-gone number of Blackwood, called, "Christopher in his Shooting Jacket," and then compare it with your own experience. How eloquently the author describes the Shooter's Progress, from popping a tomtit off a twig, to killing a Hooper on a lake! The gradual climb from sparrow-hail up to swan-shot! By the way, the shot-manufacturers, no shots probably themselves, number their pellets most unphilosophically, *backwards*. Dust ought to be number one!

The celebrated line, "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," so often quoted, has no relish for a true lover of the trigger, nor,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

indeed, for a sportsman of any class whatever. I shall never forget the wry face with which Tom Pope received a proposition to look in at Carpenter's Solar Microscope! He did not care to learn that there are swimming things in water too small to rise at a midge or to take a mite. When he was a boy he was fond of sniggling for eels; as a man he longs, and has actually sailed—to tackle the American Sea-Serpent!

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

The Reverend Richard Rodwell, an old crony of Tom's—a member of the same club, and a celebrated troller, never thought any pike big enough that he pulled out, till he met with one that pulled him in, and by the last accounts I had of him, he was off to the Liffy after salmon: 'twas in the regular course of things. I remember when I had caught sticklebacks with a bent minikin, how soon I got to a crooked corking-pin to hook

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the minnows with; nor can I forget the great jump by which, skipping gudgeon, bleak, and other small fry, I fished all at once for Jack! The earlier tiny gradations were discarded. If you look at a foot-rule, the first inch is generally divided and subdivided into fourths and eighths, but the other eleven mark nothing smaller than halves. So it is in sporting: we step at the commencement, but stride afterwards. To give a notable case in point: Anderson, after leistering keppers on the Tweed, overlooking sharks, dolphins, and other middlings, was, when I left England, whaling-mad: and by this time, probably, the bran-new harpoon I saw hanging over his mantel-shelf has been buried in blubber.

To turn to shooting—look at the gun itself! If the best-informed persons speak correctly on the subject, the barrel at each discharge *expands:* that is to say, the fowling-piece endeavours as far as in it lies to become a cannon. The man who carries the gun is manufactured of something like the same metal. He craves, at every shot almost, for bigger game; some huge thing, that he may "shatter all its *bulk* and end its being." At the very time that he is taking aim at a hawk, he wishes it was an eagle. Apropos de bottes. Audubon, in words that breathe and burn, has given a thrilling description of his ecstasy on knocking down a Golden Eagle with his rifle; but is he content, at this present moment, with that new feather in his cap? Quite the reverse. It is well known that on the completion of his truly splendid Ornithological Work, he intends an oriental voyage in the track of Sindbad, half believing, and three quarters hoping, that the existence of that stupendous bird, the Roc, is not a fable.

If you ever knew anything of Lloyd, you ought to know that it was his casually being the happy instrument in shooting a rabid Newfoundland, that first gave him the hint of going to Norway to put bullets into bears. To take a jump to politics, in

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

application of the same principle, is it not probable that the troubling the rabbits about Woburn, in his boyhood, gave a certain noble lord in after life the relish for driving bigger animals out of bigger boroughs? Nothing more like: especially if you call to mind the magnificent wish of Jack Langton, when the working "the cats" in his Essex warrens began to get stale with him. But perhaps you have forgotten it. 'Twas neither more nor less, than that he could "ferret the Thames Tunnel with a Crocodile, and bolt Hippopotami!"

May my own Elk-hobby now venture to hold up its diminished head? Or must I intrench myself behind fresh examples? I will, at all events, place between us that of Washington Irving. When I read his quietly exulting record of killing his buffalo, I would have wagered a hundred to one that he would never rest content with that single exploit, in spite of his professions to the contrary. And I should have won. Here he is, in snow-shoes, with his rifle on full cock, and as Elk-jealous of me as man can be. Supposing him to have done the trick, will he rest even there? The question equally touches your humble servant; and, between ourselves, till I be fairly shipped for England, I shall not feel myself secure from further wanderings. Suppose, that in a fresh access of the sporting appetite, which "grows by that it feeds on," the American Geoffrey and myself should plunge into the depths of his native forests, hoping in some hitherto untrodden recess to find living specimens of those surpassing monsters whereof we have as yet seen only the organic remains? The great Crayon may now feel above drawing a badger, but could he resist the temptation of

TOM PAINE.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:56 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sketching a Mammoth? As for myself, a mere wind from the Back Woods that whispered of a Megatherium, would be sure to turn my nose in that direction, like a weathercock's.

The last time I was at Brighton, some kind friend, whose name I do not exactly recollect, took me over to Lewes with him, to see the museum of Mr. Gideon Mantell, so rich in fossil relics, including the gigantic Iguanodon, discovered in Tilgate Forest. Shall I confess to you, that instead of the lively

ANIMALS—AFTER LANDSEER.

pleasure which the sight seemed to afford to others, it made me only mute and melancholy. I felt nothing but envy of those early Nimrods who had such Elks of their own to go forth against, conquering and to conquer. What a pity that they did not *vreserve* their game—that they should eat up all their cake at once, as we have since done with the bustard, instead of leaving some of the breed for a future day? There was but one person

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

present who seemed to sympathise with my feeling—who I understood was Mr. Waterton. A process parallel to mine was clearly going on in his head; he looked from one gigantic skeleton to another, clothing it, in his mind's eye, with flesh and muscle, and skin, or scales: but when he came to the Titanic Iguanodon, an animal of the lizard kind, four times as large as the largest crocodile, it was evidently a teaser to him. "Zounds!" he exclaimed, "the alligator I broke in, and rode upon, was a dwarf to this! There is another stage for me still! I have been performing among the minors!"

Are you yet satisfied? or must I appeal to yourself? Did you not then wish your first sparrow a partridge, your partridge a pheasant? Nay, did you not once upon a time exchange your single barrel for a double—your duck-gun for a swivel? Many mickles make a muckle; and a score or two of ducks and flappers at one shot, was for the time *your* Elk. It was thus that hopeless of a mammoth, the veteran Colonel Hawker, wished for an equivalent, in the shape of a thousand or two of the American wood-pigeons, which were flying over his head in columns twenty miles long by five in width. He had been aiming at them for a minute or so, with the fore-finger of his left hand, the thumb serving for a trigger, when the irresistible wish came across him—"Oh that I had Hall's powder-mills here, with the patent shot-manufactory on the top of them, to let fly at ye!"

It was whilst killing a buck in Cashiobury Park, that I first longed to shoot an Elk. I warrant the game-keeper, as we looked at the dead deer, set me down for an idiot, when I pronounced it a very little one: but my mind was possessed by the other image. The ideal animal thenceforward haunted me night and day; sometimes standing at bay, sometimes springing at me, and, like Æsop's brutes, it had the gift of human speech, perpetually crying out, "Come, and kill me?" It became a monomania. I felt that I could only put an end to the fiction

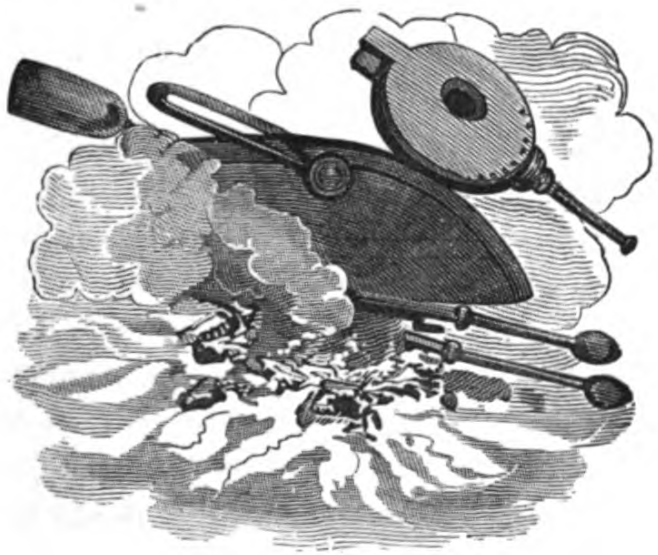
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

by making it a reality—and the deed is done. Oh! that you could have seen him spring ten feet upwards, and then fall headlong on the trampled snow! But I will not forestall my narrative. Pen and paper are too tame for it—you shall have it hot from my lips! So pray compose your risible muscles against my return: or should you feel them tickling, remember there have been more Quixotic expeditions than mine, and worse objects of ambition, than shooting Elks. You had better break the truth to my friends at Hatfield before I come home: but, mind, with no ridiculous inventions tacked to it, to make me the laughing-stock of the place. Tell George he shall have a hoof. I shall not be long after my letter in coming to hand—Till when I am, my dear William,

Yours ever truly,

C. De la Motte.

P. S. Ten-Garters, the Indian, has brought an account that some monstrous beast,—nobody knows what,—has been seen about twenty leagues to the northward. I am just going to set off with him, and a number of other hunters, in pursuit of it. Who knows? It may, perhaps, be a Megatherium!



PHŒNIX DOMESTICUS.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CIVIL WAR.

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

THERE is no subject more deplored in polite circles than the notorious rudeness of what is called *Civil* war. Suavity, it must be confessed, has little to do with its sharp practice; but of course the adjective was prefixed ironically; or intended only to refer to that spurious kind of civility which is professed in domestic feuds, when "my dear" is equivalent to "my devil."

It is a question, however, worthy of an enlightened age, whether Civil War might not be literally civilised, and carried on with a characteristic courtesy. Lumps, thanks to the sugar-bakers, have been refined—and why not blows?

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Intestinal strife, as at present waged, is a frightful anomaly. It runs counter to every association—moral or anatomical. A well-regulated mind must be unable to connect the idea of polite hostilities with an unmannerly soldiery. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive an Urban Guard devoid of urbanity.

A civil war, to deserve the name and satisfy the Fancy, must have for Commander in Chief, on either side, a finished Gentleman—if of the Old School, the better—as devoted to the *suaviter in modo* as to the *fortiter in re*. With a punctilious sense of the bland nature of the strife he is engaged in, he will make politeness the order of the day. The password will be "Sir Charles Grandison;" and should he feel compelled to publicly deliver his sentiments, he will make a genteel address do duty for an offensive manifesto. Every officer under him will rank for complaisance and amenity with a Master of the Ceremonies. His dragoons, with their best behaviours, will be mounted on well-bred horses: his cuirassiers as polished as their corslets, and as finely tempered as their swords. His infantry, all regulars, will adhere to the standards of propriety, as well as to the regimental colours: the artillery will adopt the tone of good society,—and the band will play the agreeable.

To prove that such a prospect is not altogether Utopian, I am happily enabled to make public the following letter, which develops at least the germ of a new system, that may hereafter make Civil War no more a misnomer than Polite Literature. It is dated from Castille *Senior*, and addressed to a public Functionary at Madrid.

(Copy.)

"Your Excellency,

"I had the honour of describing in my last dispatch, a little personal rencontre with the gallant general on the other side; and I have now the pleasure of laying before you the agreeable result of another affair of the same nature.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Early on the 19th instant, our picquets, with a becoming deference to their superiors, retired from the presence of a large body of cavalry, and intimated that I might shortly expect the favour of a visit. I immediately sent the light dragoons and lancers to the front, with instructions to give the gentlemen on horseback a hearty welcome, and provide as they best could for their entertainment, till I should be prepared for their reception, as well as of any friends they might bring with them. I flattered myself, indeed, that I should enjoy the company of their whole army, and they were so good as not to disappoint me. A lively cannonade quickly announced their approach by a salute, which was cordially returned from the whole of our batteries; and then a cloud of skirmishers pushed forward to their front, and commenced a liberal exchange of compliments with our tirailleurs. Our cavalry in the mean time had sought an introduction to their horse, which was met in the handsomest manner, and many intimacies were formed, that only ended with life. The cavalry at length retired, but evidently with regret, and many reiterated promises of soon coming again.

"Their main body now appeared moving in the best disposition towards us; whilst the rifles on the flanks paid the most marked attention to our officers, who received many substantial tokens of their regard. A closer acquaintance was now sought with an empressment quite flattering; indeed it was difficult to reply in adequate terms to the warmth and importunity of their offers. Perceiving that we had some very heavy guns on our right, they obligingly undertook to carry them; professing at the same time a very sincere inclination to serve our light artillery. They also wished to take charge of a hill on the left that might annoy us; but had the courtesy to resign it to Colonel Bower, on a representation that the eminence was indispensable to his views. Their cavalry also endeavoured gallantly to make a favourable impression on us; and in particular evinced a lively

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

desire to visit some of our squares; but which, on the plea of inconvenience, we found means to decline. There had manifestly been a design of dropping in upon us unprepared, but fortunately I was enabled to foil the pleasantry, and even to turn the tables upon themselves. The enemy finally gave up every point, and handsomely offered to accommodate us with the field

THE SEAT OF WAR.

of battle; but feeling bound in politeness to return the visit, I ordered an advance of the whole line; and we were at once hospitably permitted to enter their lines without ceremony, and make ourselves at home in their camp. In justice to their generosity I must not omit to state that we found it abundantly provisioned—the artillery entirely placed at our command—the whole baggage devoted to our use, and even the military chest left very much at our service.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The list of casualties is not yet made up—but I am in possession of some of the details. The 19th was politely invited to a masked battery, and a succession of balls, kept up with a spirit that the regiment, and Major Smith in particular, will long remember. Colonel Bower is deeply indebted to a lancer, who helped him off his horse; and Captain Curtis is lying under a similar obligation in the hospital. Captain Flint owes the cure of his asthma to the skill of a carbineer; and Lieutenant Power was favoured with as specific a remedy for determination of blood to the head. Colonel Boult was handsomely presented with the freedom of the field, enclosed in a shell; and Major Brooke is absent, having received a pressing invitation that he could not well resist—to visit the enemy's quarters.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c., &c.

"(Signed) MANNERS.

"(Countersigned) CHESTERFIELD."

POETRY, PROSE, AND WORSE.

"Esaad Kiuprili solicited in verse permission to resign the government of Candia. The Grand Vizier, Hafiz Pasha, addressed a *Ghazel* to the Sultan to urge the necessity of greater activity in military preparations; and Murad, himself a poet, answered likewise in rhyme. Ghazi Gherai clothed in *Ghazels* his official complaint to the Sultan's preceptor. The Grand Vizier, Mustafa Pasha Bahir, made his reports to the Sultan in verse."—*Vide* VON HAMMER *on Othoman Literature, in the Athenæum for Nov.* 14, 1835.

O TURKEY! how mild are thy manners,
Whose greatest and highest of men
Are all proud to be rhymers and scanners,
And wield the poetical pen!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Thy Sultan rejects—he refuses—
Gives orders to bowstring his man;
But he still will coquet with the Muses,
And make it a song if he can.

"VON HAMMER."

The victim cut shorter for treason,
Though conscious himself of no crime,
Must submit and believe there is reason
Whose sentence is turned into rhyme!

He bows to the metrical firman,
As dulcet as song of the South,
And his head, like self-satisfied German,
Rolls off with its pipe in its mouth.

A tax would the Lord of the Crescent?
He levies it still in a lay,
And is p'rhaps the sole Bard at this present
Whose Poems are certain to pay.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

State edicts unpleasant to swallow
He soothes with the charms of the Muse,
And begs rays of his brother Apollo
To gild bitter pills for the Jews.

When Jealousy sets him in motion
The fair one on whom he looks black,
He sews up with a sonnet to Ocean,
And sends her to drown in her sack.

His gifts, they are posies latent
With sequins roll'd up in a purse,
And in making Bashaws, by the patent
Their tails are all "done into verse."

He sprinkles with lilies and roses
The path of each politic plan,
And with eyes of Gazelles discomposes
The beards of the solemn Divan.

The Czar he defies in a sonnet,
And then a fit nag to endorse
With his Pegasus, jingling upon it,
Reviews all his Mussulman horse.

He sends a short verse, ere he slumbers,
Express unto Meer Ali Beg,
Who returns in poetical numbers
The thousands that die of the plague.

He writes to the Bey of a city
In tropes of heroical sound,
And is told in a pastoral ditty
The place is burnt down to the ground.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

He sends a stern summons, but flow'ry,
To Melex Pasha, for some wrong,
Who describes the dark eyes of his Houri,
And throws off his yoke with a song.

His Vizier presents him a trophy,
Still, Mars to Calliope weds—
With an amorous hymn to St. Sophy
A hundred of pickled Greek heads.

Each skull with a turban upon it
By Royal example is led:
Even Mesrour the Mute has a Sonnet
To Silence composed in his head.

E'en Hassan while plying his hammer
To punish short weight to the poor,
With a stanza attempts to enamour
The ear that he nails to a door.

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own,
Where the times are so muddy and murky,
We want a poetical tone!

Suppose that the Throne in addresses—
For verse there is plenty of scope—
In alluding to native distresses,
Just quoted the "Pleasures of Hope."

Methinks 'twould enliven and chirp us,
So dreary and dull is the time,
Just to keep a State Poet on purpose
To put the King's speeches in rhyme.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

When bringing new measures before us,
As bills for the Sabbath or poor,
Let both Houses just chaunt them in chorus,
And p'rhaps they would get an encore.

No stanzas invite to pay taxes
In notes like the notes of the south,
But we're dunn'd by a fellow what axes
With prose and a pen in his mouth.

Suppose—as no payers are eager—
Hard times and a struggle to live—
That he sung at our doors like a beggar
For what one thought proper to give?

Our Law is of all things the dryest
That earth in its compass can show!
Of poetical efforts its highest
The rhyming its Doe with its Roe.

No documents tender and silky
Are writ such as poets would pen,
When a beadle is sent after Wilkie,*
Or bailiffs to very shy men.

The warrants that put in distresses
When rates have been owing too long,
Should appear in poetical dresses,
Ere goods be sold off for a song.

Suppose that—Law making its choices
Of Bishop, Hawes, Rodwell, or Cooke,—
They were all set as glees for four voices,
To sing all offenders to book?

* Vide the advertisement of "The Parish Beadle after Wilkie," issued by Moon & Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Our criminal code's as untender,
All prose in its legal despatch,
And no constables seize an offender
While pleasantly singing a *catch*.

They haul him along like a heifer,
And tell him "My covey, you'll swing!"
Not a hint that the wanton young zephyr
Will fan his shoe-soles with her wing.

The trial has nothing that's rosy
To soften the prisoner's pap,
And Judge Park appears dreadfully prosy
Whilst dooming to death in his cap.

Would culprits go into hysterics,
Their spirits more likely elope,
If the jury consulted in lyrics,
The judge made a line of the rope?

When men must be hung for a warning,
How sweet if the law would incline
In the place of the "Eight in the Morning,"
To let them indulge in the Nine!

How pleasant if ask'd upon juries
By Muses, thus mild as the doves,
In the place of the Fates and the Furies
That call us from home and our loves!

Our warfare is deadly and horrid,
Its bald bulletins are in prose,
And with gore made revoltingly florid,
Nor tinted with couleur de rose.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

How pleasant in army despatches
In reading of red battle-plains,
To alight on some pastoral snatches,
To sweeten the blood and the brains!

How sweet to be drawn for the Locals
By songs setting valour a-gog!
Or be press'd to turn tar by sea-vocals
Inviting—with "Nothing like Grog!"

A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

To tenants but shortish at present,
When Michaelmas comes with its day,
O! a landlord's effusion were pleasant
That talked of the flowers in May!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

How sweet if the bill that rehearses
The debt we've incurr'd in the year,
But enrich'd, as a copy of verses,
The Gem, or a new Souvenir!

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own!
For the times are so moody and murky,
We want a poetical tone!

JESSIE'S GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

HITCHIN HALL.

THE following Correspondence speaks for itself: and I am enabled to say that it speaks the truth. The letters are genuine, the names only being considerately disguised. The

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

description of Hitchin Hall will probably remind the reader of an Insect Hospital at Surat, described by Lieutenant Burnes; it was evidently a House, whose members would have voted unanimously for the admission of a few *Destructives*.

No. I.—*To Messrs.* TUPPIN AND CO., *House Agents, Regent Street, London.*

MR. TUPPIN,

Mr. Groves being blind with a sting on his eyelids, as big as a pidgeon's egg, I am necessitated to write, though unaccustomed to business, to say we can't go on suffering in silence any longer. It is more than flesh and blood can bear; and I really wonder, Mr. Tuppin, you could allow a genteel family like ours, to domesticate themselves in Hitchin Hall. There has been *a shameful want of candour in the transaction.* Fixtures is one thing; but 'live things is another, and I don't romance, when I say we are eaten up alive! If the house was a pidgeon-house, we could not swarm more with fleas, and you-know-whats besides;—and they are things I never could abide in all my days. A hint from you would have been only civil; but as I said before, there was nothing like *candour* in the case. My daughter, Belinda, says, she is sure there are scorpions, and if you could see her inflamed calf of a leg, I am sure you would say there was something out of the common run. Matilda thinks it must be Tarantellers, and as dancing is the only cure, I have had the drawing-room carpet taken up in case; which, as it was only just fitted and put down, I consider a great inconvenience, especially as a *little candour* would have saved all the trouble. Mr. Tuppin, it's one maid's work to sweep down the spiders, and the cook says she is quite sick of smashing the black beadles. I expect every day that the footman will give warning, for he is of a serious turn, and complains he can't sing his hymns in the kitchen for the crickets. The maids won't sleep in the garrets because of the death-watches in the walls; and, Mr.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Tuppin, there's the moth in every cupboard in the house! It's rather hard to have a good muff and tippet ruined, and Mr. G.'s great coat besides, for want of *a little candour!* Our linen is going in the same way. I wish you could see one of Mr. G.'s best fine shirts; they are as full of holes as a cullender, as I

IT'S A MERE FLEA-BITE.

thought at first from the clothes pegs; but the laundress said it was the cockroaches, and sure enough, I found a dead one in the drawer. *Common candour* would have informed we were coming in after a West India Captain; but I suppose such matters are secrets in trade. Mr. G. is as much put out of the way as I am, for he is very particular about his cellar, and the wood-lice, or somethings, have eat all the seals off the corks, so that he knows no more than the man in the moon what he is putting before his friends. But that's not the worst. Mr. G.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

.s not so squeamish as some people, about animalculus; but I appeal to yourself, Mr. Tuppin, if it's agreeable in dressing, as happened this very morning, to find a hundred legs in your boots?

For my own part, it is lucky I am above interfering in the kitchen, for I can't bear a lizard, and cook says the efts come up the sink-hole, and she's positive our gnats and muskitoes are bred in the cistern. As for flies, they stick to everything as thick as currants on a bread-pudding, and the blue-bottles have blowed more meat than would keep a poor family. It's paying rather dear, Mr. Tuppin, for not meeting with a little *candour!*—and I am sorry to say we are indebted to your *closeness* for as many disappointments and disagreeables out of doors. The gardener grumbles from morning to night about his hard place, and says the blights are beyond everything, to say nothing of sorts he never saw before. That was *candid* too!—I cannot go near my greenhouse, for it is all alive; and Barron has left off lighting the stoves in the hothouses, for the warmth hatches out such swarms of grubs, and flies, and insects, as he says would astonish your hat off your head. As the same sort of thing happened the first time we heated the oven, I don't doubt his correctness; but really, Mr. Tuppin, it's a great damp, and denial, and drawback, both to Mr. G. and myself, when we are so very fond of gardening, but of course decline enjoying only the unpleasant part of picking and scrunching. Indeed I have never set foot in the grounds since sitting down on the ants' nest, and our friend Mr. Laird, says it's a species he never saw before, except in Africa. It is very pleasant, Mr. Tuppin, to be plagued with the only things of the sort in England; but of course you was not aware of the foreign ants, or *common candour* would have dictated a mention. With a proper warning before our eyes, we certainly should have never embraced such dreadful disagreeables as we suffer with, but we never had a *candid* statement of

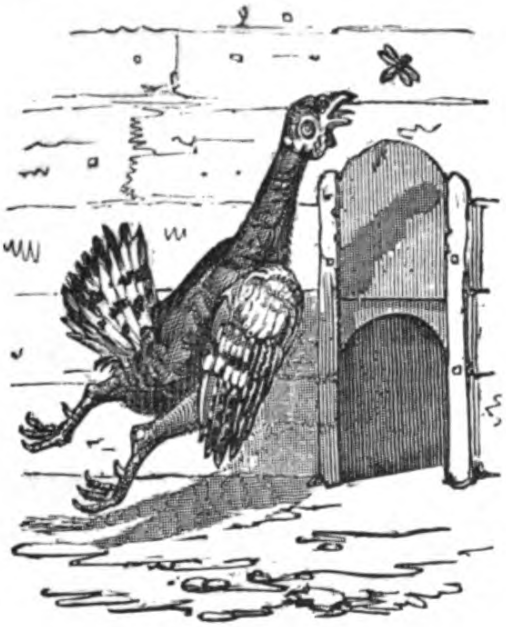
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

what we were to expect. As such, Mr. Tuppin, I hope you will feel due to your own character, to get the house off our hands as speedily as possible, and without any further expense to the deceived parties. In the meantime, Mr. Tuppin, regretting your *want of candour*, I remain, for Mr. G. and myself,

Your very obedient Servant,

MARY GROVE.

Hitchin Hall, Herts.



HEN-TOMOLOGY.

No. II.—*To Mrs.* GROVE, *Hitchin Hall, Herts.*

MADAM,

In absence of Principals, am desired to inform, it is not customary to furnish such minute particulars as alluded to, cannot, therefore, consider candour as compromised by not including fleas, &c., in list of fixtures. Beg to say we must decline letting again, except on usual terms, as enclosed, and am, Madam, for Tuppin and Co.,

Your mo. obedt. St.,

JOHN SHORT.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

No. III.—*To* SAMUEL PIPE, ESQ., *Flamingo Fire Assurance Company, Cornhill, London.*

SIR,

It is my unpleasant duty to advise you, that on the night of the 10th inst. the messuage and tenement called Hitchin Hall, (No. 17501), was burnt down to the ground without salvage. It was formerly in the occupation of the Hitchin Entomological Society; and the secretary, who was very curious in keeping and breeding all sorts of insects, resided on the premises. I have ascertained beyond doubt, that the fire was caused by a pan of burning charcoal and brimstone, intended to destroy the larva, &c., being shut up in a bed-room by the new tenants.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

PETER HAWKHURST.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE WONDERFUL DOG.

I DO not remember how I came to be talking of dogs to the gentleman who sat beside me on the roof of the Southampton Rocket; but I had just been relating an instance of sagacity in a terrier of my own, when the coachman looked half round, and addressed me over his shoulder.

"Pray, Sir, did you happen to see the Wonderful Dog Ponto at Blackwater Fair?"

"No. I never even heard of him."

"The more's the pity, Sir," replied the coachman, pulling a little on his horses, "the more's the pity, for then you've missed a sight such as you won't see twice in your life, if you lived as long as Methusalem. It was worth all the money twice

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

over, only to see him dance! None of your frenchified hanimals as just jigs about a bit while the chap with the stick has got his eye on 'em, and then drops down agin on all-fours, but just as I might dance myself like, with all the pleasure in life, and my sweetheart a-figuring afore me!"

"Now you mention it," I answered, "I cannot recal ever seeing a dog dance with any thing like enjoyment."

"I'll lay my life you haven't, Sir," said the coachman. "I've taught my own bitch to dance a bit, but it's only when I gets her locked up in the room, for she'll bolt if she can, and then I don't set eyes on her, mayhap for a week. The moment she sees the fiddle she turns away her head, as if it was an old tin kettle, and tucks her tail between her legs in case, — but that's nature."

"And what else might the Wonderful Dog perform?"

"Perform, Sir! I'm blest if he didn't perform a wonderful sight, better than the players at Richardson's, let alone that he couldn't talk. He fenced like a good 'un, and beat time to a song as regular as could be, besides always barking by way of joining in the chorus. I can't hardly tell you what he didn't perform, but in course he'll be at Bartlemy Fair, and then you can see him yourself, Sir."

The subject dropped; my neighbour began to speak of his travels on the Continent, and Ponto the Wonderful Dog, and the race in general, had been long out of our remembrance, when all at once a sharp cry from the coachman, followed by a shock and a crash, aroused us from our foreign speculations. We had encountered and upset some kind of covered cart, but the road having been cut through a steep hill, the high bank had prevented the vehicle from falling completely on its side. Our coachman pulled up, and standing on the footboard, took a look at the damage, then suddenly thrusting the reins into the hands of his companion on the box, he precipitately got down,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

exclaiming, as he ran off to the rescue, "I'm pounded if it an't the Wonderful Dog's caravan!"

The greater part of the coach passengers, myself included, immediately followed his example, and made all haste to the spot, where we had hardly arrived, when to verify the coachman's assertion, the door at the back of the vehicle opened, and a large white woolly dog bounded out, who after running a few paces on all-fours, got upon his hind legs and walked to a milestone, whereon he seated himself after the human fashion. A

THE COLLISION OF THE HOUSES.

fat woman, and an equally fat man, then scrambled out of the little house upon wheels, but my interest was all absorbed by the dog, and leaving the rest of the company to replace his residence *in statu quo*, I gave myself up to the study of the canine Phenomenon. I could hardly enough admire the force of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

habit or instinct, whichever it was, that, even in such a sudden emergency, could not make him lose his acquired manner. But my surprise had not yet arrived at its pitch; my astonishment may be conceived, when I saw him put his paw to his head, as if to ascertain that it was sound, then feel down his back and loins, and finally, along his hind legs; a genuine biped of my own species could not have gone through the examination more naturally! He next folded his fore legs, as if they had been arms in reality; and settled himself to watch the righting of his conveyance, and the process lasting longer than suited his humour, he repeatedly tried to urge on the work, by impatiently waving his fore leg from left to right, according to the direction in which his carriage required to be lifted. At last the little house stood again on all its wheels, and the coachman began to move towards the milestone, with the intention, no doubt, of renewing his acquaintance with the sagacious Ponto; but the latter, as if anxious to be at home again, suddenly started up, adroitly dodged past our Whip, and running man-fashion to the ladder, which he ascended dog-fashion, threw himself into the caravan with a somerset, that excited a universal shout of laughter. The fat woman next followed, then the fat man, and the door closed. We had resumed our seats on the coach, and the Rocket was about to go off, when the fat man appeared again at the door of the caravan, and addressed us generally, through his show-trumpet.

"Begging your pardons, gemmen, I hope you won't not mention any thing as you've seed. It would only be a-taking the bread out of our mouths, without a-putting on it into your own. The dog, gemmen, is a poor dwarft; and we only does it out o' charity like, to get him a bit o' wittles. So you see, gemmen——"

I could not hear what followed; for our coachman started his team so suddenly, that we had enough to do to preserve our

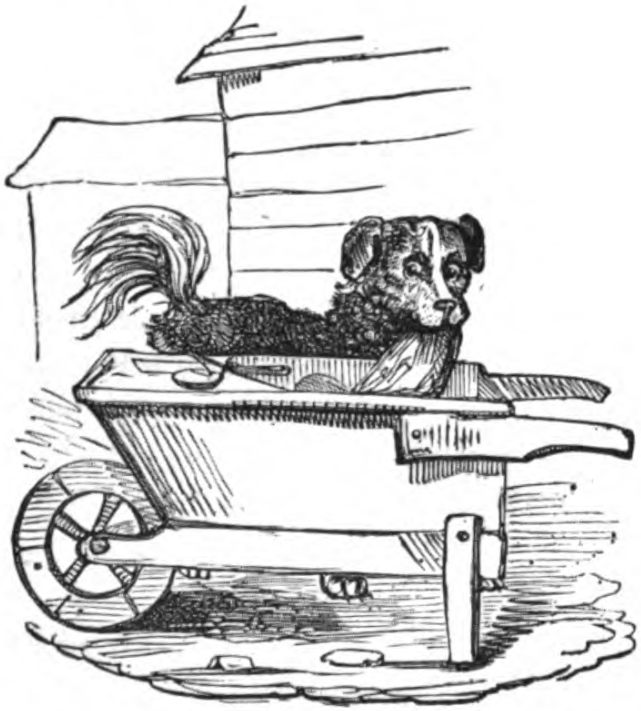
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

seats, and for two miles further he kept his horses in a rattling gallop, that put all conversation out of the question. A steep hill at last obliging him to alter the pace, we fell into talk on the late occurrence; for my own part, I could not help laughing at the whimsicality of the device, but our Jehu, who evidently felt sore on the subject, looked at the matter in a very different light. "It was," he said, "a regular bit of humbug, a downright swindle, and nothing else, and it would only have sarv'd the little varmint right to have guv him a proper good shaking by the scruff o' the neck."

"The trick is not without precedent," said the traveller, turning towards me, "though the story may not be generally known in England. It was played off at the expense of the good citizens of Amsterdam, by Simon Paap, the celebrated, or as Irish O'Brien used to call him, the *Great* Dwarf. He had reaped a good harvest by exhibiting his diminutive proportions to the Dutch; but Simon, for a man of his inches, went extraordinary lengths in dissipation; in fact he was a little rake, and the money went as fast as it came. The show beginning to get stale, he did not find his person pay so well as it is supposed to do in default of the purse, and it became necessary to hit upon some expedient for raising the wind. Accordingly having taken formal leave, in the character of their greatful, obliged, and humbly obedient dwarf, he got himself sewed up in a skin by some of his confederates, and, in a few days, Simon Paap again made his appearance before an admiring Public, as a WONDERFUL DOG! As he had well studied his part, and performed it to perfection, he was honoured with the patronage of the most distinguished personages in Amsterdam, and large sums were offered for him to his supposed master, but of course declined. Amongst his other accomplishments, the Wonderful Dog could take a hand, or rather paw, at cards, and as Simon was a sharp player, he began to be looked upon as a lucky dog, as well as a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

clever one, when an untoward event brought his golden dog-days to an end. He was playing in a coffee-house against a French officer, and had won to such an amount that the latter could not help venting his vexation by a few sharp cuts of his cane, an infliction which instead of calling forth a whine or a howl, produced a very distinct exclamation in Paap's mother-tongue. Aware of the slip, he immediately bolted out of the house, as if he had got the hydrophobia, and the same night secretly quitted Amsterdam, leaving, like a real mad dog, a good many bitten people behind him."



JUDGE OF HORSEFLESH.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE FRESH HORSE.

STONEHENGE has always been a mystery to antiquarians, and a puzzle to mechanics and engineers to conceive how such

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

huge masses of stone were transported, and erected, in their celebrated locality. For my own part, I am no antiquarian, but I fully shared in the surprise of the practical men, on one day discovering a Quaker, seated in a four-wheel chaise, without any horse, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. It was a matter of course to stare at him as at a fly in amber, and "wonder how the devil he got there." A member of the Society of Friends could hardly look for friends in such a place; a Quaker might sit long enough in such a region, however silent, without any hope of a Quaker's meeting; it seemed, however, to be a matter of familiar occurrence to the gentleman in drab, who sat as placid and unconcerned in his vehicle, as if he had been at the desk of a snug counting-house in Mincing Lane. Instead of a Price Current, he held in his hand a slender pamphlet, which was probably a religious tract, for whenever his eyes left the paper, they invariably took an upward look, before taking a sweep of the wide verdant horizon. At the first glance it occurred to me that his horse had bolted; but a nearer examination corrected my error: the collar was lying on the ground; the long reins beside it; the shafts were whole, and uninjured; not a single strap was broken, but regularly unbuckled. I felt completely in the dark. Horses are occasionally taken out of carriages, when the mob is in the humour to act as their substitutes; but Salisbury Plain is perhaps the very last place in England for one to look for popularity. Determined to fathom the mystery, I rode up to the phenomenon, and with a polite apology, begged to tender my best services, in a case I could not help fearing was one of emergency. The offer was well received, but my assistance declined in the quiet and laconic style supposed to be peculiar to the taciturn sect which owns Fox for its founder.

"I thank thee, friend,—but there is no need."

"I am happy to hear it," I replied, "I was in fear——"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Friend, we ought to fear nothing but sin."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but——"

"Thou hast not offended."

"It occurred to me, that possibly your present position was the result of some accident—"

"Friend, there is no such thing as *accident*:—all is *Providence*."

I confess I felt rather sceptical on the subject; there seemed so little of a heavenly dispensation in being planted in his peculiar situation. I could not help thinking, that if one might desire a blessing, ten thousand worldly advantages were preferable to the doubtful one of sitting in a chaise, without a horse, in such a vicinity. In the mean time, the Quaker resumed his reading; and gave me leisure to look all round, with the inward conviction of seeing some stout, sedate, elderly nag grazing soberly, by permission, on the abundant herbage. I was still mistaken; there was nothing to be seen, excepting a few sheep, within the whole range of the horizon. My curiosity increased; I could neither make up my mind to ride off, nor to again accost the taciturn Quaker, who seemed more deeply absorbed than ever in his tract. At last, as he paused, apparently to digest the contents of the last page he had been reading, I ventured on a fresh attack.

"I am afraid, Sir, that while you have been engaged with your book, your horse has strayed farther off than you are aware of."

"I thank thee, friend," said the man of few words, turning over a new leaf,—"my horse is in sure hands;" and again he buried his mind in the pamphlet. Quaker as he was, I felt somewhat piqued at his quietism, and accordingly determined to oblige him to speak to the matter in hand.

"Possibly, Sir," said I, "your horse has cast a shoe, and you have sent him to the next blacksmith's?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The Quaker read on.

"If so," I continued, "I congratulate you on possessing a book to amuse your leisure."

No answer.

"I wish,"—raising my voice—"that I could anticipate better weather for you, Sir, than the clouds seem to threaten. I'm very much afraid we shall have a storm."

Still mute as a fish.

THE CORN QUESTION.

"It was once my misfortune," said I, getting quite provoked, "to be caught in one, just about this very spot:—and I assure you, Sir, it was very far from pleasant."

Mum as ever.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"What was worse, Sir, I got benighted;—and there can't be a wretcheder place in England for such a dilemma. I was six hours adrift, at the very least, on this infernal waste."

I might as well have talked to Stonehenge itself. The perverse Foxite kept his lips hermetically sealed; and I had gathered up the reins, turned my horse's head, and was about to ride off in a huff, when his voice unexpectedly saluted me.

"Friend, I wish thee a good journey."

It was on the tip of my tongue, according to the common rejoinder, to "wish him the same;" but the absurdity was too palpable, considering his means of travelling; and as it was a question of some difficulty what aspiration to offer, under such circumstances, I found myself reduced to a very awkward silence. In the days or realms of enchantment, it would have been otherwise; for instance, one might have wished him a pair of flying dragons, or a team of peacocks, or turned half a dozen of the field mice into as many cream-coloured Arabians;—but as wishing has lost all magical power, I was just on the point of merely lifting my hat, as a farewell courtesy, when he again addressed me.

"Friend, shouldst thou meet the man who hath my horse, I will thank thee to bid him make good speed with the work in hand."

"With the greatest pleasure, Sir, provided you will favour me with the means of recognising them."

"Friend, thou canst not err. The brute creature hath three white legs,—with what is called a blaze on his forehead,—and a long tail, undocked by the cruel abomination of shears. Respecting the rider, I cannot speak, seeing that I did not take the particulars of his outward man."

"I think, Sir, I should know your horse:—but is it possible, my good Sir, you can have entrusted him to an utter stranger?"

"Thou shalt hear, friend,"—and stowing away his book,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

clasping his hands over his waistcoat, and twirling his thumbs over each other, the Quaker began his relation. The boy Jonathan, he said, had lately been sorely extravagant in the articles of oats and beans for his horse, whereof followed not only waste and cost, but likewise the brute creature, according to the scripture, waxed fat and kicked. Whence it came to pass amongst other trials and sufferings, for the headstrong spirit of viciousness to possess itself so powerfully of the horse, just at midway of his journey, there or thereabouts, as to be beyond all controlling with the leather contrivances. Whereupon he had resigned himself inwardly to the power of grace, which had sent present help in need, namely, by raising up a man out of a bush, an utter stranger, indeed, but a Christian, with bowels of mercy, who had grappled the wilful one by the head; moreover, undertaking, before proceeding further, to abate the violent temper thereof, by abundant galloping to and fro upon the plain.

THE NIGHT-MARE.

I suppose an involuntary smile must have played across my features at this part of the story, for the worthy Quaker evidently penetrated my thought, and in truth I had my doubts upon the case.

"I perceive, friend, thou thinkest I have entrusted my horse

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to one of the wicked ones;—but thou ought to have a more charitable opinion of thy brethren in the flesh. I feel as secure of the brute creature, as if I had him here between my thighs. It would have done thee good to see the honest man, how he wrought with him, at peril of his own life and limb; as well as to hear his comfortable discourse. I remember his very words. 'Only sit still in the shay,' he saith, 'and keep your mind easy; —he's wonderful fresh at present, but I'm used to the sort,— —and when you get him in the shafts again, you won't know him from a mouse.'"

The mention of a mouse, from some sort of association with smelling a rat, here overcame my risible muscles, and my comment on the story took the form of a violent fit of laughter, in which from mere sympathy the good-humoured Quaker very heartily joined.

"It was, verily," he said, "a ludicrous speech enough, to compare a four-footed animal so large, with one so small:—but nevertheless, friend, the poor honest man was quite in earnest. Sundry times he brought the horse unto me, to show his manner of snorting, and whinnying, and uplifting his heels. 'It's about as peppery a one,' he saith, 'as I ever took in hand: but only sit easy in the shay, and I'll have it all out of him, if I gallop him all down to Salisbury and back.'"

"You are sure, Sir, he said back?"

"Friend, thou art relapsing into thy uncharitableness;—and if, as St. Paul saith, we lack charity——"

"Excuse me, Sir—but I cannot help thinking that a few turns, under your own eye, would have been quite as efficacious, in taking the freshness out of your horse, as a gallop right on end till he was out of sight."

"It is that very argument, friend, which stirs up my concern. I have sore fears that the vicious horse hath run away with the honest man!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"And for my part, Sir, I have fears too,—that the vicious man has run away with the honest horse."

The benevolent Quaker gazed earnestly at me for a minute, shook his head, pulled out the tract again from his pocket, hemmed, put on his spectacles, hemmed again, and forthwith, in a most solemn tone, commenced an extempore sermon on the text of "Judge not, lest ye be judged." As I had lay appointments of some importance, I found myself obliged to interrupt him in the middle of his homily;—and with an appropriate apology, and a reiteration of the hope which had given occasion to the lecture, I took my leave. To a man of the world, I need not say which of us proved to be in the right; but for the sake of the children of simplicity, I will give the sequel. About a year afterwards, I encountered our worthy Quaker at a public meeting in the metropolis; and he shook his head the moment he saw me.

"Thou wast correct, friend," he said, "alas, too correct, in thy judgment of the honest man upon Salisbury Plain. Of a surety, it was a fresh horse that drew me thither:—and verily, I was necessitated to buy me a *fresh* horse to draw me back again."

THE DEAD ROBBERY.

"Here's that will sack a city."—*Henry the IVth.*

Of all the causes that induce mankind
To strike against themselves a mortal docket,
Two eminent above the rest we find—
To be in love, or to be out of pocket:
Both have made many melancholy martyrs,
But p'rhaps, of all the felonies de se,
By ponds, and pistols, razors, ropes, and garters,
Two-thirds have been through want of *£. s. d.!*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Thus happen'd it with Peter Bunce;
Both in the *dumps* and out of them at once,
From always drawing blanks in Fortune's lottery,
At last, impatient of the light of day,
He made his mind up to return his clay
Back to the pottery.

"IT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE."

Feigning a raging tooth that drove him mad,
From twenty divers druggists' shops
He begg'd enough of laudanum by drops
T' effect the fatal purpose that he had;
He drank them, died, and while old Charon ferried him,
The Coroner convened a dozen men,
Who found his death was *phial*-ent—and then
The Parish buried him!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Unwatch'd, unwept,
As commonly a Pauper sleeps, he slept;
There could not be a better opportunity
For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,
With all impunity.
In fact, when Night o'er human vice and folly
Had drawn her very necessary curtains,
Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,
Accustom'd many years to drive a trade,
With that Anatomy more Melancholy
Than Burton's!

The Watchman in his box was dozing;
The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese;
No fear of any creature interposing,
The human Jackal work'd away at ease:
He toss'd the mould to left and right,
The shabby coffin came in sight,
And soon it open'd to his double-knocks,—
When lo! the stiff'un that he thought to meet,
Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,
Upon his seat!

Awaken'd from his trance,
For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,
Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,
He spies a shady Figure, tall and bony,
Then shudders out these words "Are—you—the—Devil?"
"The Devil a bit of him," says Mike Mahoney,
"I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,
To pick up honestly a little blunt—"
"Blunt!" echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of laughter,—
"Why, man, I turn'd life's candle in the socket,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Without a rap in either pocket,
For want of that same blunt you're looking after!"
"That's true," says Mike, "and many a pretty man
Has cut his stick upon your very plan,
Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,
And yet he's fetch'd a dacent lot of stuff,
Provided he was sound and fresh enough,
And dead as dumps."

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE STOCK.

"I take," quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, "the fact is,
You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice,—
I hope the question is not out of reason,
But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,
For instance, like my own,
What might it chance to fetch now, at this season?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Fetch, is it?" answers Mike, "why prices differ,—
But taking this same small bad job of ours,
I reckon, by the pow'rs!
I've lost ten pound by your not being stiffer!"

"Ten pounds!" Bunce echoes in a sort of flurry,
"Odd zounds!
Ten pounds,
How sweet it sounds,
Ten pounds!"
And on his feet upspringing in a hurry—
It seem'd the operation of a minute—
A little scuffle—then a whack——
And then he took the Body Snatcher's sack
And poked him in it!
Such is this life!
A very pantomime for tricks and strife!
See Bunce, so lately in Death's passive stock,
Invested, now as active as a griffin,
Walking—no ghost—in velveteens and smock,
To sell a stiff'un!

A flash of red, then one of blue,
At last, like lighthouse, came in view;
Bunce rang the nightbell; wiped his highlows muddy;
His errand told; the sack produced;
And by a sleepy boy was introduced
To Dr. Oddy, writing in his stud
The bargain did not take long time to settle,
"Ten pounds,
Odd zounds!
How well it sounds,
Ten pounds,"
Chink'd into Bunce's palm in solid metal.

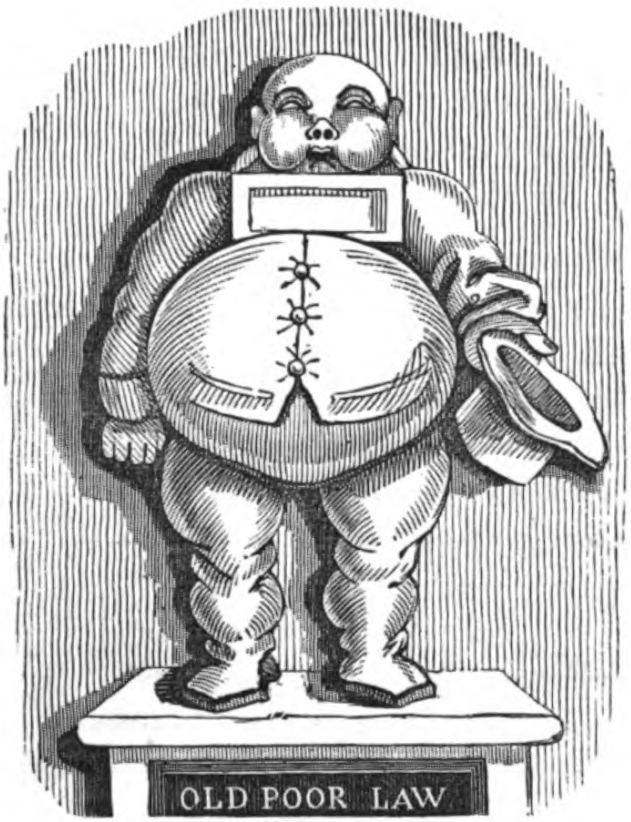
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

With joy half-crazed,
It seem'd some trick of sense, some airy gammon,
He gazed and gazed,
At last, possess'd with the old lust of Mammon,
Thought he, "With what a very little trouble,
This little capital I now might double——"
Another scuffle of its usual brevity,—
And Doctor Oddy, in his suit of black,
Was finishing, within the sack,
His "Thoughts upon Longevity!"

The trick was done. Without a doubt,
The sleepy boy let Bunce and burthen out;
Who coming to a lone convenient place,
The body stripp'd; hid all the clothes; and then,
Still favoured by the luck of evil men,
Found a new customer in Dr. Case
All more minute particulars to smother,
Let it suffice,
Nine guineas was the price
For which one doctor bought the other;
As once I heard a Preacher say in Guinea,
"You see how one black sin bring on anudder,
Like little nigger pickaninny,
A-riding pick-a-back upon him mudder!"
"Humph!" said the Doctor, with a smile sarcastic,
Seeming to trace
Some likeness in the face,
"So death at last has taken old Bombastic!"
But in the very middle of his joking,—
The *subject*, still unconscious of the scoff—
Seized all at once with a bad fit of choking,
He too was *taken off!*
Leaving a fragment "On the Hooping Cough."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:57 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Satan still sending luck,
Another body found another buyer:
For ten pounds ten the bargain next was struck,
Dead doctors going higher.



A PAUPER IN HIGH RELIEF.

"Here," said the purchaser, with smile quite pleasant,
Taking a glimpse at his departed brother,
"Here's half a guinea in the way of present—
Subjects are scarce, and when you get another,
Let *me* be first."—Bunce took him at his word,
And suddenly his old atrocious trick did,
Sacking M.D. the third,
Ere he could furnish "Hints to the Afflicted."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:58 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Flush'd with success,
Beyond all hope or guess,
His new dead robbery upon his back,
Bunce plotted—such high flights ambition takes,—
To treat the Faculty like ducks and drakes,
And sell them all ere they could utter "Quack!"
But Fate opposed. According to the schools,
When men become insufferably bad,
The gods confer to drive them mad;
March hairs upon the heads of April fools!

A LAY IMPROPRIATOR.

Tempted by the old demon avaricious,
Bunce traded on too far into the morning;
Till nods, and winks, and looks, and signs suspicious,
E'vn words malicious,
Forced on him rather an unpleasant warning.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:58 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Glad was he to perceive, beside a wicket,
A porter, ornamented with a ticket,
Who did not seem to be at all too busy—
"Here, my good man,
Just show me, if you can,
A doctor's—if you want to earn a tizzy!"

Away the porter marches,
And with grave face, obsequious precedes him,
Down crooked lanes, round corners, under arches;
At last, up an old-fashion'd staircase leads him,
Almost impervious to the morning ray,
Then shows a door—"There, that's a doctor's reckon'd,
A rare Top-Sawyer, let who will come second—
Good day."

"I'm right," thought Bunce, "as any trivet;
Another venture—and then up I give it!"
He rings—the door, just like a fairy portal,
Opens untouch'd by mortal——
He gropes his way into a dingy room,
And hears a voice come growling through the gloom,
"Well—eh?—Who? What?—Speak out at once!"
"I will," says Bunce.
"I've got a sort of article to sell;
Medical gemmen knows me very well—"
But think Imagination how it shock'd her
To hear the voice roar out, "Death! Devil! d—n!
Confound the vagabond, he thinks I am
A rhubarb-and-magnesia Doctor!"
"No Doctor!" exclaim'd Bunce, and dropp'd his jaw,
But louder still the voice began to bellow,
"Yes,—yes,—odd zounds!—I *am* a Doctor, fellow,
At law!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:58 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The word sufficed.—Of things Bunce feared the most
(Next to a ghost)
Was law,—or any of the legal corps,—
He dropp'd at once his load of flesh and bone,
And, caring for no body, save his own,
Bolted,—and lived securely till fourscore,
From never troubling Doctors any more!

APPROPRIATION CLAWS.

SPANISH PRIDE.

A YARN.

It was in the year 1812,—there or thereabouts,—for I can't be more particular, seeing as how I kept no log, except my own head—but we was sent to cruise off the Spanish coast in the Bay of Biscay, with orders to make ourselves as comfortable to the Dons, and as uncomfortable to the Mounseers, as we could.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:58 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Now the French in their marches was obliged sometimes to tread pretty close to the shore, and then we pelted away at them with our gun-boats, which kept working along with them on a parallel. Well, one day it was my turn to take a spell in the boats; and as no enemy was in sight, our Luff, rather than be idle, takes it in his head to go and overhaul a bit of a castle, about a cable's length from the beach. So we pulls right for the land, and a party of us, myself for one, goes ashore without meeting a soul, good or bad, to help or hinder us. We was soon in the inside of the castle, rummaging the kitchens and cellars in the first place, you may be sure; but without finding the value of a keg of wine, by way of a present for the Admiral, or any body else you like; when all at once we hears Bill Jones hailing us with a "Here you shall see what you shall see!" So we follows the voice, and comes into a biggish room, hung all over with painted pictures of ladies in pilloryruffs, and men in armours, with a *spare* set of whiskers stowed away between their noses and mouths. The wonderfullest sight, howsomever, was an old Don, at the further end of the room, sitting in state, with a long straight sword in his fist; the very image of the other old Don, in the picture behind him. At first we took him for a wax-work; till Bill Jones made bold to pint at him with his finger, whereby he let drive with his toasting-iron, and would have run Bill right through his duff, if so be he hadn't jump'd back'ards. You may be sure we jaw'd him well for it; but with no more aggravation to him than if he had been a Chiny-man's Joss: at last, just as we were making up our minds to a spree with him, in comes the Luff, and scrapes a full-grown bow to the old Don, who returned it with the least bit of a nod you ever seed. Finding such a shabby sort of a salute, the Left'nant took a pull like at his backstays, and stood up as stiff as he could, which was something more than upright, as much as to say, I perceive none of my betters; but the Don warn't of the same opinion,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:58 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

for he leaned over the back of his chair till it cracked again; while his chin seemed looking over the Left'nant's head. Then the Left'nant slews himself half a turn round to larboard, and pretends to be looking at the pictures, and the Don slews himself half a turn to starboard, pretending to take a pinch of snuff. It was a regular manœuvring to get the weather gauge of each other's dignity;—at last the Left'nant opens with a compliment, and the Don returns it with the biggest words he can pick, for he talked good dictionary English enough. We couldn't entirely make it out, except that he was a Don, two thousand years old,

"TAKE A PINCH FROM MY BOX."

and sitting there to keep his own castle agin the French:—the more fool he—with as good a chance as a bumboat agin a seventy-four. The Left'nant tried hard to persuade him to go aboard the fleet; but he might have saved his jaw tackle; for it was about as easy as to get a round shot into a Quaker. Well,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

whilst they were argufying it, somebody sings out, "The French! the French!"—and in course it's cut and run,—except the old Don, who kept sitting, looking as wise as a Solon goose, which, you know, will sit on its nest, till you come right up and knock it on the head. It showed game in him, howsumever, and thinks I to myself, I'll save old Stiff-back without axing his leave. So I contrives to get him on my back, and before he well knew his bearings, I had him down in the fore court, and almost out at a breach in the wall, if he hadn't held on at both sides of it, like a cat with her claws. I'm bound, now I thinks of him, it was all along of my not taking him out at the great gate,—be that as it may, the French come'd on while we were scuffling, and nabb'd us both. There was no use in my showing fight agin so many, if they had given me time for it; but the Don, rather than surrender his sword, made a sort of a try to shy it up to heaven, whereby, no thanks to him! I got a staggering rap on the pate with the hilt, when it came down again. He was the proudest beggar I ever see, out and out! I took an observation, when they marched us inland, that he always forged a-head of me, if it was only the breadth of your hand: besides cutting through afore me, whenever we came to a narrow wicket or the like. As for talking, he never opened his lips wide enough for a cockroach to squeeze between them, till we came to the prison; and then only to ax for a separate cell all alone to himself. For my own parts, thinks I, the more the merrier, and I was far from consarned to find the old Don locked up along with me—not that he was sociable at all, but quite the reverse; for he always gave me as wide a berth as the walls would let him. He took mighty pains, besides, to squat himself down the same moment that I did, for fear of his standing to my sitting—I can't tell you half his Spanish tricks, to keep up his dignity,—but one was always to keep to starboard; and another to be everlastingly cover'd in my company,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

whereby he ate, drank, and even sleeped in his slouch'd hat. It was the most divarting thing in life, if it had only been a stage-play; but I got tired of it in the long run, like salt pork, or any thing else that is constant, and began to wish for my liberty. The Mounseers didn't keep the brightest look out in the world; and so I determined to give them the slip. It was only to work a hole thro' a four-foot wall; and then double the sentry; and then get down a rampart twenty feet deep; and then get across

IMMEASURABLY SUPERIOR.

the ditch; and then get to the coast; and then swim off to the fleet. So I set to work with a will, and in less than nine weeks I had picked a hole just under the little window, so that by knocking them both into one, there would be room enough for my body to get through—no thanks to the old Don, who never lent a hand, or even a finger, but looked on as grand as a lord

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

at the lacky that's a-blacking his shoes. Howsumever, as he was only a Spaniard, and it was the fault of his bad bringing up, I overlooked it for once, and let him into all my plans; and by way of a return, to show gratitude, what does he do, when the time comes, but refuses to shake hands by way of swearing to stand by each other! Well, I overlooked that too, in consideration of his ignorance—and what comes of it?—Why he hustles me away from my own hole, that I had picked with my own hands, to get out first. As soon as we were both outside, "Now, Cavaliero," says I, squeezing my voice into a small whisper, "we must skulk past the sentry;—it's stoop you must," said I, "and come under the shadow," but the devil a bit he'd stoop, but stalked along, bolt upright, like the ghost in the play, with the full moon shining with all its might on his infarnal ruff. Lucky for us, the sentry had got his dead lights up, and couldn't see any thing but what he was dreaming of, so we gets undiskivered to the ramparts. I had made a rope of my sheets, and had it fast in no time to one of the guns,—then, manning the gangway, for I knew what sort of a customer I had to deal with, I scraped my best bow, and invited the old Don to go down afore me. It was doing the handsome thing by him any how;—but after giving a look over, he furls up his arms one within another, and turns his back on my rope, as if it warn't fit to hang a dog. I thought at first as how he fancied it didn't look strong enough; but it was nothing after all but his Spanish pride. What do you think the old stiff-backed beggar said? "I don't object to the rope," says he; "nor I don't object to escape," says he; "but I'll stand here till the day of judgment," says he, "before I'll escape," says he, "by *letting myself down!*"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:58 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

JOHN JONES.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"I saw the iron enter into his soul."—STERNE.

JOHN JONES he was a builder's clerk,
On ninety pounds a year,
Before his head was engine-turn'd
To be an engineer!

For, finding that the iron roads
Were quite the public tale,
Like Robin Redbreast, all his heart
Was set upon a rail.

But oh! his schemes all ended ill,
As schemes must come to nought,
With men who try to make short cuts,
When cut with something short.

His altitudes he did not take,
Like any other elf;
But first a spirit-level took,
That levelled him, himself.

Then getting up, from left to right
So many tacks he made,
The ground he meant to go upon
Got very well survey'd.

How crows may fly he did not care
A single fig to know;—
He wish'd to make an iron road,
And not an iron crow.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

So, going to the rose and Crown,
To cut his studies short,
The nearest way from *pint* to *pint*,
He found was through a quart.

According to this rule he plann'd
His railroad o'er a cup;
But when he came to lay it down,
No soul would take it up!

"PARLIAMENT REJECTS MY LINE!"

Alas! not his the wily arts
Of men as shrewd as rats,
Who out of one sole *level* make
A precious lot of *flats!*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In vain from Z to crooked S,
His devious line he show'd;
Directors even seemed to wish
For some directer road.

The writers of the public press
All sneered at his design;
And penny-a-liners wouldn't give
A penny for his line.

Yet still he urged his darling scheme,
In spite of all the fates;
Until at last his zigzag ways
Quite brought him into *straits*.

His money gone, of course he sank
In debt from day to day,—
His way would not pay *him*—and so
He could not pay his way.

Said he, "All parties run me down—
How bitter is my cup!
My landlord is the only man
That ever runs me up!

"And he begins to talk of scores,
And will not draw a cork;"—
And then he rail'd at Fortune, since
He could not rail at York!

The morrow, in a fatal noose
They found him hanging fast;
This sentence scribbled on the wall,—
"I've got my line at last!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Twelve men upon the body sate,
And thus, on oath, did say,
"We find he got his *gruel*, 'cause
He couldn't have his *way!*"

TRAINS ARE COMING IN.

AN IRISHMAN

Is a Man with two Ideas — no better than one: to wit, a right one and a wrong one, between which, like two Stools, his Wit comes constantly to the Ground. Thus it is as natural for Him to blunder as to breathe; his Sign is Taurus; for he is constantly uttering dilemmas with horns to them. Verily the expertest Matador of Seville would be sorely tasked to encounter all the Bulls which come out of his Mouth.

Hence is he a Catholic by nationality; for the Pope makes Bulls likewise; and is therefore a mere Irishman, born at Rome. For the rest of his Religion, he confesses to at least

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

nine of the Seven Mortal Sins; and above all, Sabbath-Breaking, by which he understands eating Flesh of a Friday.

In his Politics he is commonly a Partisan; his main Aversion being a Trimmer, or, as he describeth him, a Man who sits on both Sides of the House at once. He holds the Emerald Isle to be the brightest Ruby in the British Crown; and recommends England and Ireland to unite in repealing the Union. He hath a Scheme for reducing Tithes from a Tenth to a Fifth; and another for furthering the Education of the Poor, by means of Sunday Schools twice a Week.

A FRESCO OF THE SUB-LIME MICHAEL.

In Hospitality he is Prince-like, for he giveth all he hath, though it be but a Potato. "It is not much," he saith, "but you are as welcome as the flowers in May, if it was twice as little."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In Amicality, he will stick to his friend so long as he hath a stick to do it withal; for he is not so much a Member of a Club, as a Club is a Member of him; to wit, his Shillelagh, which, as it cannot write written Hand, makes always its Mark. —To see him in his Glory, as the Fidus Achates of all Mankind, you must behold him at the Fair of Donnybrook, where the Heads look up at the Cudgels, like a Scottish Man at an auld Acquaintance, when he says unto him, "Come, gie's yer cracks!"

REGISTRATION.—A VOTE FOR COBK.

Next to Donnybrook, his Delight is a Duel, or Pistol-Duet; wherein he prefers to play First rather than Second;—but he takes it amiss if there be not a Hit, even on his own side. Rather than fail of a Challenge, he would call out a deaf man to a ball in his ear; nay, he hath been known, for want of other

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

satisfaction, to fly to Self-Satisfaction, by blowing out his own proper Brains. Hence, War, which is the Multiplication of a Duel, is quite his Element; only that he is far more fierce in multifarious fight, his least Threat to his Enemy being that he will "Cut off his Head and throw it in his face."

In Love, his Flame is like unto a Kitchen Fire, which requireth a wide Range; for he is a Sexagenarian, or in Love with some sixty of the Sex at once. Yet, for all this Special Licence, he doth not incline to marry; for "it is better," he saith, "to be a-walking with a darling Jewel of a Girl, by the sweet light of the Young May Moon, in the beautiful Groves of Blarney, than to be the Man in the Honey-Moon, looking about for Himself with a Lantern."

Sometimes, however, he will hunt a Fortune, by way of Chance, but he is apt to outrun it as well as his own; whereupon he betakes himself to Potheen, which consoles him for his Single Blessedness, by making it seem double. To conclude, he ends, as he had lived, with Spirit; for, taking a Drop of the Creature, he dies like a Creature of the Drop; to wit, in a Rope; for why! as he saith,—"It is better to hang than to be dependent."

DOMESTIC POEMS.

"It's hame, hame, hame."—A. CUNNINGHAM.
"There's no place like home."—CLARI.

IT has often been remarked—and never more likely than after hearing "John Anderson, my Jo," sung by Broadhurst, at a public dinner—that there is a species of Poetry, indigenous to Scotland, which might emphatically be called Domestic. The Land of Cakes, is, indeed, peculiarly rich in songs and ballads of household interest, which, like their stock Tragedy of Douglas,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

may be said to be Home-made. The Caledonian Muse does not merely take a walk round the premises, speculating on the domestic comforts, or discomforts, the household affections, or disaffections, within; but she is invited and goes *ben*, far ben; makes herself quite at home; and is "treated as one of the family." She sits down, like a gossip as she is, at the ingle

"HOW NEAT SHE SPREADS THE WHACKS."

side; takes a peep into the muckle pat; pries into the cradle; and does not hesitate to spier into the dubious parentage of "young wee Donald." She gauges the meal-tub; and informs herself of the stock of siller in hand. There are no secrets with her. The gude wife and gude man unfold to her their most private affairs. They describe to her how they sleep, with a pint stoup at their bed feet; and confide to her all their particular gratifications and grievances. Johnny complains of a weary pound of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tow,—that his wife does not drink hooly and fairly,—and hints that he should not be sorry to see the termagant dished up in her winding-sheet: — Jeanie tells of his extravagance in not wanting to take his old cloak about him; and asks counsel on the state of his gray breeks. The Daughter, if she be at home, gets the Muse in a corner, lets her into the names and number of her lovers; describes the modes and freedoms of their wooings; and repeats all their love-nonsense verbatim. In short, a Familiar of the Inquisition could not be more familiar

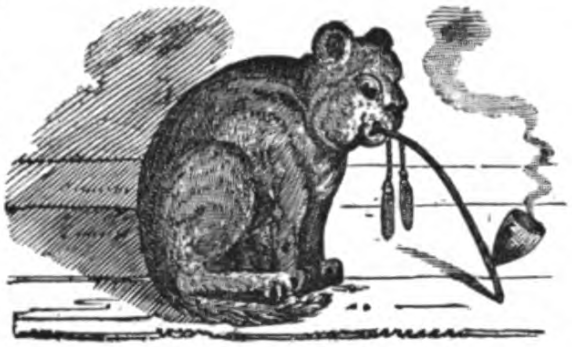
A STEP-MOTHER.

with all the recesses of their private life: only what the Muse knows she publishes; and, in the shape of ballads and songs, spreads her home news, scandal and all, throughout the parishes.

The English, on the contrary, have few Poems of this nature. The Muse does not sing like a cricket from our hearths; and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

with an abundance of home-made wines, we have scarcely a home-made song. This is a gap in our literature, a vacant shelf in our Family Library, that ought to be filled up. I cannot suppose that we are nationally deficient in the fireside feelings and homely affections which inspire a domestic ditty; — but take it for granted that the vein exists, though it has not been worked. In the hope of drawing the attention of our Bards to the subject, I venture to offer a few specimens of Domestic Poems, "such as"—to use the words of Doctor Watts—"I wish some happy and condescending Genius would undertake and perform much better."



TOM PIPES.

I.

HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

O Kate! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife
When I look back at Hymen's dear day,
Not a lovelier bride ever chang'd to a wife,
Though you're now so old, wizen'd, and gray!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!
But as liquid as stars in a pool;
Though now they're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,
Just like gooseberries boil'd for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,
When a Venus demanded their skill;
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
But a sort of Poll-Parroty bill!

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,
Such a nectar there hung on each lip;
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip!

FANCY PORTRAIT—ALMA MATER.

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts
From its dimple he could not get loose;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
With their ringlets of auburn so deep!
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,
By a bramble torn off from a sheep!

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
While in whiteness it vied with your arms;
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,
To conceal the scrag-end of your charms!

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you! still bless you! my Partner! my Kate!
Though you be such a perfect old fright!

II.

The sun was slumbering in the West,
My daily labours past;
On Anna's soft and gentle breast
My head reclined at last;—
The darkness clos'd around so dear
To fond congenial souls,
And thus she murmur'd at my ear,
"My love, we're out of coals!"—

"That Mister Bond has call'd again,
Insisting on his rent;
And all the Todds are coming up
To see us out of Kent;—
I quite forgot to tell you John
Has had a tipsy fall;—
I'm sure there's something going on
With that vile Mary Hall!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk,
And I have bought the rest—
Of course, if we go out of town,
Southend will be the best,—
I really think the Jones's house
Would be the thing for us;—
I think I told you, Mrs. Pope
Had parted with her *nus*——"

"Cook, by the way, came up to-day
To bid me suit myself—
And what d'ye think? the rats have gnawed
The victuals on the shelf.—
And Lord! there's such a letter come,
Inviting you to fight!
Of course you don't intend to go—
God bless you, dear, good-night!"

"WE ARE SEVEN."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

III.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavn's! the child is swallowing a pin!)

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane! he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove, -
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

HAIR AND GERMAN BRISTLES.

IV.

A SERENADE.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry,
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids or open mine!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why?
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SON.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!—
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!"

"I CANNOT WALK ABOUT WITH HIM ANY LONGER."

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Two such nights, and I shall die!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Nature soon will stupify—
My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

EYE-ON A TRAGEDY.

THE CORRESPONDING CLUB.

MORE TROUBLES AT STOKE POGIS—TREASONABLE LETTERS—NOCTURNAL ASSEMBLAGES—AND CONSPIRACY AGAINST AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE.

THE friends of social order will be grieved to learn that Peace cannot keep herself on the peace establishment; but that fresh

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

disturbances have broken out in what may now be called the plague-spot of Her Majesty's dominions. The particulars have not transpired; but it is too certain that the chief magistrate of Stoke Pogis arrived last night by express, in his slippers, and without his hat. Fears are entertained by some persons for the safety of the capital; and the Lumber Troop has offered to march against the insurgents to Knightsbridge and back. The Common Council has been summoned; and the boys at the Military Asylum have received orders to hold themselves in readiness. The barometer has fallen to 19.58.

From an Official Organ.

Despatches supposed to be of utmost importance have been received in Downing Street; but in a cipher which as yet it has been impossible to decipher. Only two words have been made out, and they are at the very end of the document, viz. "Excuse haste."

From the "True News."

We have it from the best possible authority, that a discovery of an important nature has been made in a certain part of the kingdom, which some years back acquired for itself an unenviable notoriety. Under the peculiar circumstances, it would be improper to be more explicit; but our readers may rely on the accuracy as well as earliness of this intelligence.

From "The Seer."

Our unequivocal opinion has been often expressed, that the political weather would never remain eternally at Set Fair, but would retrograde sooner or later to Changeable, if not to Stormy, with the usual latitude as to locality; and our prediction is fulfilled to the letter. Without referring to Belgium, or France, or Russia, or Canada, or Mexico, or Jericho, we may triumphantly point nearer home, in proof that we have not

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"wasted our wind." There *is* a breeze at Stoke Pogis; and we only wait for the details to continue our prophecies. It will be remembered, that of all our contemporaries this journal was the only one that announced a great fall in potatoes simultaneously with a shower of Murphy's.

Extract from a Private Letter.

Their is sad wurk hear. The Inflamatory have been gitting the Steem up for sum time past, and the report says the hole Biling is explodid amung the Stokers. It is said no too members of the Corporation hang togither, and the Hed is blowd all the way up to Lounon.

From a Correspondent.

At a time when the news from Stoke Pogis is adapted to every voice, but with so many variations, every authentic note must be acceptable; and the following letter was kindly placed at our service by a gentleman who has a friend who has an acquaintance who has a relative in the disturbed district;—

My Dear Charles,

It is with a throbbing pen and a reluctant heart, that I sit down to inform you of the probable recurrence of those afflicting scenes which took place in the year '31. Our Village, though strictly a minor, appears to be getting up a tragedy more fit for the theatre of war than our very limited stage; but it is the unhappy effect of popular commotions to inflate the localities where they take place into a pernicious self importance; and Stoke Pogis having once attracted the eyes of all Europe, seems unwilling to return to its primitive obscurity. If you have ever visited any remote insignificant country hamlet, only remarkable for a Shocking Murder, but where the rustics are more conceited, the children more familiar, the young women more forward, and the ale dearer than common, you will know

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

what I mean. However, I did hope that the reign of law and subordination and property was set in sufficiently to last my time; but alas! it is ordered otherwise, and as Pope or somebody says, "Chaos is come again." It is, perhaps, too late when we are in the very vortex of an earthquake, to enquire by what

"WE SHALL HAVE A FALL OF SOME KIND."

false step we have arrived at such a precipice; but I cannot help thinking that the strong arm of the law, if called in earlier, might have crushed the embers under its foot. The exact extent of the danger is not known; but it is pretty certain that some Hampden, or Thistlewood, or Cromwell, or Coriolanus, or some such character, has sprung up; and unless nipped in the focus, may explode into ramifications that no conciliation will

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

eradicate. In the mean time, fear magnifies everything; and, like Carpenter's celebrated Solar Microscope, produces the most terrific Bugbears out of next to nothing, till you almost expect that mite will overcome right. As a sample of these provincial rumours, it is currently believed here that we are threatened with a descent by a Russian Armada, which has already seized upon our whalers, with all their oil and blubber, to serve as tenders in carrying provisions for their fleet. Time will show, and in the meanwhile

A TALE-BEARER.

I remain, dear Charles, &c.

H. J. P.

P.S.—I send you a copy of the "Pogian Argus." It is a week old, but will serve to show the incipient turbulence that smoothed the way to the present crisis.

From the "Pogian Argus."

Although no alarmists, we cannot help calling the attention of our local authorities to the threatening posture and decidedly serious aspect of a certain party in this place. We flattered ourselves that the *cordon sanitaire* of sound and loyal principles we had drawn round the neighbourhood would protect it effectually from contagion; and that Stoke Pogis, so much smaller than Birmingham, and so much quieter than Sheffield, would be secure from political disturbance. We have been deceived. On Saturday night last, what is called a "Demonstration" took place at the Pig and Puncheon, the notorious Timothy Gubbins, of Guy Fox celebrity, in the chair. The taproom was crowded to excess; and many speeches were delivered, the sentiments of which, and a great deal of the language, were anything but English. After some preliminaries had been gone through,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The Chairman said, he hoped every gentleman would make himself comfortable. They was met there for the good of the nation, including the good of the house: and he hoped, in calling for reform, every gentleman would call for what he liked best. Nobody was tied to nothing, either in spouting or drinking. He trusted as how there would be an unpartial hearing, and that no gentleman's mouth would be stopped, so long as he drank his own beer.

A RADICAL DEMON-STRATION.

Reuben Taylor said he riz early to recommend an early rising. The people had laid down long enough. There was no sort of use in getting up petitions—they ought to get up themselves. If they loved the country they would rise betimes. It was a great point to be wide awake and up to everything. He

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

would repeat to them a line from the immortal and patriotic Burns:—

"Now's the time, and now's the hour,"

namely, four o'clock in summer, and six in winter

Philip Grumpage was for all sorts of equality. All men was born little at first, and no human being had a right to be more shorter or taller, or fatter, or thinner, or richer, or poorer, or wiser, or unwiser then another. In New Harmony there was no first fiddles.

COMING TO THE POINT.

Jacob Parish stood up for the poor. Short Commons and Universal Sufferage was the birthright of the poorest pauper on earth. He recommended their all signing the Beggar's Petition, and getting it presented to the House of Lords.

Didimus Tibbs was for any strong proceeding that had no spirit in it. They were more tyrannised over by Gin, Brandy and Rum, than by King, Lords, and Commons. Some said measures not men, but he said vice varsy. All measures was bad, from a gill to a gallon. Our public-houses wanted reforming. There was no fair representation; for whatever other pumps there might be, there was no member for Aldgate. He differed with Mr. Hume. The total of the whole ought to be

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tea—it agreed with the chest. If they were resolved on a strike, he should vote as an amendment Tea and Turn-out.

Peter Plumridge went along with the speaker as went afore. The best way to get at the Exchequer was through the excise-office. Let them leave off everything as was taxed, direct or indirect. A man might have consequentially to go unshod, unkiver'd, unwashed, unhoused, unfed, untaught, undrest, unwatered, unlighted, unwatch'd, unattended, unphysicked, unburied, and untestate, but it would be for the public good. Self-denial was a virtue. He had practised it a little himself, and had left off soap.

Ebenezer Snuggles was all for 'tineranting. He had 'tineranted all over the country, and it did him good. The last place he preached at was Smithfield, and he always had a flock. He did not like the present ministry, and was always preaching at them to resign. It was a powerful instrument. He had preached to a Cripplegit widow till she was as resigned as a lamb.

The Reverend Stephen Leech said he didn't mind a sight of blood. It always came eagerly, as if it enjoyed being let out. He had been accused of liking brute force. So did Barclay and Perkins, for it drew all their drays. Nothing could be moved or carried without physical power—not even a parcel. As for arms the working classes could not work without 'em. Petitioning was a farce. He wanted to bring down the quartern loaf; and, as every sportsman knew, the way to bring down anything was to shoot at it. Give a man a gun; and if he aimed straight, the game was in his own hands. He advised every poor man to save up three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, and take out his certificate. One word about dragooning. There was one thing a man on horseback was very shy of, and that was a pike. He recommended all his hearers to keep a pike. A good stick was better than nothing in some cases; and if it came to a battle he meant to cut his stick himself.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Timothy Boltbee prescribed all existing evils to unperfect edication. He had gone among the lower classes on purpose to learn their ignorance, and they positively knowed nothing. He was for universal schools everywheres on the cheap principle, namely, the ignorant teaching one another. For his own part, he owed all his prominent figure to being a schollard.

THE TRUCK SYSTEM.

An individual, who addressed the meeting with his hat on deprecated any violence. Things might be done quietly. He belonged to a Friendly Society, which had great objects in view.

They had already the command of the Corn Market; and if they could only get hold of the Money Market, and the Cattle Market, the Coal Market, and the rest of the Markets, they might dictate their own terms to Ministers or any one else. He did not object to a little bodily agitation, and advised Quakers' Meetings to be called in every part of the country.

Tobias Hurlin objected to the New Police. He had never been in favour with them from the beginning. He was convinced that raw lobsters did not agree with the Constitution.

William Polterton wanted to associate. He did not care what with. He was for the immediate formation of a Political

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Burial Society. If they liked they could have a Precursor Society afterwards.

A Mrs. Frisby here presented herself (there were several females present) and expressed herself very strongly. She concurred in all that had been said, and a great deal more. Some people thought females had no right to their rights. Women knew where shoes pinched as well as men, and could be quite as oratorical. She was always pressing on her daughters to form Unions. There was nothing

SPIRIT AND WATER.

like agitation. A good deal might be done at home. She had agitated her own husband that very morning, and if every wife did the same they would soon obtain their ends. She argufied with him day and night, and was glad to say she had made him an apostate at last. He didn't like to show him-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

self up at a public meeting, having an impediment; but he was putting himself into a pamphlet. She liked cheap prints. Ministries would never have been so badly advised if they had consulted the soft sex. Women could fight too like lions and tigers, when their sperrits were put up. There was Mary Ann Talbot that fit with the French. She wished all the Niggers at Old Nick. The humane and pious had been so diverted with African floggings and cruelties they forgot the English ones. She liked white Natives better than black ones. Then there was the Corn Bill. She had never been in a scrimmage, but she thought she could let fly a blunderbusk. Justice wasn't justice any where. What had we done for the Irish, except taking all their pigs and butter from them? Why wasn't there a Poor Law for the rich? She hated taxgathers, and was always glad when one was a defaulter.

The Chairman begged pardon for interrupting, but mayhap the lady was dry?

Mrs. Frisby said she had tea'd. Thank God, her lungs were very good. She had tried with her own family, and she could lecter three hours on a stretch. There was still the Bastiles and the Tithes, and the Pensioning List, and the Factory Children, and Army Flogging, and 'Resting for Debt, and Law Reform, and Corporation Reform, and Church Reform, and Parliament Reform, and Police Reform, and all sorts of reforms to be gone through. She would talk till her tongue reached to Windsor Castle.

(Left speaking when our Reporter came away.)

(Further Particulars.)

The intelligence last received from Stoke Pogis is of a most distressing nature. The Grand Civic Banquet, which was to have taken place this day, has been postponed *sine die*, on account of the disturbed state of the place. The Aldermen are

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

distracted, and hardly know how to act. They have just called in Dr. Corby, who, from his extensive practice, is supposed to be well acquainted with the state of the public pulse. He says the lower orders want lowering, and recommends a prompt exhibition of physical force, and the Riot Act to be read every three hours. In the meantime, Bundy, our new Head Constable, is very active on his own responsibility, and has arrested two suspicious ballad-singers for chaunting the Canadian Boat-song with an Irish pronunciation of "*Row*, brothers, *row*." Alas! we have row enough!

10 o'*Clock*.

The ferment increases. Mr. Higginbottom, who was never popular, has just been mobbed to his own door. There is an awful crowd round the Post Office, and another at the door of the Town Hall, endeavouring to read a hand-bill, which, in the agitation of the moment, has been pasted upside down. With some difficulty we have obtained a copy.

"CONSPIRACY. £50 Reward.

"WHEREAS a certain treasonable letter or letters have been instilled into the box of the Post Office of this place which is filled with seditious practises the above Reward is hereby offered on conviction for the Writer or Writers thereof.

"JOHN OSLER, Clerk. BOULTER, Mayor."

12 *o'Clock*.

It is ascertained beyond doubt, that the recent Demonstration at the Pig and Puncheon has led to the organisation of a secret association similar to the famous "Corresponding Society," in the time of the earlier French Revolution. Several treasonable letters have been intercepted. Warrants are out against the whole of the parties implicated in the above meeting, but hitherto nobody is apprehended, except Mrs. Frisby, who is committed to the new Cage.

Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

(Private Letter.)

DEER MRS. HUMPHRIS,

I am going to brake bad news. Wen I rit formally that our erupshuns was all over, I was no better than a spurus Profit in the Pockrifer. Stock Poggis is in a relaps! I did hop having the revolushin once wood seacure us to eternity, but alass, it may be had twice as well as the Small Pock. I regret to add a more milignint sort than afore. Praps if it had been took in tim — but its no yuse antissipatting wat is past and gon. Here we are agin in civil convulshuns, with all sorts of revolting, risings up of the verry dregs of the populus! But oh! Mrs. Humphris, wat could be lucked for but sich reversals wen the hole Wurld is gone topsy turvy, and femails of our own Sects, for I won't call them Wimmin, go making themselves promminent at Pig and Punchings! Wat do you think of Mrs. Frisby sitting up for Demy Gog, and mixing promiscusly in a Tap-rum, and spowting out her inflameable sentimints like a fiery Draggon on the top of a table? I only wish I was a Mare for her sack and she should Duck in a horspond. Howsumever, I have had the comfit to see her collapsed between two pelises, and pully-hald thro' the publick streets with a hole tote of tag-ragging and bob-tale to her desserts, namely, the New Cage wear she is instelling her pisonus Docterings thro' the Bars to a complete rotundity of littel Boys. Thank Gudness Mr. J. is not obligated to partake in the crisus, but is handy to purtect me from any personable danger. As sich I am quite collectid in the parler without locking in, and my riting is more composd. Their is nothing in tribbleation and travel like having a Mail within screach.

As yusual our leader as ort to be as took frite and run away down every rode except the propper. No won can be mor official and pumpusly fussy when their is nothin to do; but the moment the minit cums for acting, hes off with the Stage. To

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

be shure he is allmost a second child for gray hares; but as Mr. J. says, wen activity is most requird mere experence is my Granmuther. Sumthing precoshus ort to have bean dun more prematurely. Wen it was too late a well-afectid meating was called, but it did not anser. All the wust sentimints had the best spekers on their side, till at long and last Dr. Corby lost patients and pitcht the grate Hink Stand at one of the factishus party, but mist his ame and blackt the pore Beadle all over.

GETTING A HOLE HOLIDAY.

Unluckly we have lost a rite harm in pore Wagstaff the Hi Constabil, who desist sudenly as he allways aprehended, and I trust was taken up. But the suckseeding won does his best, and is warranting every suspishus character he can find. As for Mr. Tuder, he is more balder and short-sited and deffer than ever, besides a paradoxical stroak, but he does all the good he can with his circumbendibus. I ort to have rit circumstancis, but the holly below in the street quite transmigrates ones idears. That dredful Wigsby had imperial orders to confine all his Schollards in the Free School under lock and key, but he was allways on the libberty taking side, and giv them a hole hollyday insted; and wenever Mrs. Frisby's vocative pours cums to a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

stand, the paws is filled with a hooray from the most cheering wretches in the place. A fine dangerus noys for a gentilman to cum riding by on an incumpattable horse.

I expect every minuit to hear poppin and explodding, and sit tremblin in my skin for fear of a discharge. Fir-arms is my

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE!

horrer! I reely think any spontanus combusting wood kill me out rite! But lord help us if it cums to shutting up and down the streets like Paris or Brussles! In sich a case Mr. J. says, all you can do is to make yureself bumb-proof and trust the rest to Providins. Thank heven he volunteard out of the army just wen it was wantid, and need not be exposd. But I do think it was precipitus to dissolve the Yomanry in spit of all the cavilry on the subject. Nothing can be more unparshal then horsis in dispersin a mob, and as for the riders I will say they never seamd to no witch side they wear on or off. The

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wust of our sitiation is we have not the most distant prospect of wat is threttening. Sum say we ar to be powder plotted over agin by Gy Fox, and others say we are to be infernally shot at like the French King by Alibi. The Town Crier is as tottley hignorant as anny boddy, and Mr. Barber is equaly unintelligent. Even our forin comunicashuns seems to be circumventid. The Carryer ort to have cum in too hours ago.

Def Gorge has jist returnd from his errants and Grashus Pours! wat a wicked self-committing story he tells. Mr. Skultz the Germin Frentch bred backer has been rashly diskivered suspended in his own bakus! The very last man alive too as won wood suspeet of sich an extravagans for he was as sobber and steddy and ploddy and drugging as any mil horse in his bisness and had maid out all his customery bills and postid his legger up to the fattle act. And then to dress himself in all his best close as if for a Wedding or Chrisning with sich a last dying speach as follow in his pockit, "Forety year I have side for libbertis rising and he is cum at last — The wurld is now wurth livin in and I quit him, with plesure." Oh Mrs. Humphris! to leave the Wurld behind markt with sich a roddimantade! But Ingland is not wat it was. Volluntary departers are as common as the mizzles. To my mind its all owin to the long piece that interduces forin fashuns even in sewy side. I allude to charecolling. Theirs Miss Creasy the dress maker after having the fashuns reglarly from Parris for some months was indust in a luv tif to shut her self up solus with the prevaling mode, but luckly the charcole went out fust. To giv her dew she is very pennytenshus for trying to put a wrong end to herself but dreadful lo in sperrits as she cant be reckonsild to make a shew of herself as is expectid with other rekivered peple at the Rial Human Anyversenary by marchin processhunally round the table a carrying her pan. Praps she is rite. I have objexshuns meself to defunked objex wauking after their deths.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

News at last! Mrs. Fips the post Masters Wif has jist faverd me with a caul. She is verry misterous, and difficult to be got out of as our pump till its fetcht. Theres an awful plot and privycumspiracy been laid and all but hatcht at our verry dores: but she declines menshunning the particularities. She found it all out she says most provedently by means of a letter that cum unseald of its own accord. Howsumever on other matters she opend herself without reserve and wat an exposhure it is. Oh Mrs. Humphris! the hole place will be discomfitted for ever. It seems Mr. Higginbottom considderd it his public dewty to inspect into all the privit letters at the office witch to be sure might be interrupted into a motive of curosity and has led to a deal of warm argy bargy pro and con on both sides. For my own parts I cannot say confidenshally I should prefer to have my own hed and hart laid open to the public eye. However pore sole if he was blammable he has been maid an instrument of punishment by falling on his own head. Mrs. Fips says he had bearly red abuv a dozzin singles and doubles wen behold all at once he maid a rush out of her shop taring and swaring like a Bedlam and was mobbed and bullick hunted home by the blaggards and boys. Wat past inside the house has not cum round yet but of corse it will thro the ser-

MORE BILLING THAN COOING.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

vants and when the quarril transpires she will let me no. But that is only a begining of a chapter. Only think if all the domesticle secrises of a place was to be learnd from its postesses! Wat divorcis and dewils there will be. She wont name names but Mrs. Fips says more than one femail karacter has calld express alreddy to inquier if it had been looked into. But sich is a revilushun! Even without blud shed it cuts off members from one annother and throws half the heds of fammilis into biling water! As Mrs. Fips says sich evils make one allmost

A DETACHMENT OF INFANTRY.

dubbius whether scooling is more a blessin or a cus to the lour orders Lord nose. Praps without going so fir as setting a forbiddin face agin all larning it wood be prudential to confine that spear of life to wurds of one sillabus and then they could not meddle with pollytix or infiddlety, or scadition and sich like

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

harrystocraticle studdis abuv their ranks. For sartin a deal of mischef cums of pen and inkin. Their is pore Mary Griggs whose husbund has been set agin her by an anonimus litter. Its expected they will part and wat on erth can becum of them if him an her and all the five or six pore childering is to be two for the futer? What can cum but rack and manger—I should say rack and ruing—Drat that Mrs. Frisby! The hubbub is wus and wus with something like a clatterin of horsis. Grashus Pours! Mr. Blagg the Church Warding says in at the winder the Draggoons has been detacht for and is jist gallupin in with naked sords. Mercy on us wat hawful groning and wimmins skreeks! I do hop and pray the populus will not stay to be overcharged. Oh Mrs. Humphris you must excuse moor at present. I am half kild alreddy—and my husbund will finish it.

* * * * * *

From Mr. J.

Dear Mrs. H.,

It is my unpleasant duty to have to corobborate every word my wife has said. The troops is drawn up in the High Street, and Marshal Law is expected to act as soon as any Justice can be found to go along with him. By favour of Mr. Osler, the Town Clerk, I have just had the pleasure of perusing one of the most diabolical seditious letters ever wrote. He has kindly allowed a copy, which I enclose for your gratification, and that of your friends, and remain with my wife's best sentiments, including my own,

Yours, &c. &c.,

Nathaniel Jones.

(Copy.)

Brother Grand,

This is to inform the Club held its Meeting last nite at the old Place, with a full attending. The old Bisness were

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

brought forrard and went the way it oughted to. Sneak Home wanted more milder proceeding. But it was no go. Radicle Jack spoke up like a Trump. He said noboddy was satisfide with the Mesures brought in. They had been put of with prommises long enow the last Bill was shameful and ought to be resisted to the last Drop. If they submitted aney longer they was not Men. Every boddy knew what privit resons Sneak Home had, but he would get verry Few to jine him in stickin up for the Crown. Great Chearing at that. The time was come for a decisive movement. It would be all verry well if so be the Queen's head were left to itself. But there was another Party behind as cared for anything but the good of the Public. More chears. As for Old Prime, they had stuck by him too long Alredy all he wanted was to defraud them off their rites and give us as littel as he could. But the day of Reckning would come and then he would see what he add got by his half mesures. More chearing. In the mean wile to act effective there must be Munny in hand And a good many out standing Subscripsions was earnestly invited to Walk in. Famous chearing. Twenty-four new Members was voted in and took the Oths—and several Officers chose and appointed to Duties.

F. Vice.

"CHAIR, CHAIR! ORDER, ORDER!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

From the Pogian Argus. (*By Express.*)

An atrocious document, of which the following is a copy, has just been intercepted. We offer no comment—it speaks for itself. Some of the words, it will be perceived, are illegible in the original.

(Copy.)

Dear Dick,

About nite Wurk we was on Sundy nite—and got on midling well But should hav dun better with Guns apeace. That must be * * * * sum hows. Club met last Nite and it was Movd and Carrid to * * * * * off the Queens hed.

Darky.

P.S. Yure Plan is a good move But yew must make shure of the Gard.

From the "Exclusive."

A Gentleman just arrived from the Neighbourhood of Stoke l'ogis, where he collected everything he could hear from any body he met. The reports were very serious indeed. An infatuated mob with a banner inscribed "Bred for Ever" had burned every baker's shop in the place, and was proceeding avowedly to set fire to Mrs. Griggs's water mill and throw all the flour into the dam. Another band also bearing a flag with the motto "Vurk and Vages" had destroyed Mr. Grubbin's extensive manufactory, and great fears were entertained for Mr. Trotter's. The Dragoons had been ordered to charge in the High Street, and had gone over to the other side. Mr. Higginbottom was killed by a brick-bat, and Mr. Wigsby had elected himself Dictator. The Church of St. Magnum Bonus alone was left standing. All the other public buildings were burned down, and the once elegant Town Hall, containing the invaluable portraits of the successive Mayors, since 1450, was a heap of ruins.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

(Private Letter.)

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I resume my pen to give you the consoling and yet displeasing intelligence that our Riots are at an end. To speak more correctly they have never begun—however the dragoons are at this moment trotting out of the town, and my opposite neighbour Mrs. Faddy and her daughters are alighting from the carriage-and-four in which they have been sitting all the morning, to fly from the Revolution when it came. The mobs have dispersed—the prisoners are released and the streets are quiet, with the exception that one of the liberated, a Mrs. Frisby, is complaining somewhat loudly of the violated liberties of a subject during her walk home. If you ask me how this blessed calm was effected, what hand poured the oil, or what Xerxes chastised ther efractory wave, truth compels me to say we are not indebted to magisterial firmness and sagacity, or constabulary activity, or even the presence of the military, for this desirable result. Peace has not been restored like Louis the XVIII. by any foreign interference, — She has literally restored herself. The writers of what have been denominated the diabolical, seditious, and highly treasonable letters, have been discovered, or rather they have discovered themselves, and it turns out that, like other pseudo Tragedies, our provincial Drama of Domestic Interest has failed only for want of a plot. I feel almost ashamed to expose to you the flimsy materials of which the truly imposing fabric was constructed, that has just tumbled about the ears of its architects. But the explanation which has been given is too clear and consistent to be questioned. The formidable "Corresponding Club" is simply what is vulgarly called a Free and Easy, and the discontents of its members are confined to the badness of the beer the shortness of the measures, the dearness of the charges, and certain irksome regulations of the landlord's at the public-house

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

they frequent. Being what is termed a brewer's house, the influence in the background, which one of the letters alludes to, will be easily understood. The master, one Prime, is to my own knowledge not over courteous to his customers, nor particularly honest; and under such circumstances it is very natural to come to a resolution of "*leaving off the 'Queen's Head.'*" For the night work, and the armed meetings, the game-keepers in the neighbourhood could probably find a solution, and furnish moreover, a very satisfactory reason for forming an acquaintance with the Guard of the Mail. In short, to use a classical allusion, our Volcanic Mountain has brought forth a most ridiculous mouse!

"THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED."

Accustomed to venerate all constituted authorities, I cannot reflect without pain and humiliation on the very absurd figures, if I may say so, which the Supreme Functionaries of my dear and native Village must now present to the rest of the world. It is equally distressing and ludicrous to see one of them pass by, like Alderman Chowder, just now, with a look which I can only compare to that of an individual who has hanged himself and been cut down—ashamed of what he had done and ashamed of what he had not. To add to the annoyance of the discomfited Corporation, the writers of the letters have claimed the re-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ward so rashly offered, and which will probably have to be paid out of their own pockets—the opposition party declaring loudly that the sum shall never be allowed in the municipal accounts.

I am,

My dear Charles, &c. &c.,

H. J. P.

P.S.—I enclose a curious document; a copy of verses which, perhaps very naturally under the circumstances of the times, our Recorder mistook for an incendiary song.

COME, all conflagrating fellows,
Let us have a glorious rig:
Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows!
Burn me, but I'll burn my wig!

Christmas time is all before us:
Burn all puddings, north and south.
Burn the Turkey—Burn the Devil!
Burn snap-dragon! burn your mouth!

Burn the coals! they're up at sixty!
Burn Burn's Justice—burn Old Coke.
Burn the chestnuts! Burn the shovel!
Burn a fire, and burn the smoke!

Burn burnt almonds. Burn burnt brandy.
Let all burnings have a turn.
Burn Chabert, the Salamander,—
Burn the man that wouldn't burn!

Burn the old year out, don't ring it;
Burn the one that must begin.
Burn Lang Syne; and, whilst you're burning,
Burn the burn he paidled in.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Burn the boxing! Burn the Beadle!
Burn the baker! Burn his man!
Burn the butcher—Burn the dustman,
Burn the sweeper, if you can!

Burn the Postman! burn the postage,
Burn the knocker—burn the bell!
Burn the folks that come for money!
Burn the bills—and burn 'em well.

THE DEVIL TO PAY, AND NO PITCH HOT.

Burn the Parish! Burn the ·ting!
Burn all taxes in a mass.
Burn the Paving! Burn the lighting!
Burn the burners! Burn the gas!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Burn all candles, white or yellow—
Burn for war, and not for peace;
Burn the Czar of all the Tallow!
Burn the King of all the Greece!

Burn all canters—burn in Smithfield.
Burn Tea-Total hum and bug
Burn his kettle, burn his water,
Burn his muffin, burn his mug!

Burn the breeks of meddling vicars,
Picking holes in Anna's Urns!
Burn all Steers's Opodeldoc,
Just for being good for burns.

Burn all Swindlers! Burn Asphaltum!
Burn the money-lenders down—
Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers!
Burn the Cheapest House in town!

Burn all bores and boring topics;
Burn Brunel—aye, in his hole!
Burn all *subjects* that are Irish!
Burn the niggers black as coal!

Burn all Boz's imitators!
Burn all tales without a head!
Burn a candle near the curtain!
Burn your Burns, and burn your bed

Burn all wrongs that won't be righted,
Poor poor Soup, and Spanish claims—
Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen!
Burn all sorts of burning shames!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Burn the Whigs! and burn the Tories!
Burn all parties, great and small!
Burn that everlasting Poynder—
Burn his Suttees once for all!

Burn the fop that burns tobacco.
Burn a Critic that condemns.—
Burn Lucifer and all his matches!
Burn the fool that burns the Thames!

Burn all burning agitators—
Burn all torch-parading elves!
And oh! burn Parson Stephen's speeches,
If they haven't burnt themselves.

BURNT-OUT FROM OVER THE WAY.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"ALL IN ONE DAY."

QUERIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

I.

ARE Fish Deaf as well as Dumb?

Certainly not; or why should there be a picture in a certain Catholic Church of an Apostle preaching to a scaly congregation, with their heads and shoulders attentively lifted out of the water? Besides, Izaak Walton gives an instance of Carp which were regularly collected at feeding time, like human creatures, by the sound of a dinner-bell. It is established then that they hear with their outward ears: but do they do it with understanding? Passing over as fabulous the fishes of four colours in the Arabian Nights, which heard and comprehended the Fairy's address to them, and even answered it from the pan—I think it may be predicated of a Brill. A few days back I saw a fish of this description offered for sale at the door of the house opposite to my own.—"Will you buy a fine Brill, Ma'am—quite fresh—only caught this morning—leaping alive?" The Brill on

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the contrary lay, dab, on the board, as "stale, flat, and unprofitable," as a fish could look. "Why no—not to-day," was the answer of Mrs. Cook. The board was caught up again, and with the woman had just cleared the door, when, behold! the

FLYING FISH.

Brill threw as much of a somerset as any fish out of water could be expected to perform. Could a Christian — supposing we bought and boiled Christians and ate them with anchovy sauce —could a Christian have behaved more brilliantly under such an emergency?

II.

Can a Fly read in a book?

"Yes," answers a Punster; "all the *fly-leaf*." But the question is intended seriously. Can the insect read—read like a child that runs — read like a reader in a printing office! Not to enumerate the quantity of Fugitive—or flying—Poems, the Flying Post, and other works which seem expressly addressed to a Blue Bottle's perusal, I flatter myself that the question in question can be provided with a settler. I happened to be reading one day near the open window, when a Fly came and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

settled on the open page: it then began to run backward and forward along the lines in such a very suspicious manner, as to induce me to watch its motions. And very curious they were! The book was the Eccentric Mirror, and the chapter an account of one Mr. Joseph Capper, a whimsical character who used to live

TAKING A FLY AT A WATERING-PLACE.

at the Horns at Kennington. We—for I must include the other—had read on very comfortably through several sentences, till coming to the mention of a strong fly-killing propensity, which procured for Mr. Capper the nickname of Domitian—judge of my astonishment when I saw the insect jump up as if it had burnt its feet, and fly rapidly away! The following little anecdote appears to confirm my theory. When I was last in Dublin, I was struck by seeing over a shop an inscription

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

strangely at variance with the trade carried on within. After making some trifling purchase, I ventured to ask the proprietor for the reason of this discrepancy. "Sure, thin," said he, "it was to spare the sugar. There was GROCER, at first there up over the winder, but it brought so many of the flies, bad luck to them! that I have had TOBACCONIST put up instead."

III.

Has a cat nine lives?

A cat, it is said, has nine lives; but on what authority is unknown. Perhaps Julius Cæsar, or Seizer, or Seize-her, whose bitter warfare against the Cattii is well known, invented the

TRAGIC MEWS.

fatal saying. Possibly it came from Catiline, who, amongst his other conspiracies, entertained one against the whole feline race. At all events it was the invention of an enemy. The nine lives were cunningly set up, like nine pins, to invite the knocking of them down again. Hence an Inquisition, which, instead of sharing the fate of the other so called tribunal, is still in active existence, and numerous are the victims, tabby and tortoise-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

shell, that have perished under its examinations. At the first hint of the ninefold tenure, every boy of an inquiring turn feels inclined to look into such an extraordinary dispensation; and though it should be his own aunt's cat—which is always half a relation—the young Cateran does not hesitate to test its imputed vitality. Indeed, all classes seem to feel themselves cat-called to decide upon the point; and the result is, that Grimalkin is not only as easily brought to her catastrophe as any other animal, but has actually above nine modes of death (any one of them a dose) distinctly addressed to her. Here is the Catalogue:—

1. By a Catapult—or Cat-pelting engine for throwing stones, &c.
2. By Catarrh—a ropy disease of the throat.
3. By a Cataclysm or Cataract—*vulgo* drowning.
4. By Cat o' ninetails—or flogging to death.
5. By Catacombing—or premature interment.
6. By Catalepsy—or cat's fits.
7. By the Catling—or surgeon's knife for dissection.
8. By Catsup—made with toadstools in lieu of mushrooms.
9. By Catamaran—or exposure on a raft in a pond.
10. By Catechising dogmatically with terriers.
11. By Care—which proverbially kills cats.

To which might be added felis de se, or cattish suicide. When I resided in chambers in the Adelphi, a strange cat by some accident got shut up in a back room, four stories from the ground. Unluckily she had kittens at home, and being separated from her brood, and anxious for her offspring, she made a spring off the window to the yard, where, as a sailor would say, she stove in her cat-head.

Talking of Cats, the following characteristic anecdote of an

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 14:59 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

eminent but eccentric surgeon has never before appeared in print. A poor woman went to him to enquire what was the proper treatment for some bodily wound. "Put on a Cataplasm," was the answer. "But, Doctor, it's for a little child." "Then put on a Kittenplasm."

LORD DURHAM'S RETURN.

"On revient toujours."—*French Song.*

"And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?"
There's nae Luck about the House.

"THE Inconstant is come!"
It's in every man's mouth;
From the East to the West,
From the North to the South;
With a flag at her head,
And a flag at her stern;
Whilst the Telegraph hints
At Lord Durham's return.

Turn wherever you will,
It's the great talk and small;
Going up to Cornhill,
Going down to Whitehall;
If you ask for the news,
It's the first you will learn,
And the last you will lose,
My Lord Durham's return.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The fat pig in the sty,
And the ox in the stall,
The old dog at the door,
And the cat on the wall;
The wild bird in the bush,
And the hare in the fern,
All appear to have heard
Of Lord Durham's return.

It has flown all abroad,
It is known to goose-pens,
It is bray'd by the ass,
It is cackled by hens:
The Pintadas, indeed,
Make it quite their concern,
All exclaiming, "Come back!"
At Lord Durham's return.

It's the text over wine,
And the talk after tea;
All are singing one tune,
Though not set in one key.
E'en the Barbers unite
Other gossip to spurn,
Whilst they lather away
At Lord Durham's return.

All the Painters leave off,
And the Carpenters go,
And the Tailor above
Joins the Cobbler below,
In whole gallons of beer
To expend what they earn
While discussing one pint,
My Lord Durham's return.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It is timed in the Times,
With the News has a run,
Goes the round of the Globe,
And is writ in the Sun.
Like the Warren on walls,
Fancy seems to discern,
In great letters of chalk,
"Try Lord Durham's return!"

"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY!"

Not a murder comes out;
The reporters repine;
And a hanging is scarce
Worth a penny a line.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

If a Ghost reappeared
With his funeral urn,
He'd be thrown in the shade
By Lord Durham's return.

No arrival could raise
Such a fever in town;
There's a talk about 'Change
Of the Stocks going down;
But the Butter gets up
Just as if in the churn,
It forgot it should come
In Lord Durham's return.

The most silent are loud;
The most sleepy awake;
Very odd that one man
Such a bustle can make!
But the schools all break up,
And both Houses adjourn,
To debate more at ease
On LordDurham's return.

Is he well? is he ill?
Is he cheerful or sad?
Has he spoken his mind
Of the breeze that he had?
It was rather too soon
With home-sickness to yearn;
There will come something yet
Of Lord Durham's return.

There's a sound in the wind
Since that ship is come home;
There are signs in the air
Like the omens of Rome;

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

And the lamps in the street,
And the stars as they burn,
Seem to give a flare-up
At Lord Durham's return!

A MAN-EATER.

THE CHARACTER.

"I would give ten thousand pounds for a character."
COLONEL CHARTRES.

"IF you please, Ma'am," said Betty, wiping her steaming arms on her apron as she entered the room, "if you please, Ma'am, here's the lady for the character."

Mrs. Dowdum immediately jumped up from her chair, and with a little run, no faster than a walk, proceeded from the window to the fire-place, and consulted an old-fashioned watch which stood on the mantel-shelf.

"Bless me! it *is* twelve o' clock sure enough!"

Now, considering that the visit was by appointment, and had been expected for the last hour, it will be thought remarkable

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

that Mrs. Dowdum should be so apparently unprepared; out persons who move in the higher circles within the vortex of what is called a perpetual round of pleasure, where visits, welcome or unwelcome, circulate with proportionate rapidity, can hardly estimate the importance of an interview in those lower spheres which, comparatively, scarcely revolve at all. Thus for the last hour Mrs. Dowdum had been looking for the promised call, and listening with all her might for the sound of the knocker; and yet when it did come, she was as much flurried as people commonly are by what is denominated a drop in. Accordingly, after consulting the watch, she found it necessary to refer to the looking-glass which hung above it, and to make an extempore toilet. First, she laid hold of her cap with both hands, and gave it—her flaxen wig following the impulse—what sailors term a half turn to the right, after which she repeated the same manœuvre towards the left; and then, as if by this operation she had discovered the *juste milieu*, she left matters as they were. Her shawl was next treated in the same fashion, first being lapped over one way, and then lapped over the other, and carefully pinned. Finally she gathered up a handful of the front of her gown below the waist, and gave it a smart tug downwards: and then having stroked it with both hands to make it "sit flat," if possible, instead of round, the costume was considered as quite correct. The truth is, the giving a character is an important business to all parties concerned; to the subject who is about to be blazoned or branded as good for everything or good for nothing—to the inquirer, who is on the eve of adopting a Pamela or a Jezabel—and last, not least, to the referee herself, who must show that she has a character to preserve, as well as one to give away. There are certain standard questions always asked on such occasions, against one of which, "Is she clean and neat in her habits?" Mrs Dowdum had already provided. "Is she sober?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and Mrs. Dowdum thrust a bottle of catsup, but which might have been taken for ratifia, into the corner cupboard. "Is she honest?" and Mrs. Dowdum poked the Newgate Calendar she had been reading under the sofa bolster. An extra query will occasionally be put — "Is she decidedly pious?" and Mrs. Dowdum took up "Pilgrim's Progress." Lastly, two chairs were placed near the window as chairs always are placed when the respective sitters are to give and take a character. The reader will perhaps smile here; but in reality there is a great deal of expression about those rosewood or mahogany conveniences. A close observer who enters a parlour or drawing-room, and finds a parcel of empty seats away from the wall, can judge pretty shrewdly, from the area of the circle and other circumstances, of the nature of the foregone visit. Should the ring be large, and the seats far apart, the visit has been formal. A closer circuit implies familiarity. Two chairs side by side in front of the fender are strictly confidential —one on each side of the rug hints a *tête-à-tête* matrimonial. A chair which presents an angle to its companions, has been occupied by a young lady from a boarding-school, who always sits at one corner. Two chairs placed back to back need not speak —they are not upon speaking terms; and a chair thrown down, especially if broken, is equally significant. A creditor's seat is invariably beside the door; and should you meet with a chair which is neither near the fire, nor near the table, nor near any wooden companion, be sure that it has been the resting-place of a poor relation. In the present case, Mrs. Dowdum's two chairs were placed square, and dead opposite to each other, as if the parties who were to occupy them were expected to look straight into each other's faces. It might be called the categorical position.

"Now then, Betty, I am ready; show the lady up."

The lady was accordingly ushered up by Betty, who then re-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tired, closing the door behind her, as slowly as servants always do, when they are shutting the curiosity without and the news within. After the usual compliments, the lady then opened the business, and the parties fell into dialogue.

"I am informed, Madam, by Ann Gale, that she lived with you three years?"

CONFIRMATION STRONG.

"Certainly, Ma'am—last Martinmas; which made it a month over, all but two days."

"She is sober, of course?"

"As a judge, Ma'am—wouldn't touch a drop of spirits for the world. Many's the good glass of g— I have offered her

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of a washer day, for we washes at home, Ma'am; but she always declined."

"And she is steady otherwise — for instance, as to followers?"

"Followers, Ma'am! nothing in the shape, Ma'am; it would not be allowed *here:*" and Mrs. Dowdum drew herself up till her gown wanted smoothing down again.

"And her temper?"

"Remarkable mild, Ma'am. Can't be a sweeter. I've tried on purpose to try it, and couldn't put her out."

"I beg pardon, Madam, for asking such a question in such a house; but she is clean in her habits of course?"

"Of course, as you say, Ma'am; else she wouldn't have stayed so long here:" and Mrs. Dowdum looked round her tidy apartments with great complacency.

"So far so good," said the lady, fixing her large dark eyes intently on the little gray ones opposite. "And now, Madam, let me ask you the most important question of all. Is—SHE—HONEST?"

"As the day, Ma'am — you might trust her with untold goold!"

"Excuse me, Madam, but have you ever trusted her with it yourself?"

"Lord, Ma'am, scores and scores of times! She used to pay my bills, and always brought me the receipts as regular as clockwork."

"I am afraid, Madam, that circumstance is hardly decisive. Could she be trusted, do you think, in a house where there is a great deal of property—the mistress a little careless perhaps—and gold and bank-notes and loose change often lying about—to say nothing of the plate and my own jewels?"

"All I can say is, Ma'am, I never missed anything—never! And not for want of opportunity—there's that watch, Ma'am.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

over the fire-place, it's a gold one, and a repeater, Ma'am; she might have took it over and over, and me no wiser, for I'm apt to be absent. Then as for plate, there's always my best silver tea-pot in that corner cupboard——"

MY SERVICE TO YOU.

"That may be all very true, Madam, and yet not very satisfactory. It's the principle, Madam, it's the principle. Have you ever found her making free with trifles—tea for instance, or your needles and pins?"

"Why, Ma'am, I can't say exactly, not having watched such trifles on purpose, but certainly I have not lost more that way than by servants in general."

"Ah, there it is!" exclaimed the lady, casting up her hands and eyes. "Nobody thinks of crime in its infancy—as if it would not grow up like everything else! We begin with pins and needles, and get on to brooches and rings. You will excuse, Madam, my being so particular, but nobody has suffered so much by dishonesty. I have been stripped three times."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Dowdum with a motion of her chair towards the other, which telegraphically hinted a wish to know all the particulars.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"It is too true, indeed," said the lady, with a profound sigh, "and always by means of servants. The first time all my plate went—2000 ounces, Madam, with the family crest, a boor's head—Madam. Then they cleared off all the family linen, a beautiful stock, Madam, just renewed; and the third time I lost all my ornaments, pearls, Madam, emeralds—topazes—and diamonds, Madam, the diamonds I went to Court in."

"It must have broke your heart, Ma'am," observed Mrs. Dowdum, finishing with a prolonged and peculiar clucking with her tongue against the roof of her mouth.

"It nearly did, Madam," said the lady, pulling out her handkerchief. "Not for my losses, however, although they were sufficiently considerable—but for the degradation of human nature. A girl too, that I had brought up under my own eye, and had impressed, as I thought, with the strictest principles of honesty. Morning, noon, and night, I impressed upon her the same lesson,—whatever you do, I used to say, be honest. It's the fourth of the cardinal virtues—faith, hope, charity, honesty."

"And the best policy, besides," said Mrs. Dowdum.

"The best policy, Madam!—the only policy, here or hereafter. It's one of the first principles of our nature, Madam. The very savages acknowledge it, and recognise the grand distinction of *meum* and *tuum*. As Doctor Watts finely says—

> 'Why should I deprive my neighbour
> Of his goods against his will?
> Hands were made for honest labour,
> Not to plunder or to steal.'"

"Yes, that's a truism indeed," said Mrs. Dowdum. "And pray what might become of the wicked hussy after all?"

"Ah! there's my trouble, Madam," said the lady, clasping her hands together. "With my own will she should have lived a prey to her own reflections—but my husband would not hear of it. He could forgive anything, he said, but dishonesty. So the Bow-Street runners were sent for—the unhappy girl was tried—I had to appear against her, and she—she—she—oh,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

oh!"—and the lady, covering her face with her hands, fell back in her chair.

"Be composed, Ma'am—pray do—do, do, do," ejaculated the agitated Mrs. Dowdum. "You must take a sniff of something — or a glass of wine——"

"No—nothing—not for the world," sobbed the fainting lady "only water—a little water!"

The good-natured Mrs. Dowdum instantly jumped from her chair, and ran down stairs for a tumbler of the fluid—she then rushed up stairs for her own smelling-bottle; and then she returned to the drawing-room, where she found her visitor, who eagerly took a long draught of the restorative.

"I am better—indeed I am—only a little faintness," murmured the reviving patient. "But it is an awful thing—a very awful thing, Madam, to conduce even indirectly to the execution of a human being—for the poor creature was hung."

"Aye, I guessed as much," said Mrs. Dowdum, with a fresh clucking, and a grave shake of the head. "Well, that's just my own feeling to a T. I don't think I could feel delighted at hanging any one, no, not even if they was to steal the house over my head!"

"I honour you for your humanity, Madam," said the lady, warmly pressing Mrs. Dowdum's little fat hand between her own. "I hope you will never find occasion to revoke such sentiments. In the meantime I am extremely obliged—extremely. Ann may come when she likes—and I have the honour to wish you a very, very, good morning."

"And I'm sure, Ma'am, I wish you the same," replied Mrs. Dowdum, endeavouring to imitate the profound curtsey with which she was favoured, "and I hope and trust you will find poor Ann turn out everything that can be wished. I *do* think you may repose confidently on her honesty, I do, indeed, Ma'am."

"We shall see, Madam, we shall see," repeated the Lady as she went down the stairs, whence she was ushered by Betty,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

who received a piece of money during the passage, to the street door.

"What a nice woman!" soliloquized Mrs. Dowdum, as she watched her visitor across the street and round the corner.

TAKING THE VAIL.

"What a *very* nice woman! Quite a lady too—and how she *have* suffered! I don't wonder she is so suspicious—but then she is so forgiving along with it! It was quite beautiful to hear her talk about honesty—Faith, Hope, and Honesty.

'Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will'—

Why indeed! I could have listened to her—but—Mercy on us! Where *is* the goold watch as was on the mantel!—and—O Lord! where *is* the silver teapot I can't see in the cupboard? Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!"

* * * * *

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"And to think," said Mrs. Dowdum, at her twentieth repetition of the story—"to think that I've lost the family goold watch and my silver teapot, by letting of her in!"

"And to think," said Betty to herself, putting her hand in her pocket, "to think that I only got a bad shilling for letting of her out!"

COUNTER IRRITATION.

THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION.

"Now's the time and now's the hour."—BURNS.
"Seven's the main."—CROCKFORD.

OF all the agitations of the time—and agitation is useful in disturbing the duckweed that is apt to gather on the surface of human affairs—the ferment of the assistant shopmen in the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

metropolis is perhaps the most beneficial. Many vital queries have lately disturbed the public mind; for instance, ought the fleet of the Thames Yacht Club to be reinforced, in the event of a war with Russia, or should the Little Pedlington Yeomanry be called out, in case of a rupture with Prussia? But these are merely national questions; whereas the Drapers' movement suggests an inquiry of paramount importance to mankind in general—namely, "When ought we to leave off?"

It is the standard complaint against jokers, and whist-players, and children, whether playing or crying—that they "never know when to leave off."

It is the common charge against English winters and flannel waistcoats—it is occasionally hinted of rich and elderly relations—it is constantly said of snuff-takers, and gentlemen who enjoy a glass of good wine—that they "do not know when to leave off."

It is the fault oftenest found with certain preachers, sundry poets, and all prosers, scolds, parliamentary orators, superannuated story-tellers, she-gossips, morning callers, and some leave-takers, that they "do not know when to leave off." It is insinuated as to gowns and coats, of which waiting-men and waiting-women have the reversion.

HOOK AND EYE.

It is the characteristic of a Change Alley speculator—of a beaten boxer—of a builder's row, with his own name to it—of Hollando-Belgic protocols—of German metaphysics—of works in numbers—of buyers and sellers on credit—of a theatrical cadence—of a shocking bad hat—and of the Gentleman's Magazine, that they "do not know when to leave off."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A romp—all Murphy's frosts, showers, storms and hurricanes —and the Wandering Jew, are in the same predicament.

As regards the Assistant Drapers, they appear to have arrived at a very general conclusion, that their proper period for leaving off is at or about seven o'clock in the evening; and it seems by the following poetical address that they have rhyme, as well as reason, to offer in support of their resolution.

"LIST, LIST—OH LIST!"

THE DRAPERS' PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a class of men,
Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity;
No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,
But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

Oppress'd and discontented with our lot,
Amongst the clamorous we take our station;
A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
One piece of Irish in our agitation.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen;
We venerate our Glorious Constitution;
We joy King William's advent should have been,
And only want a Counter Revolution.

'Tis not Lord Russell and his final measure,
'Tis not Lord Melbourne's counsel to the throne,
'Tis not this Bill, or that, gives us displeasure,
The measures we dislike are all our own.

The Cash Law the "Great Western" loves to name,
The tone our foreign policy pervading;
The Corn Laws—none of these we care to blame,—
Our evils we refer to over-trading.

By tax or Tithe our murmurs are not drawn;
We reverence the Church—but hang the cloth!
We love her ministers—but curse the lawn!
We have, alas! too much to do with both!

We love the sex;—to serve them is a bliss!
We trust they find us civil, never surly;
All that we hope of female friends is this,
That their last linen may be wanted early.

Ah! who can tell the miseries of men
That serve the very cheapest shops in town?
Till faint and weary, they leave off at ten,
Knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down!

But has not Hamlet his opinion given—
O Hamlet had a heart for Drapers' servants!
"That custom is"—say custom after seven—
"More honour'd in the breach than the observance."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,
O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves;
Torment us all until the seventh chime,
But let us have the remnant to ourselves!

"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."

We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,
And not remain in ignorance incurable;—
To study Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,
And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
And not to go bewilder'd to our beds;
With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
And pins and needles running in our heads!

For oh! the brain gets very dull and dry,
Selling from morn till night for cash or credit;
Or with a vacant face and vacant eye,
Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
We often think, when we are dull and vapoury,
The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
Because that Adam did not deal in drapery.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE RAILWAY.

My acquaintance with railways commenced on the Belgian line, at the quaint, ancient, and picturesque city of Bruges. The carriages were all full, except the one nearest the engine, against which there is some prejudice, as being the vehicle that "must bust fust." There was only one other passenger, a lady, in the opposite seat; and, as far as the time allowed, we entered into conversation.

"This is a quick mode of travelling, Madam, compared with the old horse-powers."

"I really wish I could think so, Sir," replied the lady; "but it is far from the saving, either in time or expense, that I was led to anticipate. I am going to Ostend, and, according to my own highly-raised expectations, I ought to have dined there yesterday. What is more provoking, I brought some cold provision along with me, but it was deposited by mistake amongst the luggage,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:00 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and I am informed that I cannot get at either till the end of my journey."

There was no time to answer. Chak! chak! chakkery-chit-chittery-churr! talked the engine, increasing in velocity every minute. Houses flew past—then cottages and little gardens,

ALLEGORY.—FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

with groups of children's faces, all looking alike, and all going to cheer, but we left the voices behind. The pace was certainly good; however, it relaxed after a while and at last we stopped.

"There is a great sameness about this country," I remarked, pointing to a stagnant piece of water beside the road, something between a ditch and a canal, half water and half bulrushes. On the other side of the ditch there was a row of stunted willows, bearing the same proportion to trees as Brussells sprouts to cab-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bages; beyond, by way of distance, stretched a vast dingy flat, with a church steeple on the horizon, a real land-mark, no doubt to the mariner, to inform him that the flat aforesaid was land and not sea.

"A great sameness, indeed," said the lady. "Look on either side, and you would almost swear you had seen the same dull uninteresting level before."

Chak! chak! chakkery-chit-chit churrrr! Being somewhat hard of hearing, the rumble caused by the friction of the wheels and rails, however slight, was sufficient to disconcert my organ. The lady's lips kept moving, but I could not distinguish a syllable. There was no alternative but to watch the moving diorama that was gliding past the window. The staple article of the view was a mud bank, which seemed being reeled off like a long broad drab watered ribbon. Now and then came a workman, with difficulty distinguished from his barrow, his red nightcap flashing by like a fiery meteor. The willows which bordered the road, or marked the boundaries of a field, coalesced into a stream of foliage. The peasant, who stood to stare at us, seemed to be enjoying a rapid slide in the opposite direction, whilst occasionally a cur would dart out of a cottage to bark at the train, and by running paralliel with us, with all his might, contrived to appear stationary, violently lifting up his legs and putting them down again to no purpose. Fresh editions of the broad ditches, and the scrubby trees, and the gloomy flats, kept whirling past.

"A great sameness indeed," said the lady, availing herself of a temporary halt to resume the subject; "and as if to render the uniformity still more intolerable, Art imitating Nature, the inhabitants have made duplicates of their principal towns, as like each other as two peas—for instance, two Ghents and two Bruges."

Chak, chak, chakkery, &c.—away we went faster than ever.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The steam was up. We seemed to have become aware of the earth's motion instead of our own. In the meantime I turned over in my mind the lady's extraordinary information, which certainly did not agree with any I had derived from my Belgian Guide Book. The engine, however, was soon eased again, to enable us to get safely over a dangerous bridge.

"SPEED THE PLOUGH."

"Did I understand you, Madam, to say *two* Bruges?"

"*Certainly*, Sir, and as like each other as the two Dromios. It seems to be characteristic of the people, as well as the carillons, which, by the way, I observed at both the Ghents."

"*Both* the Ghents, Madam?"

"It is a fact, I assure you, Sir. These unimaginative people have really two Ghents. I do not pretend to much antiquarian

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

or architectural knowledge, but the two cities appeared to me to have been built about the same age, and in nearly the same style as if in absurd rivalry of each other."

"But, my dear Madam——"

Chak, chak, chakkery-churr, &c. &c. "The woman's mad," I said to myself. Who ever heard of two Ghents—and who the devil could ever find a second Bruges! But my meditations were here interrupted by the caperings of some horses at plough, which had evidently taken fright, and had probably run away, though they seemed as usual, in spite of a violent show of galloping, to remain in the original spot.

"And if anything," bawled the lady, so as to make herself heard even above the murmur of the railway, "I like the second Bruges best. It looked quieter, and quainter, and more outlandish, than the other; and the tower, if anything, was rather higher."

"Excuse me, Madam, but it really appears to me that you must have taken the wrong train, and returned, as our capital criminals are sentenced, to the place from whence you came."

"The wrong train!" shouted the lady rather indignantly. "O Sir, that's impossible! Nobody can be so careful as I am, —for I know neither French nor Flemish, and accordingly am personally on my guard. Instead of sauntering about every place I arrive at, like other travellers, I make it a rule to remain invariably on the spot (the station I believe it is called), ready to set out with the very next train."

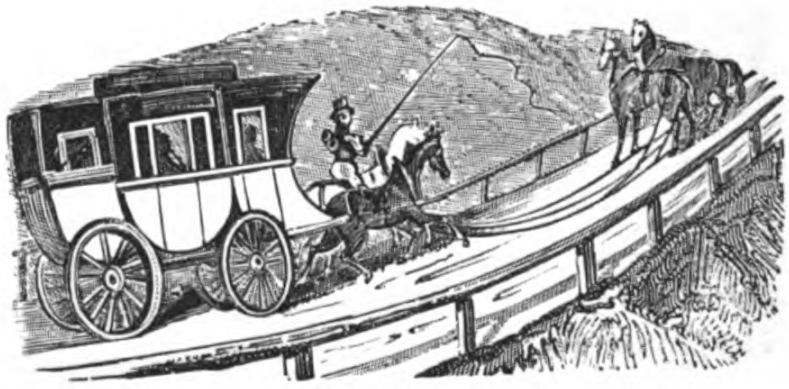
"But, my dear Madam, the next train——"

"But, my dear Sir—excuse me. If not the very next train, you can be at no loss to know when to start. The railway people take care of that. For instance, here at the *last* Bruges, you pay for your ticket to Ostend—mark me, Sir, to Ostend—and you are retained in a sitting-room, the back door of which is kept locked. When that door is opened you are admitted into the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

station-yard—and you find a train ready to start—your own train of course. You get in and——"

A loud indescribable screech, called whistling, intended to give warning of our approach, here interrupted the argument. We were going at a pace which threatened to soon bring us to our destination. In fact, I had hardly made up my mind as to the inconveniences of certain females travelling alone—the awkwardness of not knowing the current language of the country, and the rawness of the arrangements on a new line, when we arrived at the station a few hundred yards from Ostend. The spires, the lighthouse, and the masts of the shipping, were so distinctly visible that I could not anticipate any blunder. I supposed, therefore, that the lady might be safely left to her own circumspection, and was doubly occupied in the collection of my luggage, and the conversation of some friends who had awaited my arrival,—when suddenly I heard the voice of my quondam fellow traveller—"O Lord! I shall be too late!" and before I could recover from my astonishment, I saw her precipitately jump into a *char-à-banc*, and whirl off with the inland train on a *third* visit to the quaint, ancient, and picturesque city of Bruges.



FOUR IN HAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

LAMBTON'S MANE.

ALI BEN NOUS.

A FABLE.

MEN and monkeys are equally prone to imitation; only that the Brutes prefer to ape mankind, whereas the human animals delight in copying each other. Nor do they always choose the best models, and even when they do so, they imitate them so abominably that the worst originals would be infinitely better. A pest on all such serviles! and may they meet with the fate of the followers of Ali Ben Nous! a personage not mentioned by Mr. Lane in his splendid edition of the "Arabian Nights," and of which by the way he has made One Thousand and *Two*, by the addition of one Knight as the publisher.

Ali Ben Nous, according to the Eastern chronicle, was a Philosopher of the sect of Diogenes—an old Boy, it will be remembered, who lived in a sugar hogshead, without getting any sweeter in his temper. The whole ambition of our Cynic was to resemble as little as possible the race he despised, and as a matter of course, nothing so aggravated his natural spleen as to

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

find himself copied by any human being. Nevertheless, such is the apishness of our nature, that in spite of the repulsiveness of his doctrine, and the austerities of his practice, he soon found himself getting too popular for his peace. Many old men, and even some young ones, affected to call themselves disciples of Nous: one copied the uncut of his beard, another the lisp in his speech, and a third the limp in his gait; till finding his very identity in danger, the Cynic, in disgust, determined to travel in search of some happy country, where he could keep his originality to himself. To this end, having consulted his geographical books, he openly declared his intention of setting out for the city of Yad. In vain he was told that he would infallibly be devoured by the Great Serpent which notoriously infested the country he would have to traverse; he made no answer, except by bestowing an abundance of ironical blessings on his advisers,—but cursing the whole of his fellow citizens inwardly as a parcel of Apes and Parodists,—prepared for his departure. His very disciples, however, refused to copy him any farther, when they beheld him setting out without any weapon or provision, except a great bottle of oil—by way of dressing perhaps, when he came to live upon salad.

As might be expected, Ali did not escape the standard danger of the route. He had scarcely accomplished half the distance to the desired city, when all at once he heard a dreadful hissing, of which none but a condemned Dramatist can form any conception;—and lo, from a neighbouring thicket there darted an enormous serpent, making as straight towards the traveller, as a reptile could, by dint of sinuosities. It was an awkward predicament enough: but Nous was not disconcerted. Looking out for a tall tree, not encumbered with branches, and finding one suited to his purpose, he was soon,—having let his nails grow, till they resembled the claws of a cat,—at the very top, where he posted himself like a capital prize, or what the French call a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Mât de Cocagne. But the *Mât de Cocagne* is well greased; whereas Ali having no tallow about him, was fain to anoint the stem with the contents of his bottle, and only in good time, for the snake and the oil arrived together at the foot of the tree. And now those who have witnessed that amusing operation, the climbing up a greasy pole, for a pair of velveteens at the top, may form a tolerable notion of the fun. The Snake made many trials, but was always oil'd and foil'd. Again and again he wound his folds upwards, as if saying to himself, "Now for a good twist;" but the meal was beyond his reach: there is many a slip, says the proverb, between the cup and the lip, and so there was between the Serpent and the Philosopher, who enjoyed the joke amazingly, and chuckled and rubbed his hands with all the glee in the world. At last, finding that he took nothing by his motion, the "spirited sly Snake" grew dispirited, and made off again hissing louder than ever, as if hissing at himself and his own failure. What a pity of pities, muttered Ali, as he descended from his perch, that our Mother Eve did not climb up the Tree of Knowledge with a bottle of palm oil!—with which conceit he merrily resumed his journey, and arrived without further adventure at the city of Yad.

"THE SPIRITED SLY SNAKE."

The sensation his arrival produced among the inhabitants was intense. Nobody within the memory of man had made the passage. "In the name of all that is wonderful, how did you get here? Why did you venture? What did you see? Where did you encounter the snake? How *did* you manage?"—To

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

all of which Nous replied by relating his adventure in as few words as possible.

"Bismallah! Inshallah! Fallallah! Was such a miracle ever heard of! A mere bottle of oil! And we who have Magistrates, and Wise Men, and Conjurors, and Naturalists, and Zoologists, and Projectors, and a Faculty of Doctors, and a Committee of Public Safety, and a Society of Snake Charmers —and yet they never thought of a bottle of oil!" And the authorities wished to present the freedom of the city to Nous; but he declined the honour. "I am free of the whole country," said he, "whereas you dare not show your noses beyond your walls for fear of the snake. Go and present your freedom to him; for my part I am bound to the city of Guz."—"You will at least permit us," said the Corporation, "to accompany you in procession to the gates?" But Ali watched his opportunity, and departed without any ceremony at all.

In the mean time the Spirit of Imitation, who had a temple within the city, began to inspire his votaries. Palm oil and bottles rose fifty per cent.; and before Ali had gone a league he was joined by a dozen companions, and not a man of them but was prepared to mount a tree, and anoint the stem *à-la Mât-de-Cocagne*. So much society was far from agreeable to the Cynic; who consoled himself, however, by sneering in his sleeve at their folly, which he foresaw would seat them sooner or later on their stool of repentance. And the matter fell out to his most cynical wish. They had travelled but about six leagues on their way, when a dark speck appeared on the horizon; at first only as big as a fly, but progressively increasing in dimensions to a chafer, a wren, a sparrow, a hawk, an eagle, and lastly, what indeed it was, a full-grown Rok? O, ye imitative crew, what a rok to split upon! For a while he hovered dark and vast, like the Cloud of Destiny, over their devoted heads:—he had only to stoop and conquer, and he soon stooped with a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

vengeance. In vain the infatuated climbed the nearest trees, and emptied their bottles of oil. Souse came the enemy, off went their turbans, and out came their brains, such as they were, which the winged Heliogabalus devoured as greedily as if they had come out of the skulls of peacocks. As for Nous, he had provided himself with a huge umbrella, made very stout and stiff, with a long sharp spike at the top, under which he took shelter; and having a good *Fence* was enabled to set the *Beak* at defiance. In fact, after several attacks, in which the bird suffered the most, the Rok gave up the point, and flying away, left Ali to pursue his journey.

NECK OR NOTHING.

As usual, it excited the utmost amazement in the people of Guz when the Cynic entered their city: and they fell one and all into the old chorus—"How *did* you get here? Did you see the Rok?" &c. &c. Whereupon Nous told his story as briefly as before, saying as little as possible, which was nothing at all, about his late associates. "Holy Prophet!" cried the people, "and yet we have Councillors, and Elders, and Tacticians, and Ornithologists, and Bird Catchers, and Prognosticators of Rain, and nobody ever thought of an umbrella!" And the King wished to confer on the long-bearded Stranger the ancient Order of the Ass of the First Class; but Nous declined the distinction, modestly observing that he had done nothing to deserve it.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

However, the Authorities resolved on getting up a Grand Banquet; but it being against etiquette to accept an invitation under a month to run, the Philosopher in the mean time got out of patience, and after dining by himself at three farthings ahead, set out for the city of Jug.

He had gone but a little way when he turned to look behind him, and exactly as he anticipated, he beheld a company of Imitators running after him with just as many umbrellas. They soon came up, and began all at once bawling into his ears, and displaying their contrivances to the imminent danger of his eyes. "Look at this spike," said one, "it is three spans in length." "Feel mine," said another, "it is as sharp as a needle." "As for mine," said a third, running it as near as might be into Ali's ear, "it is not only sharp, but envenomed to boot." "May you kill all the roks between this and Jug," muttered the Cynic, and it was not long before the merits of their weapons were put to the test. "Allah preserve us!" exclaimed Nous, looking anxiously towards the East, at which warning the rest of the company precipitately unfurled their umbrellas, under which they squatted down, and with closed eyes awaited the descent of the rok. In the mean time the peril rapidly approached. At first, it looked only like a pillar of smoke or dust, but as it came nearer, the column evidently had a revolving motion, and whirled round

TOO POINTED AN APPLICATION.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

with it certain dark objects like sticks and stones. It was indeed a whirlwind of dangerous violence, and the spot the travellers occupied was exactly in the line of its career. But Nous was already prepared. He was sitting on a sort of cushion, made of a native wax, so tenacious, that the tornado might as well have tried to root up a tree; all it could do, therefore, was to unwind and carry off his turban, which happened to have been twisted in the contrary direction. It fared much worse, however, with his comrades—for no sooner did the tornado get them within its vortex, than up they went with their umbrellas, as fast as aeronauts come down with their parachutes. An amusing spectacle, you may be sure, to the Cynic, who watched them corkscrewing spirally up to the clouds, never to come down again till there was a shower of ninnies. For his own part, he suffered no other loss than his turban, and his trousers, which he was obliged to leave sticking to the cushion,—but having a pair in reserve, he speedily made his toilet and proceeded to his destination.

FANCY PORTRAIT.—PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

The city of Jug, like the others, was thrown into commotion by his arrival; —and with the same reservation as to his comrades, he again told his story, which was received by the inhabitants with the usual comments. "We that have a May'r and a Corporation, and learned Bodies, and Scientifics, and a Company of Wax Chandlers, and Mechanics' Institutions, and Utilitarians, and nobody ever hit upon the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

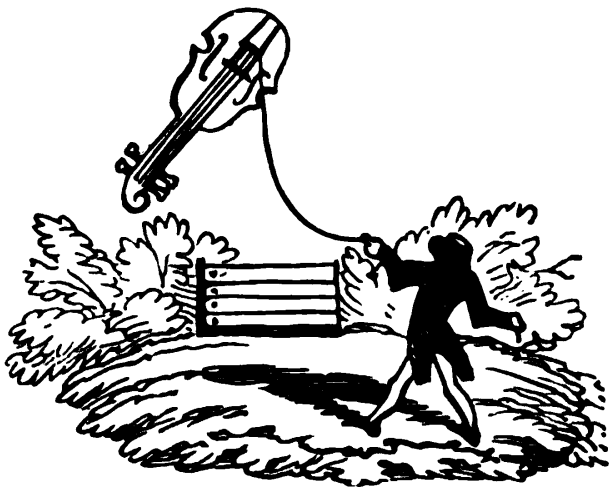
waxen cushion!" And twelve waxen cushions were ordered that very morning. And the King wished to create Ali a Grand Goose, which would entitle him to stand at Court upon one leg; but the Cynic declared very humbly that his low birth entitled him only to stand upon two—and moreover, that he had to walk all the way to the city of Buz. Whereupon, his Majesty being displeased, the stranger was ordered to quit the place in an hour—but which he did with ease, thirty minutes under the time.

"It is very hard," said Ali, "that a man cannot enjoy his own ways and his own thoughts, without a parcel of silly Jugites dogging his heel,"—and lo! as he said, a dozen of the townspeople came running after him shouting with all their might. Then there was the old plague to endure with their life-preservers.—"Look at my cushion," said one. "Try mine," said a second, "it hath two parts wax and one of pitch," &c., &c. "May you stick to them to all eternity," grumbled Ali, mending his pace almost to a run, yet without shaking off his tormentors. But the time came at last to part company; for arriving just at the skirts of a forest, they suddenly heard a noise that was too loud to be taken for the murmuring of the wind. "Allah Kerim!" ejaculated Nous. Down plumped his companions on their cushions, and in a minute were as fast to the earth as if they had grown from it; having taken especial care to strap, tie, and buckle their trousers so securely that no tornado that ever waltzed could pluck them out of them. In which posture, conceive them sitting and smirking with all the complacency of self-conceit, when suddenly with frightful roar, there issued forth the most terrible big Bear that was ever cubbed, to the infinite dismay of the seated members, who would willingly have accepted any equivalent to the Chiltern Hundreds. Never was there a set of simpletons so sold and pounded by their own act and deed! There they were—all waxed by their wax ends—with their last before their eyes in the shape of raging

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Bruin, for whom, by their own contrivance, they were compelled to sit as passively as if he had only been going to paint their portraits. One or two, indeed, endeavoured to escape when it was too late, but before they could get rid of their trammels, the Bear came bearing down upon them, and killed them on the spot.

During this massacre Ali had gained a considerable start, yet not so far but that the beast at length overtook him and put him to his last shift. This was a small fiddle or kit, upon which he no sooner began to play than the Bear, rising uncouthly on his hind legs, began to cut capers to the great delight of the Cynic, to whom it was precisely the reverse of the Dance of Death. The faster one played the faster the other jigged—the musician purposely getting from presto to prestissimo, till the fascinated brute began to pant and puff, and besought the performer, with the most plaintive moans, and imploring glances, and supplicatory gestures, to desist. But Ali knew better, and only plied the bow more rapidly, till after a waltz the eye could scarcely follow, the Bear reeled off in an involuntary pirouette and fell dead-beaten on his face. "Heaven reward the man," exclaimed Ali, as he gazed on his prostrate enemy. "Heaven reward the man who first hit upon the very original notion of sawing the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse!"



THE AIR ADAPTED TO THE VIOLIN.

and without further obstacle he arrived at the city of Buz.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

And now, quoth the Chronicler, it would be tedious to pursue individually the fortunes of the imitators of Ali Ben Nous; for instance, how foolishly the travellers from Buz essayed with their kits and fiddles to provoke to a hornpipe the great crocodile of the Lake of Jad. Suffice it, they perished miserably one and all. As for the Cynic, he discovered that wherever he came he was as far as before from the haven he sought. However fantastically extravagant and repulsively absurd the doctrines and habits he will fully professed and practised, he invariably found himself more or less at the head of a sect. At length a pseudo Cynic appeared, who, by help of nature and art, so closely personated the original, as to acquire the surname of the Double. This, to Ali, was the drop that overbrimmed his cup: and in a paroxysm of spleen including himself in his anathema against mankind in general, he resolved to perish by his own hand. To this end, and a bad end it was, he repaired to a certain solitary spot, on the verge of a wood with a large phial, or rather family bottle, of mortal poison in his pocket. "Now then," exclaimed Ali, taking off half the fatal liquid at a gulp—"now then for an act at last in which I shall not be copied," when suddenly an Ourang Outang, who had been watching the operation from a neighbouring tree sprang down to the ground, snatched up the bottle, and before Nous could interfere, drank off the remainder of the poison.

A BLACK DOSE.

This untoward event, and the scene of mockery that ensued, seemed to pang the dying Cynic, even more than the draught he had swallowed. "Alas!" he cried, already writhing under the effects of the potion, "alas, it is in vain to struggle with fate! I fled from my own species to avoid their imitation—and lo! yonder sits a brute beast poisoned out of the same bottle, suffer-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ing the same pains, making the same grimaces, no doubt, and the same contortions, and even composing himself — confound the son of a Monkey!—to die in the same attitude."

OFF BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

SECOND NATURE.

PHYSICAL Force, Moral Force, and the Police Force, are all very powerful things; and so is the Force of Habit. It killed a Young Gentleman last week at Spring Vale Academy. He was the only boy left at school in the holidays: and the very first walk he took, he split himself, poor fellow! in trying to walk two and two.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,
Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife:
But his tears on her grave was nothing surprising,—
He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"DOES YOUR FATHER KNOW YOU'RE IN?"

THE NEW LODGER.

Poor Miss Hopkinson! She had been ill for a fortnight of a disorder which especially affected the nerves; and quiet, as Dr. Boreham declared, was indispensably necessary for her recovery. So the servants wore list shoes, and the knocker was tied up, and the street in front of number four was covered with straw.

In the mean while, the invalid derived great comfort from the unremitting attentions of her friends and acquaintance; but she was particularly gratified by the constant kind inquiries of Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger, who occupied the apartments immediately over her head.

"If you please, ma'am," said Mary, for the hundredth time, "it's Mr. Tweedy's compliments, and begs to know if you feel any better?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:01 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Tweedy, I'm sure," whispered the sufferer,—"I am a leetle easier—with my best thanks and compliments."

"Now, Miss Hopkinson was a spinster lady of a certain age, and she was not a little flattered by the uncommon interest the gentleman above stairs seemed to take in her state of health. She could not help recollecting that the new lodger and a very smart new cap had entered the house on the same day.—She had fortunately worn the novel article on her accidental encounter with the stranger; and, as she used to say, a great deal depended on first impressions.

"What a very nice gentleman!" remarked the nurse, as Mary closed the bed-room door.

"What an uncommon nice man!" cried Miss Filby, an old familiar gossip, who had come to cheer up the invalid with all the scandal of the neighbourhood.

"And he will send, Ma'am," said the nurse to the visitor, "to ask after us a matter of five or six times in a day."

"It is really extraordinary," said Miss Filby, "and especially in quite a stranger!"

"No, not quite," whispered the invalid. "I met him twice upon the stairs."

"Indeed!" said Miss Filby. "It's like a little romance. Who knows what may come of it? I have known as sudden things come to pass before now!"

"There *is* summut in it sure*ly*," said the nurse; "I only wish, Ma'am, you could hear how warm and pressing he is in asking after her, whoever comes in his way. There was this morning, on the landing—'Nurse,' says he, quite earnest-like,—'nurse, *do* tell me how she is.' 'Why then, Sir,' says I, 'she is as well as can be expected.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that's the old answer, but it won't satisfy *me*. Is she better or worse?' 'Well then, Sir,' says I, 'she's much the same.' 'Ah,' says he, fetching

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sich a long-winded sigh, 'there's where it is. She may linger in that way for months.' 'Let's hope not,' says I. 'You'll be pleased to hear as how she's going to try to eat a bit o' chicking.' 'Chicking!' says he, saving your presence, Ma'am,—'chicking be d——d to you know where—it's her nerves, nurse, her nerves; how are her nerves?' 'To be sure, Sir,' says I, 'them's her weak pints, but Dr. Boreham do say, provided they're kept quiet, and not played upon, they'll come round agin in time.' 'Yes,' says he, 'in time, that's the divil on it;' and you can't think how feeling he said it.—'What a weary time,' says he, 'she have been!'"

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Miss Filby, "these are very like love symptoms indeed! However, I'm not jealous, my dear,"—and she shook her head waggishly at the invalid, who replied with a faint smile, that she was a giddy creature, and quite forgot the weak state of her nerves. "But, to be sure, it is odd," said Miss Hopkinson to herself, "and particularly in the present age, when polite gallantry to females is so much gone out of fashion. She then fell into a reverie, which her friend interpreted into an inclination to doze, and accordingly took her leave with a promise of returning in the evening.

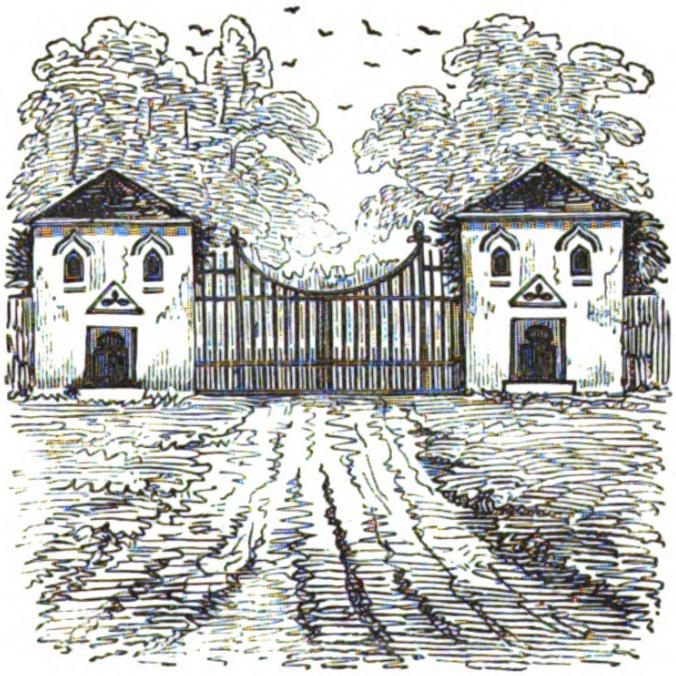
No sooner was her back turned, however, than the invalid called the nurse to her, and after giving sundry directions as to costume, intimated that she had an intention of trying to sit up a bit. So she was dressed and washed and bolstered up in a chair, and having put on a clean cap, she inquired of her attendant, rather anxiously, if she was not dreadfully altered and pulled down, and how she looked. To which the nurse answered, that, "except looking a little delicate, she was really charming."

In the evening the doctor repeated his visit, and so did Miss Filby, who could not help rallying the invalid on the sudden recovery of her complexion.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"It's only hectic," said Miss Hopkinson, "the exertion of dressing has given me a colour."

"And somebody else will have a colour too," said the nurse, winking at Miss Filby, "when I tell him how very much some folks are improved."



LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

"By-the-bye," said Dr. Boreham, "it's only fair that people should know their well-wishers: and I ought to tell you, therefore, that the gentleman overhead is very friendly and frequent in his inquiries. We generally meet on the stairs, and I assure you he expresses very great solicitude—very much so indeed!"

Miss Hopkinson gave a short husky cough, and the nurse and Miss Filby nodded significantly at each other.

"Ho! ho! the wind sits in that quarter, does it?" said the doctor. "I may expect, then, to have another patient. 'He grew sick as she grew well,' as the old song says," and chuck-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ling at the aptness of his own quotation, the facetious mediciner took his leave.

"There he is again, I declare," exclaimed the nurse, who had listened as she closed the door. "He has cotched the doctor on the stairs, and I'll warrant he'll have the whole particulars before he lets him go."

"Very devoted, indeed!" said Miss Filby. "We must make haste, and get you about again, my dear, for his poor sake as well as your own."

At this juncture Mrs. Huckins, the landlady, entered the room to ask after her lodger, and was not a little bewildered by a cross-fire of innuendoes from the nurse and the visitor. The strange behaviour of the sick lady herself helped besides to disconcert the worthy woman, across whose mind a suspicion glanced that the nasty laudanum, or something, had made the patient a little off her head. However, Mrs. Huckins got through her compliments and her curtseys, and would finally perhaps have tittered too, but that her attention was suddenly diverted by that most awful of intrusions, a troublesome child in a sick room.

"Why, Billy, you little plague — why, Billy, what do you do in here? Where have you come from, Sir?—I've been looking for you this half hour."

"I've been up with Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger," said Billy, standing very erect, and speaking rather proudly. "We've been a-playing the flute."

"The WHAT!" cried all the female voices in a breath.

"A-playing the flute," repeated the undaunted Billy. "Mr. Tweedy only whispers a toon into it now, but he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever the old"—here Billy looked at the invalid, and then at his mother—"he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever Miss Hopkinson is well, or else dead!"

* * * * *

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Pray how did you leave Miss Hopkinson, Ma'am?" inquired Mr. Tweedy, about an hour afterwards, of a female whom he met at the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Hopkinson, Sir!—oh, you horrid wicked wretch! you unfeeling monster!"—and totally forgetting the weak nerves of her friend, the indignant Miss Filby rushed past the New Lodger, darted along the passage, let herself out, and slammed the street-door behind her with a bang, that shook Miss Hopkinson in her chair.

BOARDED, LODGED, AND DONE FOR.

POMPEY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."—COWPER.

'TWAS twelve o'clock, not twelve at night,
But twelve o'clock at noon,
Because the sun was shining bright,
And not the silver moon:

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A proper time for friends to call,
Or Pots, or Penny Post;
When, lo! as Phœbe sat at work,
She saw her Pompey's Ghost!

OVERTAKER AND UNDERTAKER.

Now when a female has a call
From people that are dead,
Like Paris ladies, she receives
Her visitors in bed:
But Pompey's Spirit could not come
Like spirits that are white,
Because he was a Blackamoor,
And wouldn't show at night!

But of all unexpected things
That happen to us here,
The most unpleasant is a rise
In what is very dear:
So Phœbe scream'd an awful scream,
To prove the seaman's text,
That after black appearances,
White squalls will follow next.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Oh, Phœbe dear! oh, Phœbe dear!
Don't go to scream or faint;
You think because I'm black I am
The Devil, but I ain't!
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe
I walk'd whilst I had breath;
But that is past, and I am now
A-walking after Death!

"No murder, though, I come to tell,
By base and bloody crime;
So, Phœbe dear, put off your fits
Till some more fitting time;
No Crowner, like a boatswain's mate
My body need attack,
With his round dozen to find out
Why I have died so black.

"One Sunday, shortly after tea,
My skin began to burn,
As if I had in my inside
A heater, like the urn.
Delirious in the night I grew,
And as I lay in bed,
They say I gather'd all the wool
You see upon my head.

"His Lordship for his doctor sent,
My treatment to begin—
I wish that he had call'd him out,
Before he call'd him in!
For though to physic he was bred,
And pass'd at Surgeon's Hall,
To make his post a sinecure
He never cured at all!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The doctor look'd about my breast,
And then about my back,
And then he shook his head and said.
'Your case looks very black.'
And first he sent me hot cayenne,
And then gamboge to swallow,
But still my fever would not turn
To Scarlet or to Yellow!

A HIGH FEVER.

"With madder and with turmeric
He made his next attack;
But neither he nor all his drugs
Could stop my dying blac'.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

At last I got so sick of life,
And sick of being dosed,
One Monday morning I gave up
My physic and the ghost!

"Oh, Phœbe dear, what pain it was
To sever every tie!
You know black beetles feel as much
As giants when they die—
And if there is a bridal bed,
Or bride of little worth,
It's lying in a bed of mould,
Along with Mother Earth.

"Alas! some happy, happy day
In church I hoped to stand,
And like a muff of sable skin
Receive your lily hand;
But sternly with that piebald match
My fate untimely clashes—
For now, like Pompe-double-i,
I'm sleeping in my ashes!

"And now farewell!—a last farewell!
I'm wanted down below,
And have but time enough to add
One word before I go,—
In mourning crape and bombazine
Ne'er spend your precious pelf—
Don't go in black for me,—for I
Can do it for myself.

"Henceforth within my grave I rest,
But Death who there inherits,
Allow'd my spirit leave to come,
You seem'd so out of spirits;

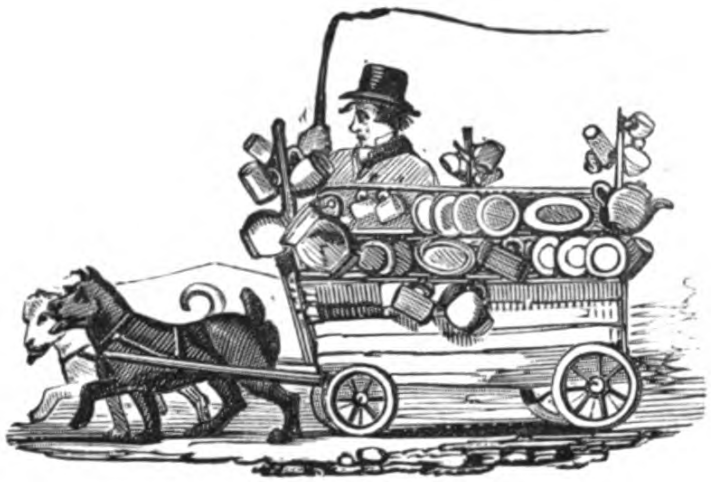
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

But do not sigh, and do not cry,
By grief too much engross'd—
Nor, for a ghost of colour, turn
The colour of a ghost!

Again farewell, my Phœbe dear!
Once more a last adieu!
For I must make myself as scarce
As swans of sable hue.
From black to grey, from grey to nought,
The shape began to fade,—
And, like an egg, though not so white,
The Ghost was newly laid!

IN BLACK FOR A FRIEND.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google



TRAVELS IN CHINA.

THE WAR WITH CHINA.

"Mistress of herself, tho' China fall."—POPE.

"I CAN'T understand it," said my Uncle, throwing down on the table the pamphlet he had been reading, and looking up over the fireplace, at the great picture of Canton, painted by his elder brother, when he was mate of an East Indiaman. My Aunt was seated beside my Uncle, with her cotton-box, playing at working; and Cousin Tom was working at playing, in a corner. As for my father and myself, we had dropped in as usual after a walk, to take our tea, which through an old connexion with Cathay, was certain to be first-rate at the cottage. "Why on earth," continued my Uncle,—"why on earth we should go to war about the Opium business quite passes my comprehension."

"And mine too," chimed in my Aunt, whose bent it was to put in a word, and put out an argument, as often as she had an opportunity; "I always thought opium was a lulling, soothing

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sort of thing, more likely to compose people's passions than to stir them up."

My Uncle looked at the speaker with much the same expression as that of the great girl in Wilkie's picture, who is at once frowning and smiling at the boy's grotesque mockery of the Blind Fiddler—for my Aunt's allusion to the sedative qualities of opium was amusing in itself, but provoking, as interrupting the discourse.

"The Sulphur question," she continued, "is quite a different thing. That's all about brimstone and combustibles; and it would only be of a piece if we were to send our men-of-war, and frigates, and fireships, to bombard Mount Vesuvius."

"I should like to see it," said my Father, in his quietest tone, and with his gravest face, for he was laughing inwardly at the proposed Grand Display of Pyrotechnics!

"To go back," resumed my Uncle, "to the very beginning of the business; first, we have Captain Elliot, who wishes to give the Chinese admiral a chop——"

"And a very civil thing of him, too," remarked my Aunt.

"Eh! — what?" exploded my Uncle, as snappishly as a Waterloo cracker.

"To be sure," said my Aunt, in a deprecating tone, "it might be a Friday, and a fast day, as to meat——"

"As to what?"

"As to meat," repeated my Aunt, resolutely, "I have always understood that the Catholic priests and the Jesuits were the first to go converting the Chinese."

"Phoo! nonsense!" ejaculated my Uncle. "A chop is a document."

"Well, it's not my fault," retorted my Aunt, "if things abroad are called by their wrong names. What is a chop, then, in Chinese—I mean a pork or mutton one—is it called a document?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

My Uncle gave a look upwards, worthy of Job himself. He was sorely tempted—but he translated the rising English oath into a French shrug and grimace. My Father tried to mend matters as usual. "After all, brother," he said, "my sister's mistake was natural and womanly—especially in a mistress of a house, who has to think occasionally of chops and steaks. Besides, she has had greater blunderers to keep her in countenance—you remember the needless resentment there was about the 'Barbarian Eye.'"

"To be sure he does," said my Aunt; "and why should I be expected to know Chinese any more than Lord Melbourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord-Knows-Who,—especially when it's such a difficult language besides, and a single letter stands for a whole chapter, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics?"

"But what says the pamphleteer?" said my Father, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and taking up the brochure from the table.

"Why, he says," replied my Uncle, "that opium is a baneful drug, that it produces the most demoralising effects on the consumers; and that we have no right to go to war to force a noxious article down the throats of our fellow-creatures."

"No, nor a wholesome one, neither," returned my Father, "as the judge said to the woman when she killed her child for not taking its physic. But what have we here—a return of our exports to the Celestial Empire?"

"The author means to imply," said my Uncle, "that if the Chinese did not chew and smoke so much opium, they would have more money to lay out on our Birmingham and Manchester manufactures."

"Pretty nonsense, indeed!" exclaimed my Aunt. "As if the Chinese could smoke printed cottons and calicoes, and chew Brummagem hardware and cutlery, like the ostriches!"

"I believe it is but a Brummagem argument after all," said

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

my Father, "a mercantile interest plated over with morality. It's the old story in the spelling-book—'There's nothing like leather.' The pamphleteer and Commissioner Lin are both of a mind in condemning a drug in which they are not druggists; but how comes it that the deleterious, demoralising effects of the article are found out only in 1840?—The opium trade with China is of long standing—it is as old as——"

"Robinson Crusoe," cried a small voice from the corner of the room, where Cousin Tom had been listening to the discourse and making a paper-kite at the same time.

COCHIN CHINESE.

"Robinson Fiddlesticks!" cried my Aunt; "boys oughtn't to talk about politics. What in the world has opium-chewing to do with a desert island?"

"He had a whole cargo of it," muttered Tom, "when he went on his voyage to China."

"The lad's right," said my Father. "Go, Tom, and fetch the book,"—and Defoe's novel was produced in a twinkling. "The lad's right," repeated my Father, reading aloud from the book,—"here's the very passage. 'From Sumatra,' says

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Crusoe, 'we went to Siam, where we exchanged some of our wares for opium and some arrack—the first a commodity which bears a great price amongst the Chinese, and which at that time was much wanted there.'"

"That's to the point, at any rate," said my Uncle, with a nod of approbation to the boy. But my Aunt did not so much relish Tom's victory, and on some household pretence took herself out of the room.

"It is a sad job this war, and I am sorry for it," said my Father, with a serious shake of his head. "I have always had a sneaking kindness for the Chinese, as an intelligent and ingenious people. We have outrun them now in the race of civilisation; but, no doubt, there was a time when comparatively they were refined, and we were the barbarians."

"It is impossible to doubt it," said my Uncle, with great animation. "To say nothing of their invention of gunpowder, and their discovery of the mariner's compass, look at their earthenware. For my own part, I am particularly fond of old china. It is, I may say, quite a passion—inherited perhaps from my grandmother, with several closets full of the antique Oriental porcelain. She used to say it was a genteel taste."

"And she had Horace Walpole," said my Father, "to back her opinion."

"To be sure she had," replied my Uncle, eagerly: "and the Chinese must be a genteel people. It is sufficient to look at their elegant tea-services, to convince one that they are not made, any more than their vessels, of the commoner earth. You feel at once——"

"That Slang Whang is a gentleman," said my Father, "and Nan King a lady, in spite of their names."

My Uncle paid no attention to the joke, but went on in a strain to have delighted Father Mathew. "To look at a Chinese service," he said, "is enough of itself to make one a teetotaller.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It inspires one—at least it does me—with the Exquisite's horror of malt liquor and such gross beverages. Indeed, to compare our drinking-vessels with the Chinese, they are like horse-buckets to bird-glasses; and, remembering their huge flagons, and black-jacks and wassail-bowls, our Gothic and Saxon ancestors must have been a little coarse, not to say hoggish, in their draughts."

A TEE-TOTALLER.

"They must, indeed," said my Father.

"Now here is a delicate drinking-vessel," continued my Uncle, taking up from a side-table a cup hardly large enough for a fairy to get into. "What sort of liquor ought one to expect from such a pretty little chalice?"

"At a guess," replied my Father, very gravely, "nothing coarser than mountain-dew."

"Yes," said my Uncle, with enthusiasm; "to drink out of such a diminutive calyx, all enamelled with blossoms, is indeed like to the poetical fancy of sipping dew out of a flower! And then the Sylph to whom only such a cup could belong——"

"She must have had thinner lips than a Negro," said my Father.

"And what a ladylike hand!" exclaimed my Uncle; "for such a Liliputian utensil would escape from any but the most feminine fingers."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Her hand must be like her foot," said my Father, "which is never bigger than a child's."

"And here, again, we have a proof of refinement," said my Uncle. "Walking is generally considered in Europe as a vulgar and common exercise for a lady, and it shows the extreme delicacy of the well-bred Chinese female, that as far as possible she makes a conventional impropriety a physical impossibility."

"And it is somewhat remarkable," said my Father, "that the Chinese gentlemen have an appendage, formerly indispensable with the politest nation in the world in its politest time—the pigtail."

"Exactly," said my Uncle. "But here is the lady," and he took up another of his grandmother's brittle legacies, "on a plate that ought to be a plate to Moore's 'Paradise and the Peri.' Just hold it up towards the window, and observe its transparency, softening down the sunshine, you observe, to a sort of moonlight."

"Very transparent, indeed," said my Father. "And yonder is Nan King herself, fetching a walk by that blue river."

"Yes, bluer than the Rhine," said my Uncle, "though it has not been put into poetry. And look at the birds, and fruits, and flowers! And then that pretty rural temple!"

"Is it on the earth or in the sky?" asked my Father.

"Whichever you please," said my Uncle: "and the garden is all the more Edenlike for that ingenious equivocation. There is no horizon, you observe, but a sort of blending, as we may suppose there was in Paradise, of earth and heaven."

"Very poetical, indeed," said my Father. "And those curly-tailed swallows, and those crooked gudgeons may be flying or swimming at the option of the spectator."

"Exactly so," said my Uncle; "and there you have the superior fancy of the Chinese. A Staffordshire potter would leave nothing to the imagination. He would never dream of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

building a castle in the air, or throwing a bridge over nothing."

"He would not indeed," said my Father, "even if he could get an act of parliament for it."

"Not he," cried my Uncle. "All must be fact with him—no fiction. But it is otherwise with the Chinese. They have been called servile and literal copyists—but on the contrary, they have more boldness and originality than all our Royal Academy put together. For instance, here is a road, the farther end of which is lost in that white blank, which may or may not stand for the atmosphere——"

"And yet," said my Father, "that little man in petticoats is walking up it as if he had an errand at the other end."

"For aught we know," said my Uncle, "it may be an allegory—and I have often fancied that the paintings on their vessels were scenes from their tales or poems. In the meantime we may gather some hints of the character of the people from their porcelain,—that they are literary and musical, and from the frequent occurrence of figures of children, that they are of affectionate and domestic habits. And, above all, that they are eminently unwarlike, and inclined only to peaceful and pastoral pursuits. I do not recollect ever seeing an armedfigure, weapons, or any allusions to war, and its attributes, in any of their enamels."

"So much the worse for them," said my Father: "for they are threatened with something more than a tempest in a teapot. It will be like the china vessel in the old fable, coming in contact with the brazen one. There will be a fine smash, brother, of your favourite ware!"

"A smash! where?" inquired my Aunt, who had just entered the room, and imperfectly overheard the last sentence. "What are you talking of?"

"Of a Bull in a China Shop," said my Father, with a hard wink at my Uncle.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Yes, that's a dreadful smash, sure enough," said my Aunt. "There was Mrs. Starkey, who keeps the great Staffordshire warehouse at Smithfield Bars—she had an overdriven beast run into her shop only last week. At first, she says, he was quiet

A RUM CUSTOMER.

enough, for besides racing up and down St. John Street, he had been bullock-hunted all over Islington and Hoxton fields, and that had taken the wildness out of him. So at first he only stood staring at the jugs, and mugs, and things, as if admiring he patterns."

"And pray," inquired my Uncle, "where was Mrs. Starkey in the meantime?"

"Why, the shopman, you see, had crept under the counter for safety, and Mrs. Starkey was in the back-parlour, and saw everything by peeping through a crack of the green curtain

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

over the glass-door. So the mad Bull stood staring at the crockery, quiet enough; when, unluckily, with a swish of his tail, he brought down on his back a whole row of pipkins that hung over head. I suppose he remembered being pelted about the streets: for the clatter of the earthenware about his ears seemed to put him up afresh, for he gave a stamp and a bellow that made the whole shop shake again, and down rattled a great jug on his hind quarters. Well, round turns the Bull, quite savage, with another loud bellow, as much as to say, 'I should like to know who did that?' when what should he see by bad luck but a china figure of a Mandarin, as big as our Tom there, a-grinning and nodding at him with its head."

"Commissioner Lin," said my Father, with a significant nod at my Uncle.

"Mrs. Starkey thinks," continued my Aunt, "that the mad Bull took the china figure for a human creature, and particularly as its motions made it look so lifelike, — however, the more the Bull stamped and bellowed, the more the Mandarin grinned and nodded his head, till at long and at last, the Bull got so aggravated, that sticking his tail upright, Mrs. Starkey says, as stiff as the kitchen poker, he made but one rush at the china Mandarin, and smashed him all into shivers."

"And there you have the whole history," said my Father, with another nod to my Uncle, "of a War with China."

A POPULAR FALLACY.

"*When you are eating, leave off hungry.*"

Do no such thing. Supposing your Appetite to be honest and hearty—no pampered craving for delicacies, but a natural demand for wholesome food—why then, no shabby instalments,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

no ounce-in-the-pound compositions with Hunger. Pay in full. The claim of the stomach is a just one; and let it be handsomely satisfied. The constitution, physical or moral, must be peculiar that can derive either comfort or benefit from perpetual dunning.

Leave off hungry!—Pshaw!—as well say, when you are washing yourself, leave off dirty. There is only one reasonable reason that can be urged in favour of thus bringing a Meal to an "untimely end"—namely, that you cannot get enough to eat. In such a case Necessity makes the rule absolute, and you may leave off as hungry as a hunter, who has not caught his hare. But with the whole joint before you, eat your fill. As for the rule, there is only one maxim of the kind that is worth any thing—viz. *when you are dying, leave off alive.*

A RAVENOUS APPETITE.

"UP THE RHINE."

WHY, Tourist, why
With Passports have to do
Pr'ythee stay at home and pass
The Port and Sherry too.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Why, Tourist, why
  Embark for Rotterdam?
Pr'ythee stay at home and take
  Thy Hollands in a dram.

A SPARE BED ON THE RHINE.

Why, Tourist, why
  To foreign climes repair?
Pr'ythee take thy German Flute,
  And breathe a German air.

Why, Tourist, why
  The Seven Mountains view?
Any one at home can tint
  A hill with Prussian Blue.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Why, Tourist, why
To old Colonia's walls?
Sure, to see a *Wrenish* Dome,
One needn't leave St. Paul's.

A BULL.

ONE day, no matter where or when,
Except 'twas after some Hibernian revel,
For why? an Irishman is ready then
"To play the Devil"—
A Pat, whose surname has escaped the Bards,
Agreed to play with Nick a game at cards.

The stake, the same that the old Source of Sin
From German Faustus and his German Cousins
Had won by dozens;
The only one in fact he cares a pin
To win.

By luck or roguery of course Old Nick
Won ev'ry trick:
The score was full, the last turn-up had done it—
"Your soul—I've won it!"

"It's true for you I've lost that same,"
Said Pat a little hazy in his wits—
"My soul is yours—but come, another game—
Double, or quits!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

OPEN TO OBJECTION.

SPECULATIONS OF A NATURALIST.

"Can an oyster think?"

Of all things living—if it can be called living never to see life,—there is none so inanimate as an Oyster. Confined to its *native* spot,—literally bedridden, and knowing no change, but the opening and shutting of its chamber-door—a fixture in its own house—always at home, like the grate—no squatter but a decided settler,—it is, as the Americans say, in an "eternal fix."

It was once thought impossible that a horse could come to be shaved, which however has since happened; but a similar prediction may safely be made concerning an oyster. The barber

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

must come to the beard, or the oyster must live everlastingly unshorn like the Wandering Jew, but without his wandering. It can no more leave its shell than a corpse its coffin. All the divisions of New Police, with all their Sergeants and Superintendents, might order it in vain to move on—it is "*no go*" personified.

Primâ facie it seems impossible that such a squab should cogitate. In spite of Spurzheim, who affirms that the substance of the human brain resembles that of an oyster, it is difficult to believe that there is any intellectual faculty in such a lump of animal blanc-mange—that it ever even thinks of thinking. Is it so much as aware metaphysically of its own existence— *Cogito, ergo sum?* Can it entertain an idea, natural or acquired—by intuition, which is a sort "of private tuition,"—or otherwise? Has it any little notions—except material ones—of anything at all, from the cosmogony of the world downwards? Can it meditate—put this and that together—reflect—or perform any mental act whatever? Does it ever theorise—for example, as to the tides? Or ever draw an inference,—*e. g.* that a cathedral stall must be better than a stall in the street? Can it draw a comparison—as between itself and a rolling-stone? Or form a notion of motion? Or of a locomotive machine,—for example, the Colchester Coach? Can it muse, or compose a Psychological Curiosity? Can it go wool-gathering—or into a brown study —or into a fit of abstraction—without the help of a knife? Does it ever get to its wits' end—or even to their beginning? In short, has it a mind of its own?

These are difficult queries; and the more so, that the dumb shell-fish, if it have any thinkings, whether poetical Night Thoughts or prosaical day ones, such as Thoughts on the Currency—Thoughts on the Corn laws;—or still more cogent Thoughts on the Corporation and Testaceous Acts—is inevitably condemned to keep its Thoughts to itself.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In the meantime, our servant, this morning, has brought from the fish-market a fine living Crab, with an oyster, by way of rider, sticking right and tight on the back shell. Here, then, appears something like a glimmering of reason and foresight; for if the Bivalve had fastened on any common scaly fish, it might easily have been rubbed off, wilfully or accidentally; whereas, from the hard crust of Cancer it was as difficult to dislodge as the Old Man of the Sea. Again, there is much seeming sagacity in the selection of the Amphibious reptile; for supposing an Oyster to indulge a wish for seeing the world, where could it have chosen a better Conveyancer, than one accustomed, besides sea voyages, to occasional travels on land?

This certainly resembles the exercise of a reasoning faculty; however opposed certain analogies may be to such a conclusion. But an Oyster is very anomalous—and for example in this:—*That you must take it out of its bed before you can tuck it in!*

NOT IN "BOZ."

"I'LL tell you what it is," said Mr. Weller to Mr. Hatband; "there's no doubt in the world that the Railways will prove very injurious to Ccaches, and Coachmen, and to Horses in partickler, by throwing so many hanimals out o' work, and by consekens out o' bread, or at least hoats. But that's nothing to the ruination that will be inflicted on Gen'l'men in your own line—namely, the Undertakers. And for this reason, that the more the popperlation is brought to untimely ends by them destructive engines, the less demand there will be for shells or coffins. For, you see, between their Up and Down Trains, and their violent collusions agin each other, the poor relicts of mortality will be smashed to sich a flat compass, that there will be no berrying on 'em, except in portfolios."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

A SKETCH OFF THE ROAD.

"Whatever is, is right."—POPE.
"Laissez aller."—IVANHOE.

"ADIEU, mes amis!—I am gone down below. Mais, tout doucement, Monsieur Jacques—you will break your head!"

The language was doubtful: but the accent and tone were so decidedly French, that the pictorial faculty immediately presented a meagre, sallow-faced figure,—a sort of Monsieur Mallet or Morbleu—as the next addition to the company in the crowded cabin of the Lord Melville. Thanks to National Prejudice, fostered by State Policy, and confirmed by our Anti-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Gallican Dramatists and Caricaturists, it has always been the popular notion that le Bœuf Gras was the only fat animal in France. Indeed, some thirty or forty years ago,—"when George the Third was King,"—the celebrated Living Skeleton would have been considered as a fair average specimen of his countrymen. A Frenchman any stouter than Romeo's starved Apothecary was a physical impossibility:—at the utmost, like his own Mât de Cocagne, he might become greasy, but not fat. Such was, in reality, my own impression in early life; and hence the Eidolon my fancy had conjured up of a foreigner.

"As long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand!"

It was, however, a very different Personage who came stooping and labouring through the narrow aperture, which he quite filled up—like a pig squeezing into a hen-house. As the Man-Mountain entered *backwards*, and almost bent double, the mind unavoidably recurred to the Stout Gentleman of Washington Irving: whom the new-comer quite equalled in bulk, and rather exceeded in boisterousness: for he had taken his wine on board before embarking: and a little Achates who came with him had no small trouble in checking, or rather trying to check, the Big man's exuberant gaiety. It would have been as easy to persuade Falstaff into Quakerism.

In the meantime the old Prejudice set to work, and I could not help thinking—in common, perhaps, with two-thirds of the passengers then present—that so hearty and well fed a fellow—big enough for a Small farmer—ruddy enough for a butcher—and jolly enough for a Jack Tar—ought to have been an Englishman; and, as if to countenance this theory, the Stranger not only had some knowledge of our language, but exhibited very decided symptoms of Anglomania. He had travelled somewhere—perhaps between Paris and Calais—by an English Stage-Coach! and struck, no doubt, by the superiority of whip, drag,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and team, the beautiful turn-out, and the admirable performance of horse and man, compared with the foreign Diligence and its cattle, had imbibed the fancy for the "Road" so prevalent among ourselves. In particular, one of the phrases of the craft had burnt itself into his heart like a love-posy. It haunted him like a tune. In season or out of season, and intertwined with the most opposite topics, it was continually dropping from his lips, or rather rattling with a strong guttural emphasis from his throat, as thus: "All r-r-r-r-right,—let them go!"

The night was close and sultry, the passengers were numerous, and the cabin was, of course, none the cooler for the arrival of such a huge warm, breathing body, displacing an equal bulk of air.

"Sapperment! qu'il fait chaud!" ejaculated the fat Frenchman, as he seated himself next his friend, at the end of one of the long tables. "Allons, mon ami—we must drink!" and, as he spoke, he intercepted the steward's mate, "Hold, boy! garçon,—bring here some grogs."

His companion vainly remonstrated against this order, alleging that the other had already drunk more than enough; but the Frenchman was resolute.

"Bah! ce n'est rien—I am not bottlesome—du tout! du tout! All r-r-r-r-r-right—soyez tranquille. Ah! ah! here come the grogs—let them go!"

A glass of rum-and-water was mixed and swallowed in a twinkling: and a second was about to follow, when the friend anxiously interfered, and at last, by signs, desired the boy to take away the bottle and glass.

"All r-r-r-r-right—let them go!" said the Frenchman; but meaning quite the reverse, for unsuiting the action to the word, he made a snatch at the departing spirit. "Diable! stop! halte là!—give me my grogs."

"No, no; take it away."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Mais, non—donnez-moi, vous dis-je!—give it to me!"

"But, my dear fellow——"

"Chut, chut! vous êtes ivre. You see me drink two glasses for one."

"But the passengers want to go to sleep."

A WORK OF SUPERROGATION.

"All r-r-r-right—let them go!" said the Frenchman. "Ah! là voilà!" and he replaced the rum-bottle on the table: "à present—tenez, la vie est courte—il faut boire. Your good healths, gentlemens. Vive l'Angleterre! I am going to ride all over you in a coach—ah, si beaux chevaux! all r-r-r-right—st-st—peste! I have broke the bottle all to bits!—hollo, boy!—more grogs."

"My good fellow, do be quiet: you had better get into bed."

"A la bonne heure,—get into it yourself—go inside; pour

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

moi, non. I shall drink a bit more. Hola, boy! steward! come! vîte! quick! the grogs! the grogs! the grogs! Bon: c'est un brave garçon! Now then, Sir, all r-r-r-right—bon voyage—let them go!"

"Pray don't drink any more."

"Mon ami, à votre santé. It is good stuff! Encore un coup,—trink, boys, trink—grogs for ever!—Allons, chantons un peu,—La, la, la, lira la——'

"Hush! hush! they are all in bed."

"No such thing; there are two misters at the other table, Mais, non, he is only one. Never mind. Ah! ah,—voici le Capitaine—My friend, will you not have some grogs? Allons —goutez—where do you change your horses? Allons!—ha! ha!—all r-r-right—let them go! n'est-ce-pas?—Attendez,—one day I will be a whip—parbleu, je les ferai trotter—comme quatre!—eh, mon ami? Mais voyez donc, il est malade—c'est sa faute—he would not take some grogs!—Oui, c'est ça—I must take warning of him—Hola! boy!—some more—some more grogs. Quick! fast!—or else I shall be sick. Look at my old fellow—ah le pauvre!—there he goes into his bed. Adieu, mon cher—dormez bien. A present—allons—buvons nous autres—bu-bu-bu-buvons—and so forth, till the jovial Frenchman dropping his head on the table, fairly muttered himself into a doze. Sleep could now go to sleep! and snorings, pitched in various keys, began to sound from the different sides of the cabin.

The calm, however, was short: all at once there was a tremendous bounce that shook the very timbers of the vessel as if she had touched on a sand-bank. The Man Mountain had tumbled from his seat, and was rolling and talking on the floor.

"Mon Dieu! qu'y-a-t-il?—I have falled off the coach—oui, c'est ça—here is some bags and boxes—no, it is the ship!—Help—hola! Boy! garçon!—ha! ha! ha!—c'est bien drôle!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

—Bon! here is the boy!—tenez—tout doucement—all r-r-r-right—pick up my head and my legs—let them go!"

The boy heaved and hauled, as the sailors say, "with a will" at the prostrate carcass; but to raise such a body on its legs was no easy task, and to keep it perpendicular was still more difficult. Long and ludicrous was the struggle, till even Sleep, who had waked in a cross temper, was compelled to smile at the awkwardness of the scramble. At last, by dint of hugging and tugging, and heaving and twisting, the good-humoured Monster, who had never ceased talking, was propped up in a corner of the cabin.

AMOUNT CARRIED OVER.

"Bon! all r-r-right!—je vous remercie infiniment—come, you shall drink some—mais, regardez—quel dommage!—there has been one—how do you call it?—quite a spill."

"Have you hurt yourself?" enquired the friend from the bed.

"Not a morsel!—Dieu merci!—sound wind and sound limb. Some grogs will make all well. Mais, parbleu, il fait grand

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

vent!" and the speaker gave a tremendous stagger, and then a plunge over the opposite table.

"By Jove, I can't stand it!" exclaimed the friend, bolting feet foremost from his berth. "He'll dash out his brains!"

"All r-r-r-right!" muttered the fat Frenchman—"let them go!"

* * * * * *

The morning after my arrival in London, my fortune afforded me another glimpse of the Jolly Foreigner. He was occupying rather more than his share of the box-seat of a long stage. The coach was on the point of starting,—the driver was buckling his reins, and the helpers stood ready to snatch the cloths from the wheelers;—the Fat Frenchman, with his lips moving, as if silently rehearsing the favourite phrase, was intently watching the progress of the buckling; and no sooner was it completed, than—anticipating the coachman, and with a gusto not to be described in print—forth rattled, as guttural as ever, the appropriate sentence—"All r-r-r-r-r-right—let them go!"

ANACREONTIC

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
Found a proper excuse or fit season,
For toasts to be honour'd, or pledges to pass,
Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason:
For hark! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
And Old Time, who his leisure to cozen,
Had finish'd the Months, like the flasks at a feast,
Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
The past Year has been pleasant and sunny;
Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
Of the *thyme* whence the bee gathers honey—
Days usher'd by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
May be wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
And been bow'd to the earth by its fury;
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently pass'd,
Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury,—
Still, fill to the Future! and join in our chime,
The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
Shout in hopes of a kindlier dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

THE BOTTLE IMP.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A POPULAR FALLACY.

It is dishonest to deprive me of my goods "against my will." It is a dead robbery to make free with my live-stock. It is felony to abstract from my dwelling-house. It is larceny to take my purse or my handkerchief, my watch or my snuff-box. It is picking and stealing to thin my apples. It is theft to walk off with my shoes or stockings. It is prigging to sneak away with a tea-spoon. It is pilfering to appropriate my tooth-pick or my loose change. It is filching to convey my hat from its peg, or my cloak from the hall. It is breach of trust to abscond with a few of my pounds, though I may have thousands still left at my banker's. But it is only a joke, forsooth, to run away with my knocker, and leave me *without a rap*.

THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS.

The Germans for Learning enjoy great repute;
But the English make *Letters* still more a pursuit;
For a Cockney will go from the banks of the Thames
To Cologne for an *O*, and to Nassau for *M's*.

RIDDLE.

Why is a shepherd like an unfortunate man?—Because he always has "a crook in his lot."

A REFLECTION.

When Eve upon the first of Men
The apple press'd with specious cant,
Oh! what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AN AIR-PUMP.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

SOME time ago a Professional Friend, who was engaged in the study of Comparative Anatomy, became desirous of dissecting a Monkey. To this end he applied at a certain Menagerie, where he selected and purchased an animal of the required species, and which he directed to be killed, and then forwarded to his residence. Accordingly the next day, he received, per Camberwell carrier, a large basket with the following genuine epistle :—

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Sir,—Wen this cums to Hand the Monkey is in the Hamper. And hope he will give Satisfaxion havin bean carefully Kild without injery to the Carcus so as to be fit for a Specimin in Nateral Histry or anytomical purpus as may be preferd.

"Me and Maples had a long consultin as to the puttin on Him to deth, and at last both concludid the most properest Way would be Hangin, becos of his striking resemblans to the Human specius. Witch was dun acording and as like a Man as possibil xcept his repetid climing up the rope with his hind legs as in course a Christian cant no how. Besides being so powerful in his lims, as obleeged me and Maples to pull at his different legs, and even then cut capers astonishin and kickt like fun. Whereby he died very Hard, and witch not bein acompanied with old close and perquisits, like other hangings, we humbly hope will be considered over and above his price as a Subject, besides the shock to feelings with a hanimal we'd bean acquainted with for so many years. Poor Jocko! Both on us can shew the old marks of his Bites.

"Sir,—Me and Maples both thort it was a grate pitty you or sum other siantificle Gentleman warnt present yourself at the Execushun to studdy his dying fizzogonomy witch showd to partickler lively effect from not havin any Cap drawed over his face like a feller cretur. Whereby you mite see every mug he cut agreable to his struggles, and as sich an advantage not to be enjoyed at the Old Bailey. Luckly he settled at last with a plesant sort of grinnin expression on his feturs, and Maples think would stuff lovely, provided you was not bent on his Skelliton. In witch case if it wood not be axing too grate a faver for me and Maples to be present at the cuttin on him up, havin knowed him so long at the Menagery it wood be a Pleasure to see the last on him and partikly his Interium wether like our own specius inside as well as out. And excusing the libberty of the hint Maples consider a Monkey must have some

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

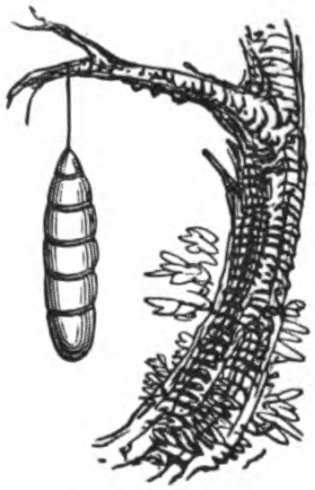
uncommon sort of Brains to stand so much swinging with there Heds downards. With witch I remane Sir

Your very Humble Servant to Command

JAMES BAYCROFT.

"P.S. If you wood like to disect a Kangeroo we have one as is open to Terms."

In spite, however, of "me and Maples," the hamper was no sooner opened than up jumped Jocko as vigorous as ever, and in a trice was jabbering in the Unknown Tongue from the top of the bookcase. In consideration of his past sufferings and his narrow escape, the poor Monkey was allowed by the Doctor to live out his natural term; but like "ill-hangit Maggie" he had always a thraw in his neck, and, from some injury to the glottis, was apt to make what his old keepers would perhaps have called "gallows faces" whilst swallowing his victuals.



"I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

A CAUTION.

BEWARE of angering a Blind Man. For he will strike you *as soon as look at you.*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"AND TELEMACHUS KNEW THAT HE BEHELD MINERVA."

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

"She tawht 'hem to sew and marke,
All manner of sylkyn werke,
Of her they were ful fayne."—*Romance of Emare.*

CHAPTER I.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ought not to travel—

"No, Sir!"

No, Madam—except on the map. There, indeed, she may skip from a blue continent to a green one—cross a pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea—land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling,—real journeying and voyaging,—oh, never, never, never!

"How, Sir! Would you deny to a Preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?"

By no means, Miss. In the summer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always—

"Well, Sir?"

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

"Ridiculous!"

Nay, Madam—consider her pretensions. She is little short of a Divinity!—Diana, without the hunting! — a modernised Minerva!—the Representative of Womanhood in all its purity! Eve, in full dress, with a finished education—a Model of Morality—a Pattern of Propriety—the Fuglewoman of her Sex! As such she must be perfect. No medium performance —no ordinary good-going, like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial—will suffice for the character. She must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own Prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind like—like——

"Pray what, Sir?"

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, Madam—a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

"A sweet pretty comparison! Well, go on, Sir."

Now, look at travelling. At the best, it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted; perhaps draggled, drenched, torn and roughcasted—and if not bodily capsized or thrown a summerset, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsyturvy. An accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life. Then she is certain to be stared at, jabbered at, may be jeered at, and poked, pushed, and hauled at, by curious or officious foreigners—to be accosted by perfect and imperfect strangers—in short, she is liable to be revolted in her taste, shocked in her religious principles, disturbed in her temper, disturbed in her dress, and deranged in her decorum. But you shall hear the sentiments of a Schoolmistress on the subject.

"Oh, a made-up letter."

No, Miss—a genuine epistle, upon my literary honour. Just look at the writing—the real copybook running-hand—not a *t* uncrossed—not an *i* undotted—not an illegitimate flourish of a letter, but each *j* and *g* and *y* turning up its tail like the pug dogs, after one regular established pattern. And pray observe her capitals. No sprawling K with a kicking leg—no troublesome W making a long arm across its neighbour, and especially no great vulgar D unnecessarily sticking out its stomach. Her H, you see, seems to have stood in the stocks, her I to have worn a backboard, and even her S is hardly allowed to be crooked.

CHAPTER II.

"PHOO! phoo! it's all banter," exclaims the Courteous Reader.

Banter be hanged! replies the Courteous Writer. But possibly, my good Sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmis-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. But no — you never can have seen that She-Mentor, stiff as starch, formal as a Dutch hedge, sensitive as a Daguerreotype, and so tall, thin, and upright, that supposing the Tree of Knowledge to have been a poplar, she was the very Dryad to have fitted it! Otherwise, remembering that unique image, all fancy and frost work—so incrusted with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a Schoolmistress was as unfit to travel—*unpacked*—as a Dresden China figure!

A NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

"Excuse, me, Sir, but is there actually such a real personage?"

Real! Are there real Natives—Real Blessings to Mothers—

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

—Real Del Monte shares, and Real Water at the Adelphi? Only call her * * * * * instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her Ex-Pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old Governess in the form with which, mixing up Grace and Gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter-puddings, or raspberry-bolsters. As thus:

"For what we are going to receive—elbows, elbows!—the Lord make us—backs in and shoulders down—truly thankful—and no chattering—amen."

CHAPTER III.

"BUT the letter, Sir, the letter——"

"Oh, I do so long," exclaims one, who would be a stout young woman, if she did not wear a pinafore, "oh, I do so long to hear how a governess writes home!"

"The professional epistle," adds a tall, thin Instructress, genteelly in at the elbows, but shabbily out at the fingers' ends, for she has only twenty pounds per annum, with five quarters in arrear.

"The schoolmistress's letter," cries a stumpy Teacher—only a helper, but looking as important as if she were an educational coachwoman, with a team of her own, some five-and-twenty skittish young animals, without blinkers, to keep straight in the road of propriety.

"The letter, Sir," chimes in a half-boarder, looking, indeed, as if she had only half-dined for the last half-year.

"Come, the letter you promised us from that paragon, Miss Crane."

That's true. Mother of the Muses, forgive me! I had forgotten my promise as utterly as if it had never been made. If

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AND NO CHATTERING—AMEN.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

any one had furnished the matter with a file and a rope-ladder it could not have escaped more clearly from my remembrance. A loose tooth could not more completely have gone out of my head. A greased eel could not more thoroughly have slipped my memory. But here is the letter, sealed with pale blue wax, and a device of the Schoolmistress's own invention—namely, a note of interrogation (?) with the appropriate motto of "an answer required." And in token of its authenticity, pray observe that the cover is duly stamped, except that of the foreign postmark only the three last letters are legible, and yet even from these one may *swear* that the missive has come from Holland; yes, as certainly as if it smelt of Dutch cheese, pickle-herrings, and Schie * * * ! But hark to Governess!

"I DO SO LONG TO HEAR HOW A GOVERNESS WRITES HOME."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:02 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

My dear Miss Parfitt,

Under the protection of a superintending Providence, we have arrived safely at this place, which as you know is a seaport in the Dutch dominions—chief city Amsterdam.

For your amusement and improvement I did hope to compose a journal of our continental progress, with such references to Guthrie and the School Atlas as might enable you to trace our course on the Map of Europe. But unexpected vicissitudes of mind and body have totally incapacitated me for the pleasing task. Some social evening hereafter I may entertain our little juvenile circle with my locomotive miseries and disagreeables; but at present my nerves and feeling are too discomposed for the correct flow of an epistolary correspondence. Indeed, from the Tower-stair to Rotterdam I have been in one universal tremor

A DUTCH STEAMER.

and perpetual blush. Such shocking scenes and positions, that make one ask twenty times a day, is this decorum?—can this be

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

morals? But I must not anticipate. Suffice it, that as regards foreign travelling it is my painful conviction, founded on personal experience, that a woman of delicacy or refinement cannot go out of England without going out of herself!

The very first step from an open boat up a windy shipside is an alarm to modesty, exposed as one is to the officious but odious attentions of the Tritons of the Thames. Nor is the steamboat itself a sphere for the preservation of self-respect. If there is any feature on which a British female prides herself, it is a correct and lady-like carriage. In that particular I quite coincide with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hannah More, and other writers on the subject. But how—let me ask—how is a dignified deportment to be maintained when one has to skip and straddle over cables, ropes, and other nautical *hors d'œuvres*—to scramble up and down impracticable stairs, and to clamber into inaccessible beds? Not to name the sudden losing one's centre of gravity, and falling into all sorts of unstudied attitudes on a sloppy and slippery deck. An accident that I may say reduces the elegant and the awkward female to the same level. You will be concerned, therefore, to learn that poor Miss Ruth had a fall, and in an unbecoming posture particularly distressing—namely, by losing her footing on the cabin flight, and coming down with a destructive launch into the steward's pantry.

For my own part, it has never happened to me within my remembrance to make a false step, or to miss a stair: there is a certain guarded carriage that preserves one from such sprawling *dénouements*—but of course what the bard calls the "poetry of motion," is not to be preserved amidst the extempore rollings of an ungovernable ship. Indeed, within the last twenty-four hours, I have had to perform feats of agility more fit for a monkey than one of my own sex and species. Par example: getting down from a bed as high as the copy-book board, and, what really is awful, with the sensation of groping about with

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

your feet and legs for a floor that seems to have no earthly existence. I may add, the cabin-door left ajar and exposing you to the gaze of an obtrusive cabin-boy, as he is called, but quite big enough for a man. Oh, *je ne jamais!*

As to the Mer Maladie, delicacy forbids the details; but as Miss Ruth says, it is the height of human degradation; and to add to the climax of our letting down, we had to give way to the most humiliating impulses in the presence of several of the rising generation—dreadfully rude little girls who had too evidently enjoyed a bad bringing-up.

To tell the truth, your poor Governess was shockingly indisposed. Not that I had indulged my appetite at dinner, being too much disgusted with a public meal in promiscuous society, and as might be expected, elbows on table, eating with knives, and even picking teeth with forks! And then no grace, which assuredly ought to be said both before and after, whether we are to retain the blessings or not. But a dinner at sea and a school dinner, where we have even our regular beef and batter days, are two very different things. Then to allude to indiscriminate conversation, a great part of which is in a foreign language, and accordingly places one in the cruel position of hearing, without understanding a word of, the most libertine

THE PALE OF CIVILISATION.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and atheistical sentiments. Indeed, I fear I have too often been smiling complacently, not to say engagingly, when I ought rather to have been flashing with virtuous indignation, or even administering the utmost severity of moral reproof. I did endeavour, in one instance, to rebuke indelicacy! but unfortunately from standing near the funnel, was smutty all the while I was talking, and as school experience confirms, it is impossible to command respect with a black on one's nose.

Another of our Cardinal Virtues, personal cleanliness, is totally impracticable on ship-board: but without particularising, I will only name a general sense of grubbiness; and as to dress, a rumpled and tumbled *tout ensemble*, strongly indicative of the low and vulgar pastime of rolling down Greenwich-hill! And then, in such a costume to land in Holland, where the natives get up linen with a perfection and purity, as Miss Ruth says, quite worthy of the primeval ages! *That*, surely is bad enough—but to have one's trunks rummaged like a suspected menial—to see all the little secrets of the toilette, and all the mysteries of a female wardrobe exposed to the searching gaze of a male official —O, shocking! shocking!

In short, my dear, it is my candid impression, as regards foreign travelling, that except for a masculine tallyhoying female of the Di Vernon genus, it is hardly adapted to our sex. Of this at least I am certain, that none but a born romp and hoydon, or a girl accustomed to those new-fangled pulley-hauley exercises, the Calisthenics, is fitted for the boisterous evolutions of a sea-voyage. And yet there are creatures calling themselves Women, not to say Ladies, who will undertake such long marine passages as to Bombay in Asia, or New York, in the New World! Consult Arrowsmith for the geographical degrees.

Affection, however, demands the sacrifice of my own personal feelings, as my Reverend Parent and my Sister are still inclined to prosecute a Continental Tour. I forgot to tell you that during

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the voyage, Miss Ruth endeavoured to *parlez Français* with some of the foreign ladies, but as they did not understand her, they must all have been Germans.

My paper warns to conclude. I rely on your superintending vigilance for the preservation of domestic order in my absence. The horticultural department I need not recommend to your care, knowing your innate partiality for the offspring of Flora—and the dusting of the fragile ornaments in the drawing-room you will assuredly not trust to any hands but your own. Blinds down of course—the front-gate locked regularly at 5 P.M.—and I must particularly beg of your musical *penchant* a total abstinence on Sundays from the pianoforte. And now adieu. The Reverend T. C. desires his compliments to you, and Miss Ruth adds her kind regards, with which believe me,

My dear Miss Parfitt,

Your affectionate Friend and Preceptress,

PRISCILLA CRANE.

P.S.—I have just overheard a lady describing, with strange levity, an adventure that befell her at Cologne. A foreign post-man invading her sleeping-apartment, and not only delivering a letter to her on her pillow, but actually staying to receive his money, and to give her the change! And she laughed and called him her *Bed Post!* Fi donc! Fi donc!

CHAPTER IV.

WELL—there is the letter—

"And a very proper letter too," remarks a retired Seminarian, Mrs. Grove House, a faded, demure-looking old lady, with a set face so like wax, that any strong emotion would have cracked it to pieces. And never, except on a doll, was there a face with such a miniature set of features, or so crowned with a chaplet of little string-coloured curls.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"A proper letter!—what with all that fuss about delicacy and decorum!"

Yes, Miss. At least proper for the character. A Schoolmistress is a prude by profession. She is bound on her reputation to detect improprieties, even as he is the best lawyer who discovers the most flaws. It is her cue, where she cannot find an indecorum, to imagine it;—just as a paid Spy is compelled, in a dearth of High Treason, to invent a conspiracy. In fact, it was our very Miss Crane who poked out an objection, of which no other woman would have dreamt, to those little button-mushrooms called Pages. She would not keep one, she said, for his weight in gold.

"But they are all the rage," said Lady A.

"Everybody has one," said Mrs. B.

"They are so showy!" said Mrs. C.

"And so interesting!" lisped Miss D.

"And so useful!" suggested Miss E.

"I would rather part with half my servants," declared Lady A, "than with my handsome Cherubino!"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Miss Crane, with a gesture of the most profound acquiescence. "But if *I* were a married woman, I would not have such a boy about me for the world—no, not for the whole terrestrial globe. A Page is unquestionably very *à la mode*, and very dashing, and very pretty, and may be very useful—but to have a youth about one, so beautifully dressed, and so indulged, not to say pampered, and yet not exactly treated as one of the family—I should certainly expect that everybody would take him——"

"For what, pray, what?"

"Why, for *a natural son in disguise*."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER V.

But to return to the Tour.—

It is a statistical fact, that since 1814 an unknown number of persons, bearing an indefinite proportion to the gross total of the population of the British empire, have been more or less "abroad." Not politically, or metaphysically, or figuratively, but literally out of the kingdom, or, as it is called, in foreign parts.

In fact, no sooner was the Continent *opened* to us by the Peace, than there was a general rush towards the mainland. An Alarmist, like old Croaker, might have fancied that some of our

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER——"

disaffected Merthyr Tydvil miners or underminers were scuttling the Island, so many of the natives scuttled out of it. The outlandish secretaries, who sign passports, had hardly leisure to take snuff.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It was good however for trade. Carpet-bags and portmanteaus rose one hundred per cent. All sorts of Guide-books and Journey Works went off like wildfire, and even Sir Humphry Davy's "Consolations in Travel" was in strange request. Servants, who had "no objection to go abroad" were snapped up like fortunes—and as to hard-riding "Curriers,"—there was nothing like leather.

It resembled a geographical panic—and of all the Country and Banks in Christendom, never was there such a run as on the Banks of the Rhine. You would have thought that they

BARELY CIVIL.

were going to break all to smash—of course making away beforehand with their splendid furniture, unrivalled pictures, and capital cellar of wines! However, off flew our countrymen and countrywomen, like migrating swallows, but at the wrong time

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of year; or rather like shoals of salmon, striving up, up, up against the stream, except to spawn Tours and Reminiscences, hard and soft, instead of roe. And would that they were going up, up, up still—for when they came down again, Ods, Jobs, and patent Grizels! how they did *bore* and *Germanise* us, like so many flutes.

It was impossible to go into Society without meeting units, tens, hundreds, thousands of Rhenish Tourists—travellers in Ditchland, and in Deutchland. People who had seen Nimagen and Nim-Again—who had been at Cologne, and at Koëln, and at Colon—at Cob-Longs and Coblence—at Swang Gwar and at Saint Go-er—at Bonn—at Bone—and at Bong!

Then the airs they gave themselves over the untravelled! How they bothered them with Bergs, puzzled them with Bads, deafened them with Dorfs, worried them with Heims, and pelted them with Steins! How they looked down upon them, as if from Ehrenbreitstein, because they had not eaten a German sausage in Germany, sour krout in its own country, and drunk seltzer water at the fountain-head! What a donkey they deemed him who had not been to Assmanshausen—what a cockney who had not seen a Rat's Castle besides the one in St. Giles's! He was, as it were, in the kitchen of society, for to go "up the Rhine," was to go up stairs!

Now this very humiliation was felt by Miss Crane; and the more that in her establishment for Young Ladies she was the Professor of Geography, and the Use of the Globes. Moreover, several of her pupils had made the trip with their parents during the vacations, and treated the travelling part of the business so lightly, that in a rash hour the Schoolmistress determined to go abroad. Her junior sister, Miss Ruth, gladly acceded to the scheme, and so did their only remaining parent, a little, sickly, querulous man, always in black, being some sort of dissenting minister, as the "young ladies" knew to their cost, for they

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

had always to mark his new shirts, in cross-stitch, with the Reverend T. C. and the number—"the Reverend" at full length.

Accordingly, as soon as the Midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes,—I don't know what luggage, except that for each of the party there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

"And pray, Sir, how far did your Schoolmistress mean to go?"

To Gotha, Madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic—nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe—not to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museum—nor to purchase an "Almanach de Gotha," nor even because His Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Gotha, was the Husband Elect of our Gracious Queen.

"Then what for, in the name of patience?"

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what colour and shades she pleased.

CHAPTER VI.

"Now of all things," cries a Needlewoman—one of those to whom Parry alludes in his comic song of "Berlin Wool"—"I should like to know what pattern the Schoolmistress meant to work!"

And so would say anyone—for no doubt it would have been a pattern for the whole sex. All I know is, that she once worked a hearthrug, with a yellow animal, couchant, on a green ground, that was intended for a panther in a jungle: and to do justice to the performance, it was really not so very unlike a carroty-cat in a bed of spinach. But the face was a dead failure. It was not in the gentlewomanly nature, nor indeed consistent with the professional principles of Miss Crane, to let a wild, rude, ungovernable creature go out of her hands; and accord-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ingly the feline physiognomy came from her fingers as round, and mild, and innocent as that of a Baby. In vain she added whiskers to give ferocity—'twas a Baby still—and though she put a circle of fiery red around each staring ball, still, still it was a mild, innocent Baby—but with very sore eyes.

And besides the hearthrug, she embroidered a chair-cushion, for a seat devoted to her respectable parent—a pretty, ornithological design—so that when the Reverend T. C. wanted to sit, there was ready for him a little bird's-nest, with a batch of speckled eggs.

And moreover, besides the chair-bottom——but, in short, between ourselves, there was so much *Fancy* work done at Lebanon House, that there was no time for any *real*.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER VII.

THERE are two Newingtons, Butts and Stoke;—but the last has the advantage of a little village-green, on the north side of which stands a large brick-built, substantial mansion, in the comfortable old Elizabethan livery, maroon-colour, picked out with white. It was anciently the residence of a noble family, whose crest, a deer's head, carved in stone, formerly ornamented each pillar of the front gate: but some later proprietor has removed the aristocratical emblems, and substituted two great white balls, that look like petrified Dutch cheeses, or the ghosts of the Celestial and Terrestrial Globes. The house, nevertheless, would still seem venerable enough, but that over the old panelled door, as if taking advantage of the fanlight, there sit, night and day, two very modern plaster of Paris little boys, reading and writing with all their might. Girls, however, would be more appropriate; for, just under the first floor windows, a large board intimates, in tarnished gold letters, that the mansion is "Lebanon House, Establishment for Young Ladies. By the Misses Crane." Why it should be called Lebanon House appears a mystery, seeing that the building stands not on a mountain, but in a flat: but the truth is, that the name was bestowed in allusion to a remarkably fine Cedar, which traditionally stood in the fore court, though long since cut down as a tree, and cut up in lead pencils.

The front gate is carefully locked, the hour being later than 5 P. M., and the blinds are all down—but if anyone could peep through the short Venetians next the door, on the right hand, into the Music Parlour, he would see Miss Parfitt herself stealthily playing on the grand piano (for it is Sunday) but with no more sound than belongs to that tuneful whisper commonly called "the ghost of a whistle." But let us pull the bell.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Sally, are the ladies at home?"

"Lawk! Sir!—why haven't you heard? Miss Crane and Miss Ruth are a-pleasuring on a Tower up the Rind—and the Reverend Mr. C. is enjoying hisself in Germany along with them."

* * * * *

Alas! poor Sally! Alas! for poor short-sighted human nature!

"Why in the name of all that's anonymous, what is the matter?"

Lies! lies! lies! But it is impossible for Truth, the pure Truth, to exist, save with Omnipresence and Omniscience. As for mere mortals, they must daily vent falsehoods in spite of themselves. Thus at the very moment, while Sally was telling us—but let Truth herself correct the Errata.

For—"The Reverend Mr. C. enjoying himself in Germany—"

Read—"*Writhing with spasms in a miserable Prussian inn.*"

For—"Miss Crane and Miss Ruth a-pleasuring on a Tour up the Rhine—"

Read—"*Wishing themselves home again with all their hearts and souls.*"

"AND BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SINGLE HAIR."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:03 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a grievous case!

After all the troubles of the Reverend T. C. by sea and land —his perplexities with the foreign coins at Rotterdam—with the passports at Nimeguen—with the Douane at Arnheim—and with the Speise-Karte at Cologne——

To be taken ill, poor gentleman, with his old spasms, in such a place as the road between Todberg and Grabheim, six good miles at least from each, and not a decent inn at either! And in such weather too—unfit for anything with the semblance of humanity to be abroad—a night in which a Christian farmer would hardly have left out his scarecrow!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The groans of the sufferer were pitiable—but what could be done for his relief? on a blank desolate common without a house in sight—no, not a hut! His afflicted daughters could only try to soothe him with words, vain words—assuasive perhaps of mental pains, but as to any discourse arresting a physical ache,—you might as well take a pin to pin a bull with. Besides, the poor women wanted comforting themselves. Gracious Heaven! Think of two single females, with a sick, perhaps an expiring parent—shut up in a hired coach, on a stormy night, in a foreign land—ay, in one of its dreariest places. The sympathy of a third party, even a stranger, would have been some support to them, but all they could get by their most earnest appeals to the driver was a couple of unintelligible syllables.

If they had only possessed a cordial—a flask of *eau de vie!* Such a thing had indeed been proposed and prepared, but alas! Miss Crane had wilfully left it behind. To think of Propriety producing such a travelling accompaniment as a brandy-bottle was out of the question. You might as well have looked for claret from a pitcher-plant!

In the meantime the sick man continued to sign and moan—his two girls could feel him twisting about between them.

"Oh, my poor dear papa!" murmured Miss Crane, for she did not "father" him even in that extremity. Then she groped again despairingly in her bag for the smelling-bottle, but only found instead of it an article she had brought along with her, Heaven knows why, into Germany—the French mark!

"Oh—ah—ugh!—hah!" grumbled the sufferer, "Am I—to—die—on—the road?"

"Is he to die on the road?" repeated Miss Crane through the front window to the coachman, but with the same result as before; namely, two words in the unknown tongue.

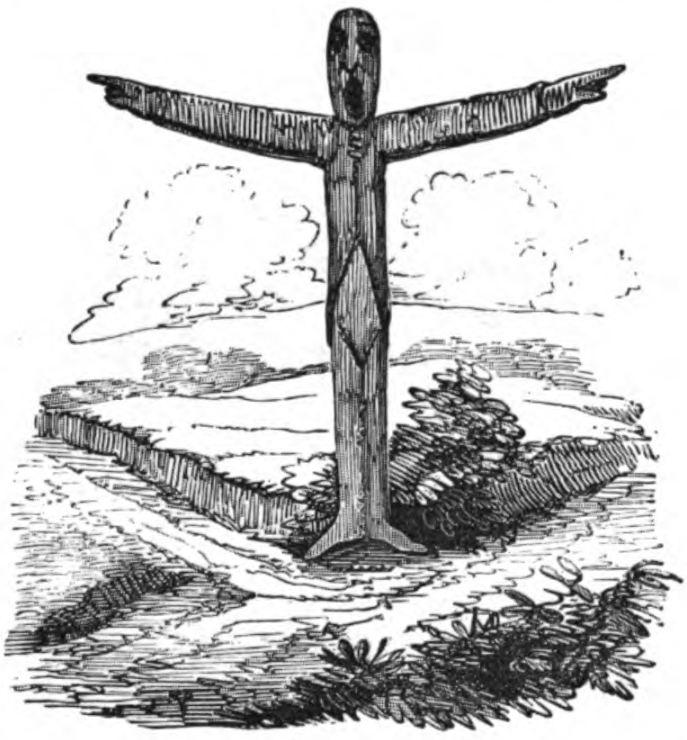
"Ruth, what is *yar vole?*"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Ruth shook her head in the dark.

"If he would only drive faster!" exclaimed Miss Crane, and again she talked through the front window. "My good man—" *(Gefällig?)* "Ruth, what's gefallish?" But Miss Ruth was as much in the dark as ever. "Do, do, do, make haste to somewhere—" *(Ja wohl!)* That phlegmatic driver would drive her crazy!

Poor Miss Crane! Poor Miss Ruth! Poor Reverend T. C.! My heart bleeds for them—and yet they must remain perhaps for a full hour to come in that miserable condition. But no—hark—that guttural sound which like a charm arrests every horse in Germany as soon as uttered—"Burr-r-r-r-r!"



RODE'S VARIATIONS.

The coach stops; and looking out on her own side through the rain Miss Crane perceives a low dingy door, over which by help of a lamp she discovers a white board, with some great

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

black fowl painted on it, and a word underneath that to her English eyes suggests a difficulty in procuring fresh eggs. Whereas the Adler, instead of addling, hatches brood after brood every year, till the number is quite wonderful, of little red and black eagles.

However, the Royal Bird receives the distressed travellers under its wing; but my pen, though a steel one, shrinks from the labour of scrambling and hoisting them from the Lohn Kutsch into the Gast Haus.

In plump, there they are—in the best inn's best room, yet not a whit preferable to the last chamber that lodged the "great Villiers." But hark! they whisper,

Gracious powers! Ruth!
Gracious powers! Priscilla! } What a wretched hole!

O LIST UNTO MY TALE OF WOE!

CHAPTER IX.

I TAKE it for granted that no English traveller would willingly lay up—unless particularly *inndisposed*—at an Inn. Still less at a German one; and least of all at a Prussian public-house, in a rather private Prussian village. To be far from well, and far from well lodged—to be ill, and ill attended—to be poorly, and poorly fed—to be in a bad way, and a bad bed—But let us pull up, with ideal reins, an imaginary nag, at such

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

an outlandish Hostelrie, and take a peep at its "Entertainment for Man and Horse."

Bur-r-r-r-r-rrrr!

The nag stops as if charmed—and as cool and comfortable as a cucumber—at least till it is peppered—for your German is so tender of his beast that he would hardly allow his greyhound to *turn a hair*—

Now then, for a shout; and remember that in Kleinewinkel, it will serve just as well to cry "Boxkeeper!" as "Ostler!" but look, there is some one coming from the inn-door.

'Tis Katchen herself—with her bare head, her bright blue gown, her scarlet apron—and a huge rye loaf under her left arm. Her right hand grasps a knife. How plump and pleasant she looks! and how kindly she smiles at everybody, including the horse! But see—she stops, and shifts the position of the loaf. She presses it—as if to sweeten its sourness—against her soft palpitating bosom, the very hemisphere that holds her maiden heart. And now she begins to cut—or rather haggle—for the knife is blunt, and the bread is hard; but she works with good will, and still hugging the loaf closer and closer to her comely self, at last severs a liberal slice from

HEADS OF THE SAXONS.

the mass. Nor is she content to merely give it to her client, but holds it out with her own hand to be eaten, till the last morsel is taken from among her ruddy fingers by the lips——

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of a sweet little chubby urchin?—no—of our big, bony, iron-gray post-horse!

Now then, Courteous Reader, let us step into the Stube, or Travellers' Room; and survey the fare, and the accommodation prepared for us bipeds. Look at that bare floor—and that dreary stove—and those smoky dingy walls—and for a night's lodging, yonder wooden trough—far less desirable than a shake-down of clean straw.

Then for the victualling, pray taste that Pythagorean soup—and that drowned beef—and the rotten pickle-cabbage—and those terrible Hog-Cartridges—and that lump of white soap, flavoured with caraways, *alias* ewe-milk cheese—

And now just sip that Essigberger, sharp and sour enough to provoke the "dura ilia Messorum" into an Iliac Passion—and the terebinthine Krug Bier! Would you not rather dine at the cheapest ordinary at one, with all its niceties and nastities, plain cooked in a London cellar? And for a night's rest would you not sooner seek a bed in the Bedford Nursery? So much for the "Entertainment for Man and horse"—a clear proof, ay, as clear as the Author's own proof, with the date under his own hand——

Of what, Sir?

Why that Dean Swift's visit to Germany—if ever he did visit Germany—must have been prior to his inditing the Fourth Voyage of Captain Lemuel Gulliver,—namely to the Land of the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos, where the horses were better boarded and lodged than mankind.

CHAPTER X.

To return to the afflicted trio—the horrified Miss Crane, the desolate Ruth, and the writhing Reverend T. C.—in the small, sordid, smoky, dark, dingy, dirty, musty, fusty, dusty best room at the Adler. The most miserable "party in a parlour——"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"'Twas their own faults!" exclaims a shadowy Personage, with peculiarly hard features—and yet not harder than they need to be, considering against how many things, and how violently she sets her face. But when did Prejudice ever look prepossessing? Never—since the French wore shoes *à la Dryade!*

"'Twas their own faults," she cries, "for going abroad. Why couldn't they stay comfortably at home, at Laburnam House?"

"Lebanon, Ma'am."

"Well, Lebanon. Or they might have gone up the Wye, or up the Thames. I hate the Rhine. What business had they in Prussia? And of course they went through Holland. I hate flats!"

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Nevertheless, Madam, I have visited each of those countries, and have found much to admire in both. For example——"

"Oh, pray don't! I hate to hear you say so. I hate every body who doesn't hate every thing foreign."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Possibly, Madam, you have never been abroad?"

"Oh, yes! I once went over to Calais—and have hated myself ever since. I hate the Continent!"

"For what reason, Madam?"

"Pshaw! I hate to give reasons. I hate the Continent—because it is so large."

"Then you would, perhaps, like one of the Hebrides?"

"No—I hate the Scotch. But what has that to do with your Schoolmistress abroad?—I hate governesses—and her Reverend sick father with his ridiculous spasms—I hate Dissenters—They are not High Church."

"Nay, my dear Madam, you are getting a little uncharitable."

"Charity! I hate its name. It's a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we don't hate the others? As the Corsair says,

"My very love to thee is hate to them."

"But I hate Byron."

"As a man, Ma'am, or as an author?"

"Both. But I hate all authors—except Dr. Johnson."

"True—he liked a 'good hater.'"

"Well, Sir, and if he did! He was quite in the right, and I hate that Lord Chesterfield for quizzing him. But he was only a lord among wits. Oh, how I hate the aristocracy!"

"You do, Madam!"

"Yes—they have such prejudices. And then they are so fond of going abroad. Nothing but going to Paris, Rome, Naples, Old Jerusalem, and New York—I hate the Americans—don't you?"

"Why, really, Madam, your superior discernment and nice taste may discover national bad qualities that escape less vigilant observers."

"Phoo, phoo—I hate flummery. You know as well as I do what an American is called—and if there's one name I hate more

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

than another, it's Jonathan. But to go back to Germany, and those that go there. Talk of Pilgrims of the Rhine!—I hate that Bulwer. Yes, they set out, indeed, like Pilgrim's Progress, and see Lions and Beautiful Houses, and want Interpreters, and spy at Delectable Mountains—but there it ends; for what with queer caps and outlandish blouses—I hate smock-frocks—they come back hardly like Christians. There's my own husband, Mr. P.—I quite hate to see him!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes—I hate to cast my eyes on him. He hasn't had his hair cut these twelvemonths—I hate long hair—and when he shaves he leaves two little black tails on his upper lip, and another on his chin, as if he was real ermine."

"A moustache, Madam, is in fashion."

"Yes, and a beard, too, like a Rabbi—but I hate Jews. And then Mr. P. has learnt to smoke—I hate smoke—I hate tobacco—and I hate to be called a Frow—and to be spun round and round till I am as sick as a dog—for I hate waltzing. Then don't he stink the whole house with decayed cabbage for his sour krout—I hate German cookery—and will have oiled melted butter because they can't help it abroad?—and there's nothing so hateful as oiled butter. What next? Why, he won't drink my home-made wine—at least if I don't call it Hock, or Rude-something,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and give it him in a green glass. I hate such nonsense. As for conversing, whatever we begin upon, if it's Harfordshire, he's sure to get at last to the tiptop of Herring-Brightshine—I hate such rambling. But that's not half so hateful as his Monomanium."

"His what, Madam?"

"Why his hankering so after suicide (I *do* hate Charlotte and Werter), that one can't indulge in the least tiff but he threatens to blow out his brains!"

"Seriously?"

"Seriously, Sir. I hate joking. And then there are his horrid noises; for since he was in Germany, he fancies that every body must be musical—I hate such wholesale notions—and so sings all day long, without a good note in his voice. So much for Foreign Touring! But pray go on, Sir, with the story of your Schoolmistress Abroad. I hate suspense."

CHAPTER XI.

Now the exclamation of Miss Crane—"Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!"—was not a single-horse power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the Adler convinced her that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from Home. That is to say, it was about as distant as the Earth from the Moon. And truly had she been transferred, no matter how, to that Planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less discon-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

certed. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort

INN-CLEMENCY.

or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no Cook—no John to send for the Doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful "Gefallig" or "Ja Wohl" and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the meantime, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good of course: but what else was to be done? In fact they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his Floor-cloth Manufactory by mistake for the Hospital.

The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made,—for fear it should be wrong, and accordingly whenever he attempted to lean towards the right side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

"Der Herr," said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward—"Der Herr ist sehr krank."

A STITCH IN TIME.

The last word had occurred so frequently, on the organ of the Schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know?" retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low, slow, sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she *could* do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

Or netted him a silk purse—
Or plaited him a guard-chain—
Or cut him out a watch-paper—
Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—
Or embroidered his waistcoat—
Or worked him a pair of slippers—
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary— have rough-casted him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—
Or encrusted him with blue alum—
Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—
Or festooned him——

But alas! alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses!

CHAPTER XII.

"MERCY on me!"

[N.B. Not on Me, the Author, but on a little dwarfish, "smooth-legged Bantam" of a woman, with a sharp nose, a shrewish mouth, and a pair of very active black eyes—and withal as brisk and bustling in her movements as any Partlet with ten chicks of her own, and six adopted ones from another hen.]

"Mercy on me! Why the poor gentleman would die while them lumpish foreigners and his two great helpless daughters were looking on! As for that Miss Priscilla—she's like a born idiot. Fancywork him, indeed! I've no patience

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

—as if with all her Berlin wools and patterns, she could fancywork him into a picture of health. Why didn't he think of something comforting for his inside, instead of embellishing his out-—something as would agree, in lieu of filagree, with his case? A little good hot brandy-and-water with a grate of ginger, or some nice red-wine negus with nutmeg and toast—and then get him to bed, and send off for the doctor. I'll warrant if I'd been there, I'd have unspasm'd him in no time. I'd have whipped off his shoes and stockings, and had his poor feet in hot water afore he knew where he was."

There can be no doubt, Ma'am, of the warmth of your humanity.

A BURGOMASTER.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Warmth! it's every thing. I'd have just given him a touch of the warming-pan, and then smothered him in blankets. Stick him all over with little roses! stuff and nonsense—stick him into his grave at once! Miss Crane? Miss Goose, rather. A poor helpless Sawne! I wonder what women come into the world for, if it isn't to be good nusses. For my part, if he had been my sick father, I'd have had him on his legs again in a jiffy—and then he might have got crusty with blue alum or whatever else he preferred."

A BURGOMISTRESS.

"But Madam—"

"Such perfect apathy! Needlework and embroidery, forsooth!"

"But Madam—"

"To have a dying parent before her eyes—and think of nothing but trimming his jacket!"

"But—"

"A pretty Schoolmistress, truly, to set such an example to the rising generation! As if she couldn't have warmed him a soft flanning! or given him a few Lavender Drops, or even got down a little real Turkey or calcined Henry."

"Of course, Madam—or a little Moxon. And in regard to Conchology."

"Conk what?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Or as to Chronology. Could you have supplied the Patient with a few prominent dates?"

"Dates! what those stony things—for a spasmodic stomach"

"Are you really at home in Arrowsmith?"

"You mean Arrow-root."

"Are you an adept in Butler's Exercises?"

"What, drawing o' corks?"

"Could you critically examine him in his parts of speech—the rudiments of his native tongue?"

"To be sure I could. And if it was white and furry, there's fever."

"Are you acquainted, Madam, with Lindley Murray?"

"Why no—I can't say I am. My own medical man is Mr. Prodgers."

"In short, could you prepare a mind for refined intellectual intercourse in future life, with a strict attention to religious duties?"

"Prepare his mind — religious duties? — Phoo, phoo! he warn't come to that!"

"Excuse me, I mean to ask, Ma'am, whether you consider yourself competent to instruct Young Ladies in all those branches of knowledge and female accomplishments——"

"Me! What, me keep a 'Cademy? Why, I've hardly had any edecation myself, but was accomplished in three quarters and a bit over. Lor bless you, Sir! I should be as much at sea, as a finishing-off Governess, as a bear in a boat!"

Exactly, Madam. And just as helpless, useless, and powerless as you would be in a school-room, even so helpless, useless, and powerless was Miss Crane whenever she happened to be out of one. — Yea, as utterly flabbergasted when out of her own element, as a Jelly Fish on Brighton beach!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER XIII.

RELIEF at last!

It was honest Hans the hired Coachman, with a glass of something in his hand, which after a nod towards the invalid, to signify the destination of the dose, he held out to Miss Priscilla, at the same time uttering certain gutturals, as if asking her approval of the prescription.

"Ruth—what is Snaps?"

"Take it and smell it," replied Miss Ruth, still with some asperity, as if annoyed at the imbecility of her senior: but secretly worried by her own deficiency in the tongues. The truth is, that the native who taught French with the Parisian accent at Lebanon House, the Italian Mistress in the Prospectus,

THE NICK OF TIME.

and Miss Ruth who professed English Grammar and Poetry, were all one and the same person: not to name a lady, not so distinctly put forward, who was supposed to know a little of the language which is spoken at Berlin. Hence her annoyance.

"I think," said Miss Priscilla, holding the wine-glass at a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

discreet distance from her nose, and rather prudishly sniffing the liquor, "it appears to me that it is some sort of foreign G."

So saying, she prepared to return the dram to the kindly Kutscher, but her professional delicacy instinctively shrinking from too intimate contact with the hand of the strange man, she contrived to let go of the glass a second or two before he got hold of it, and the Schnapps fell, with a crash, to the ground. The introduction of the cordial had, however, served to direct the mind of Miss Ruth to the propriety of procuring some refreshment for the sufferer. He certainly ought to have something, she said, for he was getting quite faint. What the something ought to be was a question of more difficulty—but the scholastic memory of Miss Priscilla at last supplied a suggestion.

"What do you think, Ruth, of a little horehound tea?"

"Well, ask for it," replied Ruth, not indeed from any faith in the efficacy of the article, but because it was as likely to be obtained for the asking for—in English — as anything else. And truly, when Miss Crane made the experiment, the Germans, one and all, man and woman, shook their heads at the remedy, but seemed unanimously to recommend a certain something else.

"Ruth—what is forstend nix?"

But Ruth was silent.

"They all appear to think very highly of it, however," continued Miss Priscilla, "and I should like to know where to find it."

"It will be in the kitchen, if any where," said Miss Ruth, while the invalid—whether from a fresh access of pain, or only at the tantalising nature of the discussion—gave a low groan.

"My poor dear papa! He will sink—he will perish from exhaustion!" exclaimed the terrified Miss Priscilla; and with a desperate resolution, quite foreign to her nature, she volunteered on the forlorn hope, and snatching up a candle, made her way without thinking of the impropriety into the strange kitchen.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

The housewife and her maid slowly followed the Schoolmistress, and whether from national phlegm or intense curiosity, or both together, offered neither help nor hindrance to the foreign lady, but stood by, and looked on at her operations.

And here be it noted, in order to properly estimate the difficulties which lay in her path, that the governess had no distinct recollection of having ever been in a kitchen in the course of her

"FOR BETTER OR WORSE."

life. It was a Terra Incognita—a place of which she literally knew less than of Japan. Indeed, the laws, customs, ceremonies, mysteries and utensils of the kitchen were more strange to her than those of the Chinese. For aught she knew the cook herself was the dresser; and a rolling pin might have a head at one end and a sharp point at the other. The Jack, according to Natural History, was a fish. The flour-tub, as Botany suggested, might contain an orange-tree, and the range might be that of the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"IT'S PASTE—COMMON PASTE."

Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Barometer. As to the culinary works, in which almost every female dabbles, she had never dipped into one of them, and knew no more how to boil an egg than if she had been the hen that laid it, or the cock that cackled over it. Still a natural turn for the art, backed by a good bright fire, might have surmounted her rawness.

But Miss Crane was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporise Flint Broth—and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole Midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

"Pah! puh! poof—phew! chut!" spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. "It's paste—common paste!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Poor Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a Statue of Disappointment, she would have served for its model. It would have melted an Iron Master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself, mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the refreshment of a sick parent, was only fit for—what?—Why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill sticker?

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Dearly as she rated her professional accomplishments and acquirements, I verily believe that at that cruel moment she would have given up all her consummate skill in Fancy Work, to have known how to make a basin of gruel! Proud as she was of her embroidery, she would have exchanged her cunning in it for that of the plainest cook,—for oh! of what avail her Tent Stitch, Chain Stitch, German Stitch, or Satin Stitch, to relieve or soothe a suffering father, afflicted with back stitch, front stitch, side stitch, and cross stitch into the bargain?

Nay, of what use was her solider knowledge?—for example, in History, Geography, Botany, Conchology, Geology, and Astronomy? Of what effect was it that she knew the scientific names for coal and slate, — or what comfort that she could tell him how many stars there are in Cassiopeia's Chair whilst he was twisting with agony on a hard wooden one?

"It's no use *talking!*" exclaimed Miss Ruth, *after a long silence*, "we must have medical advice."

But how to obtain it? To call in even an apothecary, one must call in his own language, and the two sisters between them did not possess German enough, High or Low, to call for a Doctor's boy. The hint, however, was not lost on the Reverend T. C., who, with a perversity not unusual, seemed to think that he could diminish his own sufferings by inflicting pain on those about him. Accordingly, he no sooner overheard the wish for a Doctor, than with renewed moanings and contortions he muttered the name of a drug that he felt sure would relieve him. But the physic was as difficult to procure as the physician. In vain Miss Ruth turned in succession to the Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, and to each separately repeated the word "Ru-bub." The Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, only shook their heads in concert, and uttered in chorus the old "forstend nicht."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Oh, I *do* wish," exclaimed Miss Crane, with a tone and a gesture of the keenest self-reproach, "how I *do* wish that I had brought Buchan's Domestic Medicine abroad with me, instead of Thomson's Seasons!"

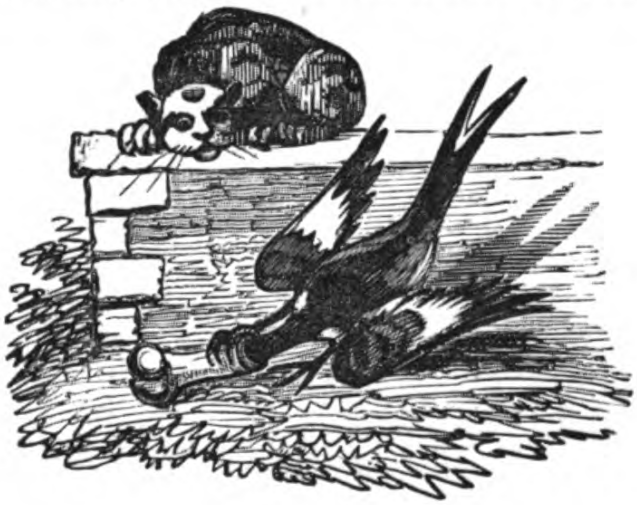
"And of what use would that have been without the medicine-chest?" asked Miss Ruth; "for I don't pretend to write prescriptions in German."

"That's very true," said Miss Crane, with a long deep sigh—whilst the sick man, from pain or wilfulness, Heaven alone knew which—gave a groan, so terrific that it startled even the phlegmatic Germans.

"My papa!—my poor dear papa!" shrieked the agitated governess; and with some confused notions of a fainting-fit—for he had closed his eyes,—and still conscious of a cup in her hand, though not of its contents, she chucked the paste — that twice unfortunate paste!—into the face of her beloved parent!

CHAPTER XV.

"AND serve him right, too!" cries the little smart bantam-like woman already introduced to the Courteous Reader. "An



"IN FOR IT!"

old good-for-nothing! to sham worse than he was, and play on the tender feelings of two affectionate daughters! I'd have

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

pasted him myself if he had been fifty fathers! Not that I think a bit the better of that Miss Crane, who after all, did not do it on purpose. She's as great a gawky as ever. To think with all her schooling she couldn't get a doctor fetched for the old gentleman!"

"But, my dear Madam, she was ignorant of the language."

"Ignorant of fiddlesticks! How do the deaf and dumb people do? If she couldn't talk to the Germans she might have made signs."

Impossible! Pray remember that Miss Crane was a schoolmistress, and of the *ancien régime*, in whose code all face-making, posturing, and gesticulations, were high crimes and misdemeanors. Many a little Miss Gubbins or Miss Wiggins she had punished with an extra task, if not with the rod itself, for nodding, winking, or talking with their fingers; and is it likely that she would personally have had recourse to signs and signals for which she had punished her pupils with such severity? Do you think that with *her* rigid notions of propriety, and *her* figure, she would ever have stooped to what she would have called buffoonery?

TALES FROM THE GERMAN.

"Why to be sure, if you haven't high-coloured her picture she is starched and frumpish enough, and only fit for a place among the wax-work!"

And besides, supposing physiognomical expression as well as gesticulation to be included in sign-making, this Silent Art requires study and practice, and a peculiar talent! Pray did you ever see Grimaldi?

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"What Joey! Did I ever see Lonnon! Did I ever go to the Wells!"

O rare Joe Grimaldi! Great as was my admiration of the genius of that inimitable clown, never, never did it rise to its true pitch till I had been cast all abroad in a foreign country without any knowledge of its language! To the richness of his fun—to his wonderful agility—to his unique singing and his grotesque dancing, I perhaps had done ample justice—but never, till I had broken down in fifty pantomimical attempts of my own—nay, in twice fifty experiments in dumb show—did I properly appreciate his extraordinary power of making himself understood without being on speaking terms with his company. His performance was never, like mine, an Acted Riddle. A living Telegraph, he never failed in conveying his intelligence, but signalled it with such distinctness, that his meaning was visible to the dullest capacity.

THE JUGGLER.

"And your own attempts in the line, Sir?"

Utter failures. Often and often have I gone through as many physical manœuvres as the Englishman in "Rabelais," who argued by signs; but constantly without explaining my meaning, and consequently without obtaining my object. From all which, my dear Madam, I have derived this moral, that he who visits a foreign country, without knowing the language, ought to be prepared beforehand either to act like a Clown, or to look like a Fool.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a good-natured act of honest Hans the Coachman—and especially after the treatment of his Schnapps—but seeing the Englishers at a dead lock, and partly guessing at the cause of their distress—he quietly went to the stable, saddled one of his own horses, and rode off in quest of a medical man. Luckily he soon met with the personage he wanted, whom with great satisfaction he ushered into the little, dim, dirty parlour at the Black Eagle, and introduced, as well as he could, to the Foreigners in Distress.

Now the Physician who regularly visited at Lebanon House was, of course, one of the old school; and in correctness of costume and professional formality was scarcely inferior to the immaculate lady who presided over that establishment. There was no mistaking him, like some modern practitioners, for a merchant or a man about town. He was as carefully made up as a prescription—and between the customary sables, and a Chesterfieldian courtesy, appeared as a doctor of the old school always used to do—like a piece of sticking-plaster—black, polished, and healing.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

Judge then of the horror and amazement of the Schoolmistress, when she saw before her a great clumsy-built M.D.,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

enveloped in a huge gray cloak, with a cape that fell below his elbows, and his head covered with what she had always understood was a jockey-cap!

"Gracious Heaven!—why, he's a horse-doctor!"

"Doctor?—ja wohl," said Hans, with a score of affirmative little nods; and then he added the professional grade of the party, which happened to be one of a most uncouth sound to an English ear.

"Ruth, what's a medicine rat?"

"Lord knows," answered Miss Ruth; "the language is as barbarous as the people!"

In the mean time the Medicin Rath threw off his huge cloak and displayed a costume equally at variance with Miss Crane's notions of the proper uniform of his order. No black coat, no black smalls, no black silk stockings—why, any undertaker in London would have looked more like a doctor! His coat was a bright brown frock, his waistcoat as gay and variegated as her own favourite parterre of larkspurs, and his trowsers of plum colour! Of her own accord she would not have called him in to a juvenile chicken-pock or a nettlerash—and there he was to to treat full-grown spasms in an adult!

"Je suis médecin, Monsieur, à votre service," said the stranger, in French more guttural than nasal, and with a bow to the sick gentleman.

"Mais, docteur," hastily interposed Miss Ruth, "vous êtes un docteur à cheval."

This translation of "horse-doctor" being perfectly unintelligible to the German, he again addressed himself to his patient, and proceeded to feel his pulse.

"Papa is subject to spasms in his chest," explained Miss Crane.

"Pshaw—nonsense!" whined the Reverend T. C., "they're in my stomach."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"They're in his stomach," repeated Miss Crane, delicately laying her own hand, by way of explanation, on her sternum.

"Monsieur a mangé du diner?"

"Only a little beef," said Miss Crane, who "understood" French, but "did not speak it."

"Seulement un petit bœuf," translated Miss Ruth, who spoke French, but did not understand it.

"Oui—c'est une indigestion, sans doute," said the Doctor.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARK!——

"It's shameful! abominable! atrocious! It's a skit on all the schoolmistresses—a wicked libel on the whole profession!"

But my dear Mrs.——

"Don't 'dear' *me*, Sir! I consider myself personally insulted. "Manger un petty boof! As if a governess couldn't speak better French than that! Why, it means eating a little bullock!"

Precisely. *Bœuf*, singular, masculine, a bullock or ox.

"Ridiculous! And from one of the heads of a seminary! Why, Sir, not to speak of myself or the teachers, I have a pupil at Prospect House, and only twelve years of age, who speaks French like a native."

Of where, Madam?

"Of where, Sir?—why, of all France, to be sure, and Paris in particular!"

And with the true accent?

"Yes, Sir, with *all* the accents—sharp, grave, and circumbendibus—I should have said circumflex, but you have put me in a fluster. French! why it's the corner-stone of female education. It's universal, Sir, from her ladyship down to her cook. We could neither dress ourselves nor our dinners without it!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

And that the Miss Cranes know French I am morally certain, for I have seen it in their Prospectus."

No doubt of it, Madam. But you are of course aware that there are two sorts—French French and English French—and which are as different in quality as the foreign Cognac and the British Brandy.

"I know nothing about ardent spirits, Sir. And as to the French language, I am acquainted with only one sort, and that is what is taught at Prospect House—at three guineas a quarter."

And do all your young ladies, Ma'am, turn out such proficients in the language as the prodigy you have just mentioned?

WURSTORINE.

"Proficient, Sir? — they can't help it in my establishment. Let me see — there's Chambaud on Mondays—Wanostrocht on Wednesdays — Télémaque on Fridays, and the French mark every day in the week."

Madam, I have no doubt of the excellence of your system. Nevertheless it is quite true that the younger Miss Crane made use of the very phrase which I have quoted. And what is more, when the doctor called on his patient the next morning, he was treated with quite as bad language. For example, when he inquired after her papa—

"Il est très mauvais," replied Miss Ruth with a desponding shake of her head. "Il a avalé son médecin—et il n'est pas mieux."

Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

CHAPTER XVIII.

To return to the sick chamber.

Imagine the Rev. T. C. still sitting and moaning in his uneasy chair, the disconsolate Miss Crane helplessly watching the parental grimaces, and the perplexed Miss Ruth standing in a brown study, with her eyes intently fixed on a sort of overgrown child's crib, which occupied one dark corner of the dingy apartment.

"It's very well," she muttered to herself, "for a foreign doctor to say '*laissez le coucher*,' but where is he to *coucher?*" Not surely in that little crib of a thing, which will only add the cramp in his poor legs to the spasms in his poor stomach! The Mother of Invention was however at her elbow, to suggest an expedient, and in a trice the bedding was dragged from the bedstead and spread upon the floor. During this manœuvre Miss Crane of course only looked on; she had never in her life made a bed, even in the regular way, and the touzling of a shakedown on the bare boards was far too Margery Dawish an operation for her precise nature to be concerned in. Moreover, her thoughts were fully occupied by a question infallibly associated with a strange bed, namely, whether it had been aired. A speculation which had already occurred to her sister, but whose more practical mind was busy in contriving how to get at the warming-pan. But in vain she asked for it by name of every German, male or female, in the room, and as vainly she sought for the utensil in the inn kitchen, and quite as vainly might she have hunted for it throughout the village, seeing that no such article had ever been met with by the oldest inhabitant. As a last resource she caught up a walking-stick, and thrusting one end under the blanket, endeavoured pantomimically to imitate a chamber-maid in the act of warming a bed. But alas!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

she "took nothing by her motion"—the Germans only turned towards each other, and shrugging their shoulders and grinning, remarked in their own tongue, "What droll people they were those Englishers!"

GERMAN CAPTIVATION.

"CHURCH ARCHITECTURE." A GERMAN WORK

The sensitive imagination of Miss Crane had in the interim conjured up new and more delicate difficulties and necessities, amongst which the services of a chamberlain were not the least urgent. "Who was to put her papa to bed? Who was to undress him?" But from this perplexity shew as unexpectedly delivered by that humble friend in need, honest Hans, who no sooner saw the bed free from the walking-stick, than without any bidding, and in spite of the resistance of the patient, he fairly stripped him to his shirt, and then taking him up in his arms like a baby, deposited him, willy nilly, in the nest that had been prepared for him.

The females, during the first of these operations, retired to the kitchen—but not without a certain order in their going. Miss Crane went off simultaneously with the coat, her sister with the small clothes and the shoes and stockings. And when, after

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

BAD FRENCH.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a due and decent interval, the two governesses returned to the sick chamber—for both had resolved on sitting up with the invalid—lo! there lay the Reverend T. C., regularly littered down by the coachman with a truss of clean straw to eke out the bedding,—no longer writhing or moaning, but between surprise and anger as still and silent as if his groans had been astonished away like the "hiccups!"

You may take a horse to the water, however, but you cannot make him drink,—and even thus, the sick man, though bedded perforce, refused obstinately to go to sleep.

"Et Monsieur a bien dormi?" inquired the German doctor the next morning.

"Pas un—" begun Miss Crane, but she ran aground for the next word, and was obliged to appeal to the linguist of Lebanon House.

"Ruth—what's a wink?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Ruth, who was absorbed in some active process. "Do it with your eye."

The idea of winking at a strange gentleman was however so obnoxious to all the schoolmistress's notions of propriety that she at once resigned the explanation to her sister, who accordingly informed the physician that her "pauvre père n'avoit pas dormi un morçeau toute la nuit longue."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER XIX.

"Stop, Sir! Pray change the subject. By your leave we have had quite enough of bad French."

As you please, Madam—and as the greatest change I can devise, you shall now have a little bad English. Please, then, lend your attention to Monsieur De Bourg—the subject of his discourse ought indeed to be of some interest to you, namely, the education of your own sex in your own country.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

"Well, Sir, and what does he say of it?"

Listen, and you shall hear. Proceed, Monsieur.

"Sare, I shall tell you my impressions when I am come first from Paris to London. De English Ladies, I say to myself, must be de most best educate women in de whole world. Dere is schools for dem every wheres—in a hole and in a corner. Let me take some walks in de Fauxbourgs, and what do I see all round myself? When I look dis way I see on a white house's front a large bord wid some gilded letters, which say Seminary for Young Ladies. When I look dat way, at a big red house, I see anoder bord which say Establishment for Young Ladies by Miss Someones. And when I look up at a little house, at a little window, over a barber-shop, I read on a paper Ladies' School. Den I see Prospect House, and Grove House, and de Manor House—so many I cannot call dem names, and also all schools for de young females. Day Schools besides. And in my walks, always I meet some Schools of Young Ladies, eight, nine, ten

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

times in one day, making dere promenades, two and two and two. Den I come home to my lodging's door, and below the knocker I see one letter—I open it, and I find a Prospectus of a Lady School. By-and-bye I say to my landlady, where is your oldest of daughters, which used to bring to me my breakfast? and she tell me she is gone out a governess. Next she notice me I must quit my appartement. What for?—I say. What have I done? Do I not pay you all right like a weekly man of honour? O certainly, Mounseer, she say, you are a gentleman quite, and no mistakes—but I wants my whole of my house to myself for to set it up for a Lady School. Noting but Lady Schools! —and de widow of de butcher have one more over de street. Bless my soul and my body, I say to myself, dere must be nobody born'd in London except leetle girls!"

CHAPTER XX.

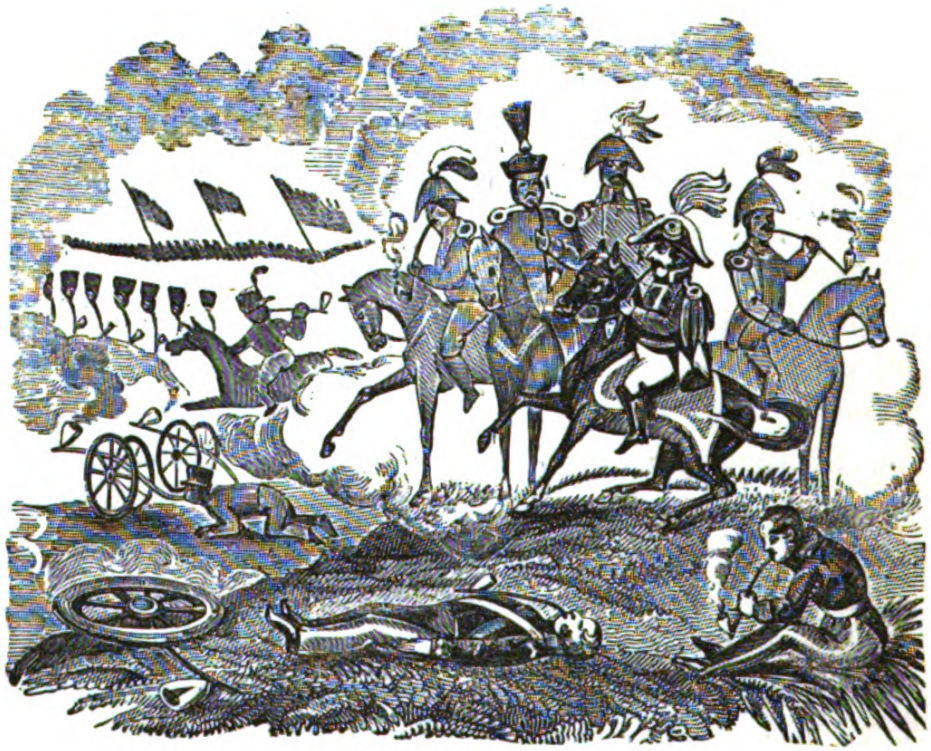
THERE is a certain poor word in the English language which of late years has been exceedingly ill-used—and, it must be said, by those who ought to have known better.

To the disgrace of our colleges, the word in question was first perverted from its real significance at the very head-quarters of learning. The initiated, indeed, are aware of its local sense,—but who knows what cost and inconvenience the duplicity of the term may have caused to the more ignorant members of the community? Just imagine, for instance, a plain, down-right Englishman who calls a spade a spade—induced perhaps by the facilities of the railroads—making a summer holiday, and repairing to Cambridge or Oxford, may be with his whole family, to see he does not exactly know what—whether a Collection of Pictures, Wax-Work, Wild Beasts, Wild Indians, a Fat Ox, or a Fat Child—but at any rate an "*Exhibition!*"

More recently the members of the faculty have taken it into their heads to misuse the unfortunate word, and by help of its

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

misapplication, are continually promising to the ear what the druggists really perform to the eye—namely, to "exhibit" their medicines. If the Doctors talked of hiding them, the phrase would be more germane to the act: for it would be difficult to conceal a little Pulv. Rhei—Magnes. Sulphat.—Tinct. Jalapæ, more effectually than by throwing it into a man's or woman's stomach. And pity it is that the term has not amongst medical men a more literal significance; for it is certain that in many diseases, and especially of the hypochondriac class—it is certain, I say, that if the practitioner actually made "a show" of his *materiel*, the patient would recover at the mere sight of the "Exhibition."



THE BATTLE OF BAUCHEN.

This was precisely the case with the Rev. T. C. Had he fallen into the hands of a Homœopathist with his infinitesimal doses, only fit to be exhibited like the infinitesimal insects,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

through a solar microscope, his recovery would have been hopeless. But his better fortune provided otherwise. The German Medicin Rath, who prescribed for him, was in theory diametrically opposed to Hahnemann, and in his tactics he followed Napoleon, whose leading principle was to bring masses of all arms, horse, foot, and artillery to bear on a given point. In accordance with this system, he therefore prescribed so liberally that the following articles were in a very short time comprised in his "Exhibition:"

A series of powders to be taken every two hours.

A set of draughts to wash down the powders.

A box of pills.

A bag full of certain herbs for fomentations.

A large blister, to be put between the shoulders.

Twenty leeches, to be applied to the stomach.

As *Macheath* sings, "a terrible show!"—but the doctor, in common with his countrymen, entertained some rather exaggerated notions as to English habits, and our general addiction to high feeding and fast living—an impression that materially aggravated the treatment.

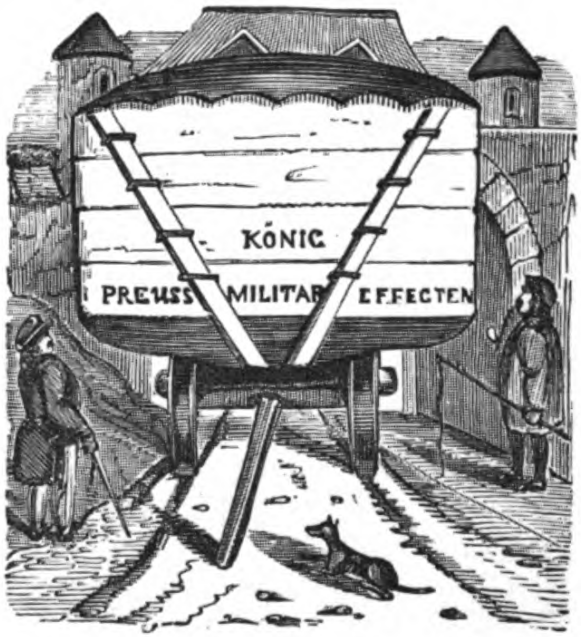
"He *must* be a horse-doctor!" thought Miss Crane, as she looked over the above articles; at any rate she resolved—as if governed by the proportion of four legs to two—that her parent should only take one half of each dose that was ordered. But even these reduced quantities were too much for the Rev. T. C. The first instalment he swallowed—the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at. To tell the truth, he was fast transforming from a Malade Imaginaire into a Malade Malgré Lui. In short, the cure proceeded with the rapidity of a Hohenlohe miracle—a result the doctor did not fail to attribute to the energy of his measures, at the same time resolving that the next English patient he might catch should be subjected to the same decisive treatment. Heaven keep the half, three-quarters, and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

whole lengths of my dear countrymen and countrywomen from his "Exhibitions!"

His third visit to the Englishers at the Adler was his last. He found the Convalescent in his travelling dress,—Miss Ruth engaged in packing,—and the Schoolmistress writing the letter which was to prepare Miss Parfitt for the speedy return of the family party to Lebanon House. It was of course a busy time; and the Medicin Rath speedily took his fees and his leave.

There remained only the account to settle with the landlord of the Adler; and as English families rarely stopped at that wretched inn, the amount of the bill was quite as extraordinary. Never was there such a realisation of the "large reckoning in a little room."



A BROAD JOKE.

"Well, I must say," murmured the Schoolmistress, as the coach rumbled off towards home, "I do wish we had reached Gotha, that I might have got my shades of wool."

"Humph!" grunted the Rev T. C., still sore from the recent disbursement. "They went out for wool, and they returned shorn."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"We went abroad for pleasure," grumbled Miss Ruth, "and have met with nothing but pain and trouble."

"And some instruction too," said Miss Crane, with even more than her usual gravity. "For my own part I have met with a lesson that has taught me my own unfitness for a Governess. For I cannot think that a style of education which has made me so helpless and useless as a daughter, can be the proper one for young females, who are hereafter to become wives and mothers, a truth that every hour has impressed on me since I have been a Schoolmistress Abroad."

A PIN-AFORE.

EPIGRAM

ON A LATE CATTLE-SHOW IN SMITHFIELD.

OLD Farmer Bull is taken sick,
Yet not with any sudden trick
Of fever, or his old dyspepsy;
But having seen the foreign stock,
It gave his system such a shock
He's had a fit of *Cattle-epsy!*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

HOWQUA

Is of three different sorts; although they are not generally particularised by the tea-dealers or brokers: viz.,

SOMEHOW-QUA, which includes Hyson, Souchong, Bohea, &c., as well as the tea advertised by Captain Pidding:

ANYHOW-QUA—composed of sloe, ash, willow, second-hand tea-leaves, or any other vegetable rubbish, and

NOHOW-QUA, which falls to the lot of those who cannot get any tea at all.

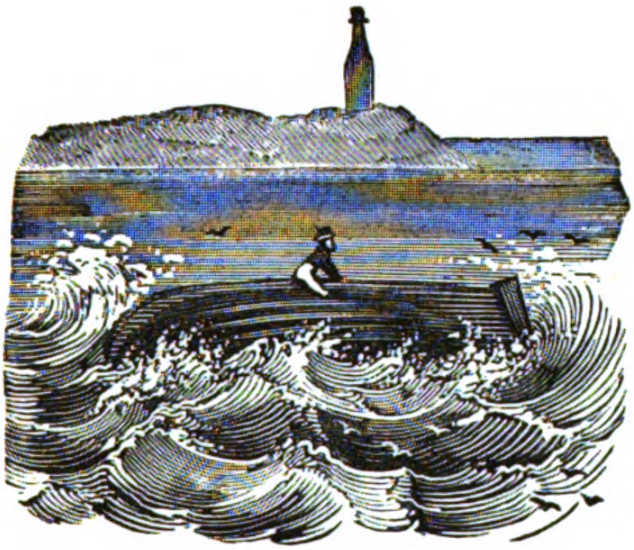
THE CHINESE BREED.

A SEA-TOTALLER.

"I'LL tell you what it is," said the President of the Social Glassites, at the same time mixing a fresh tumbler of grog—rather stiffer than the last—for the subject of Temperance and Teetotalism had turned up, and he could not discuss it with dry lips—"I'll tell you what it is: Temperance is all very well,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

provided it's indulged in with moderation, and without injury to your health or business; but when it sets a man spouting, and swaggering, and flag-carrying and tea-gardening, and dressing himself up like a play-actor, why he might as well have his mind unsobered with anything else."



SAILING ON TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

"That's very true," said the Vice-president,—a gentleman with a remarkably red nose.

"I have seen many Teetotal Processions," continued the President, "and I don't hesitate to say that every man and woman amongst them was more or less intoxicated—"

"Eh, what?" asked a member, hastily removing his cigar.

"Yes, intoxicated, I say, with pride and vanity—what with the bands of music, and the banners, and the ribbons, and maybe one of their top-sawyers, with his white wand, swaggering along at their head, and looking quite convinced that because he hasn't made a Beast of himself he must be a Beauty. Instead of which, to my mind, there can't be a more pitiful sight than a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

great hulking fellow all covered with medals and orders, like a Lord Nelson, for only taking care of his own precious health, and trying to live long in the land; and particularly if he's got a short neck and a full habit. Why, the Royal Humane Society might just as well make a procession of all the people who don't drink water to excess, instead of those objects that do, and with ribbons and medals round their necks, for being their own life-preservers!"

"That's very true," said the Vice. "I've seen a Master Grand of a Teetotaller with as many ornaments about him as a foreign prince!"

"Why, I once stopped my own grog," continued the President, for twelve months together, of my own accord, because I was a little wheezy; and yet never stuck even a snip of ribbon at my button-hole. But that's modest merit,—whereas a regular Temperance fellow would have put on a broad blue sash, as if he was a Knight of the Bath, and had drunk the bath all up instead of swimming in it."

"That's very true," repeated the Vice.

"Temperance is, no doubt, a virtue," said the President; "but it is not the only one; though, to judge by some of their Tracts and Speeches, you would think that because a Totaller drinks Adam's ale he is as innocent as our first Parents in Paradise, which, begging their pardons, is altogether an error, and no mistake. Sin and strong drink are not born relations; though they often come together. The first murderer

ROUGH RIDING.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in the world was a water-drinker, and when he killed his poor brother was as sober as a judge."

"If that aren't true," exclaimed the red-nosed Vice, "I'll be pounded!"

"It was intemperance, however," said the President; "because why? It was indulging in ardent passions and fermented feelings, agin which, in my humble opinion, we ought to take Long and Short Pledges, as much as agin spirituous liquors. Not to mention the strong things that come out of people's mouths, and are quite as deleterious as any that go into them—for example, profane swearing, and lying, and slandering, and foul language, and which, not to name names, are dealt in by parties who would not even look at Fine Old Pineapple Rum, or Cream of the Valley."

"That's correct, anyhow," said the Vice; and he replenished his tumbler.

"To be sure, Temperance has done wonders in Ireland," continued the President, "and to my mind, little short of a miracle—namely, repealing the Old Union of Whisky-and-Water,—and which would have seemed a much tougher job than O'Connell's. However, Father Mathew has accomplished it, and instead of a Parliament in College Green, we are likely to see a far stranger sight, and that's a whole County of Cork without a bottle to it."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Vice, and took a liberal draught of his mixture. "But they'll take to party spirit in loo."

"Like enough," said the President; "for when once we get accustomed to strong stimuluses, we find it hard to go without 'em; and they do say, that many of those parties who have left off liquor, have taken to opium. But the greatest danger with new converts and proselytes, is of their rushing into another extreme—and that reminds me of a story to the point."

"Now then," said the member with the cigar.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"It was last September," said the President, "when I owned The Rose in June, and a sweet pretty craft she was. I had bought a lot of lines and a trawling net along with her; and besides cruising for pleasure, we used now and then to cast about for a bit of fresh fish for my missus, or by way of present to a friend. Well, one day, just below Gravesend, we had fished all the morning, but without any luck at all, except one poor little skate that lay on the deck making faces at us like a dying Christian, first pouting out its lips, and then drawing them in again with a long suck of its breath, for all the world like a fellow creature with a stitch in the side, or a spasm in his chest. The next haul we got nothing but lots of mud, a bit of sea-weed, a lump of coal, a rotten bung, and an old shoe. However, the third time the net felt heavy enough for a porpus, and sure enough on hauling it up to the top of the water, we saw some very large fish a-flopping about in it, quite as big as a grampus, only nothing like the species. Well, we pulled and hauled, Jack and I—(you remember Jack)—till we got the creature aboard over the bulwarks, and there it rolled on the deck, such a Sea Monster as never was seen afore nor since. It was full six feet long, with a round head like a man's, but bald, — though it had a beard and whiskers of sandy-coloured hair. We could not see the face, by reason of the creature always hiding it with its paws, which were like a man's hands, only with a sort of web between the fingers. All the upper part

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

of the body was of a flesh or salmon colour down to the middle, where the skin became first bluer, and then greener and greener, as well as more rough and scaly, till the body forked off into two distinct fishes' tails.

"'I'll tell you what, master,' says Jack Rogers, after taking a good look at the monster, and poking it about a bit with a handspike, 'I'm blest if it isn't a Cock Mermaid.

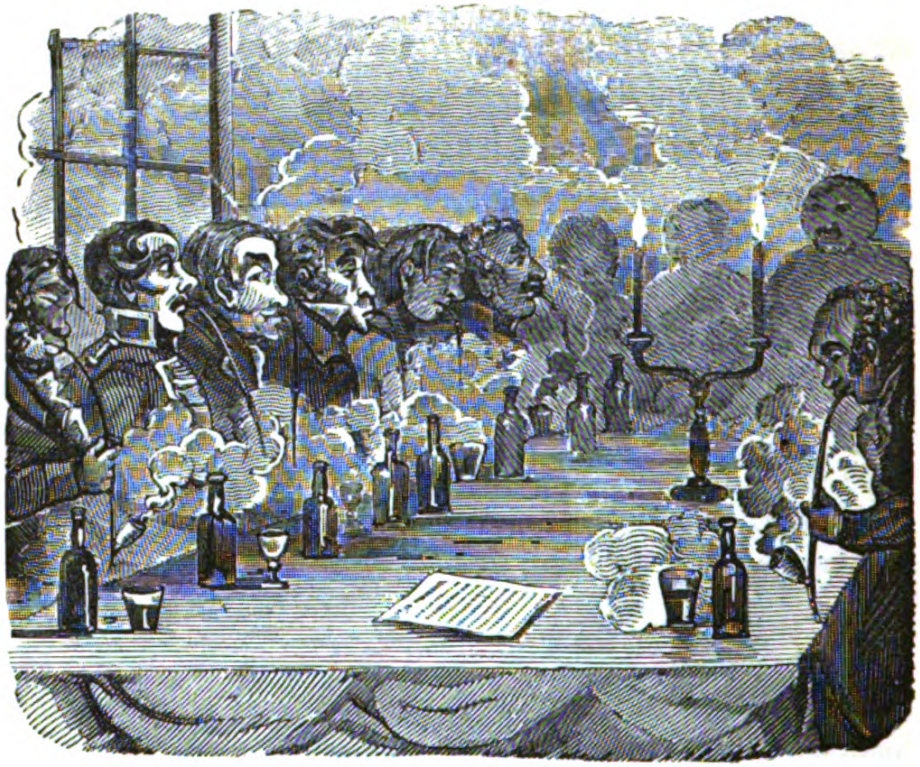
"'No doubt of it,' said the Vice.

"'To tell the truth,' said the President, 'I had the same thought in my head, but was afraid to name it, because such animals have been reckoned fabulous. However, there it was on the deck, as large as life, and a certain fortune to the owner, as an article for exhibition; and I won't deny that I began in my own mind a rough guess at the sum total of all the inhabitants of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, at a shilling a-head. Jack, too, seemed in a brown study, maybe settling what share, in right and justice, he ought to have of the profits, or perhaps wondering, and puzzled to make head or tail of the question, whether the creature was properly a beast or a fish. As for myself, I felt a little flustered, as you may suppose, not only by the strangeness of the phenomenon, but at the prospect of such a prodigious fortune. In point of fact I was all in a tremor, like a steam-vessel with high-pressure engines, and accordingly sent Jack down below for my brandy-bottle out of the locker, just to steady my nerves. 'Here's-to us both,' says I, nodding and winking at Jack, 'and to the Cock Mermaid into the bargain; for unless I'm mistaken, it'll prove a gold fish in the end.' I was rather premature: for the noise of pulling out the cork made the creature look round, which was the first time we had caught a fair look at its face. When lo and behold! Jack no sooner clapped his eyes on the features, than he sings out again:

"'I'm blest,' says he—for I didn't allow swearing—'I'm blest if it isn't Bob Bunce!'

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Well, the Merman gave a nod, as much as to say, 'You're right, I'm him;' and then scrambling up into a sitting posture,



LA BELLE VUE.

with his back agin the companion, made a sign to me for the bottle. So I handed him the flask, which he took a sup of through the net; but the liquor went against his fishified nature, and pulling a very wry face, he spirted it all out again, and gave me back the bottle. To my mind that settled the matter about his being a rational creature. It was moral impossible, though he might have an outside resemblance, like the apes and monkeys, to the human species. But I was premature again; for, after rolling about a bit, he took me all aback with an odd sort of a voice coming out of his mouth, which was as round as the hole of a flute.

"'Here,' says he, 'lend us a hand to get out of the net.'

"'It's Bob Bunce, sure enough!' cries Jack. 'That's his voice, I'll take my davit, howsomever he's got transmogrified.'

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"'AND NOW,' SAYS HE, 'IF YOU'RE A COCK MERMAID, AS MASTER THINKS, YOU MAY HOLD YOUR TONGUE.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"And with that he stooped down and helped the creature, whatever it was, out of the net, and then popped him up on his two tails against the mast.

"'And now,' says he, 'if you're a Cock Mermaid, as master thinks, you may hold your tongue; but if so be you're Bob Bunce, as I suspect' (and if Jack always used the solemn tone he did at that minute he'd make a firstrate popular preacher,) 'why then don't renounce your godfathers and godmothers in your baptism, and your Christian religion, but say so at once like a man.'

"'I *ham* Bob Bunce, then,' said the creature, with a very strong emphasis, 'or raythe I *were*,' and along with the last word two great tears as big as swanshot sprang out of his pale

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

blue eyes, and rolled down his flabby cheeks. 'Yes, I were Bob Bunce, and known by sight to every man, woman, and child in Deptford.'

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"'That's true anyhow,' said Jack; 'cause why?—you were so often a reeling drunk about the streets.'

"'There's no denying it,' said Bob, 'and plenty of contrary evidence if I did. But it warn't the strong liquors that ruined me, but quite the reverse; for you see, Sir,' addressing me, 'one day after a drunken fit a she-teetotaller got hold of me while I was sick and sorry, and prevailed on me to join a Temperance Club, and take the long pledge, which I did.'

"'And now,' says she, 'you're nabb'd, and after that every drop of liquor you take will flare up agin you hereafter like blazes, and make a snap-dragon on you in the tother world.'

"'Well, being low and narvous, that scarified me at once into water-drinking, and I was fool enough to think, that the more water I drunk the more sober I should be; whereby at last I reached the pint of taking above two or three gallons a-day. For all that I got no stronger or better, as the speeches and tracks had promised, but rather weaker and weaker; and instead of a fair complexion, began turning blueish and greenish, besides my body being covered, as they say, with goose-skin, and my legs of a scaly character. As for walking, I staggered worse than ever, through gettin' knockneed and splay-footed, which was the beginnin' of their transmogrification. The long and the short is, Sir, though I didn't know it, that along o' so much water, I'd been drinkin' myself amphibbus.'

"'Well, that sounds like philosophy,' says Jack: 'but then, Bob, how come ye into the river?'

"'Ah!' says Bob, shaking his head, 'that's the sinful part o' the story. But between mortification, and the fear of being showed up for a mermaid, I resolved to put an end to myself, and so crawled down arter dark to Cole's wharf and flung myself into the river. But instead of drownding as I expected, the water that came into my mouth seemed to go out agin at my ears, and I found I could swim about and rise to the top

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

or dive to the bottom as nat'ral as a fish. That gave me time to repent and reflect, and the consequence is, I've lived a wet life for above a week, and am almost reconciled to the same—only I don't take quite kindly yet to the raw dabs and flounders, and so was making my way down to the oyster-beds in the Medway, when your net come and ketch'd me up.'

"'But you wouldn't spend your days in the ocean, would you, Bob?' asked Jack, in a sort of coaxing tone that was meant to be very agreeable. 'As to hoysters, you may have 'em on dry land, real natives, and ready opened for you, and what's more, pepper'd and vinegar'd, which you can't in the Medway. And in respect to walking, why, me and master would engage to purvide you with a carriage.'

"'A wan, you mean,' said the other, with a piercing look at Jack, and then another at me, that made me wince. 'A wan—and Bartlemy Fair—but I'll die first!'

"And rising upright on his double tail, before we could lay hands on him, he threw a somerset over the bulwark, and disappeared.

A DISCHARGE FROM THE BENCH.

"And was that the last of him?" said the Vice.

"It was, gentlemen," replied the President. "For Bunce,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

or Bounce, or Tee-totaller, or Sea-totaller, we never set eyes on him again."

"Well, that's a warning anyhow," said the Vice, again helping himself from the bottle. "I've heard political people talk of swamping the Constitution, but never knew before that it was done with pump water."

"Nor I neither," said the member with the cigar.

"Why, you see," said the President, "Temperance is a very praiseworthy object to a proper extent; but a thing may be carried too far, as Sinbad said to the Old Man of the Sea. No doubt water-drinking is very wholesome while it's indulged in with moderation, but when you come to take it to excess, why you may equally make a beast of yourself, like poor Bob Bunce, and be unable to *keep your legs*."

ON A CERTAIN LOCALITY.

Of public changes, good or ill,
I seldom lead the mooters,
But really Constitution Hill
Should change its name with Shooter's!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

AN EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION.

"We'll find a way to remove all that."—M.D.

On the 26th of December, 1842, according to the official record, a tipsy sailor, by name Peter Galpin, in tacking along the Mile End Road, slipped his foot on a piece of orange-peel, and fell with great violence on the pavement. He was immediately picked up by the passengers, and being unable to walk or stand, was carried on a stretcher, by two policemen, to the London Hospital, where, on examination, it appeared that he had broken one of the small bones of his right leg.

BEST CURE FOR A COLD.

The fracture was immediately reduced; and as the patient was not habitually a drunkard, but had only been casually

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

overtaken, the case went on very favourably, and promised a speedy cure. In the meanwhile the poor fellow, accustomed to an active life, would have found the time pass very tediously in bed—especially as he could not read—but for the daily bustle and business in the ward,— the departures of the cured or the incurable, by discharge or death—and the arrivals of fresh sufferers —the visits of the surgeons and medical students, and the operations of the hospital dressers and nurses, in the most trivial of which he took a deep interest. Averse to doctors and doctoring, seamen in general are as ignorant as sea-horses of the usages and practices of the sick-room, so that whatever was done of the kind, even to the application of a poultice, was novel, and consequently attractive to our tar.

Every proceeding, therefore, was carefully watched and logged in his memory—rare materials for future yarns, when he should be able to rejoin his ship, the Grampus, of Liverpool. Strange, indeed, were the things he had seen done in that hospital, and more extraordinary still were the things which he *thought* that he had seen performed — amounting in his opinion to surgical miracles!

GOING AT FIVE KNOTS AN HOUR.

At last, one day arousing from a nap, and sitting up as usual to take an observation, he espied in the next bed a fat man with

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"MY EYES! THERE'S BEEN A HOPPERATION!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:04 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a particularly big red nose, large staring black eyes, and an uncommonly wide mouth—in fact, very like somebody he had seen dancing during the carnival in the streets of an Italian port. This corpulent bottle-nosed man was propped up in bed, with his back bared, whilst a dresser was applying an ointment to a very large, very red, and very raw and sore-looking place between his shoulders.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the sailor, letting himself drop backward on his pillow, quite overcome with wonder—"*There's* been a hopperation!"

"What do you mean?" asked the dresser.

"What!" ejaculated the astounded seaman, with his eyes cast upwards, and almost protruding from his head—

"Well, what?"

"*Why, he's Punch, isn't he? and they've cut his hump off!!!*"

 "JACK'S ALIVE!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"FLY NOT YET!"

THE EARTH-QUAKERS.

"Now's the time and now's the hour!
To be worried, toss'd and shaken,
Down—down—down, derry down—
Let us take to the road!
Amanda, let us quit the town—
Together let us range the fields—
Over the hills and far away,
Life let us cherish."—*Old Ballads.*

THE Earth-quakers are by no means a new Sect. They have appeared at various times in England, and particularly in 1750, when they were so numerous that, according to Horace Walpole, "within three days, seven hundred and thirty coaches were counted passing Hyde-park-corner, with whole parties removing into the country!" The same pleasant writer has preserved several anecdotes of the persuasion, and especially records that the female members, to guard against even a shock to their constitutions, made "earthquake gowns" of a warm stuff, to sit up in at night, in the open air! Nor was the alarm altogether unfounded, for the earth, he says, actually shook twice at regular in-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

tervals, so that fearing the terrestrial ague fit would become periodical, the noble wit proposed to treat it by a course of bark. However, there were some slight vibrations of the soil, and supposing them only to have thrown down a platter from the shelf to the floor, the Earth-quakers of 1750 have an infinite advantage over those of 1842, when nothing has fallen to the ground but a fiddle-de-Dee prediction.

Still, if the metropolis has not exhibited any extraordinary physical convulsion, its inhabitants have presented an astounding Moral Phenomenon. Messrs. Howell and James best know whether they have vended or been asked for peculiarly warm fabrics—the court milliner alone can tell if she has made up any new fashioned *robes de nuit à la bivouac*, or *coiffures* adapted to a nocturnal *fête champêtre*. The coaches, public and private, which have passed Hyde-park-corner have not perhaps been counted, but it is notorious that the railway carriages have been crammed with passengers, and the Gravesend steamers were almost swamped by the influx of rabid Earth-quakers, all rushing, *sauve qui peut!* from the most ridiculous bugbear ever licked into shape by the vulgar tongue. Nor yet was the "Movement Party" composed exclusively of the lower classes; but comprised hundreds of respectable Londoners, who never halted till they had gone beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, a flight unworthy even of Cockneyism, which implies at least a devoted attachment to London, and an unshaken confidence in the stability of St. Paul's.

The Irish, indeed, the poor blundering, bull-making Irish, had some excuse for their panic. The prophecy came from a prophet of their own religion, and appealed to some of their strongest prejudices. They had perhaps even felt some precursory agitation not perceptible to us English—whilst the rebuilding of the ruined city promised a famous job for the Hibernian bricklayers and hodmen. Nay, after all, they only exhibited a truly national

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

aptitude to become April fools in March. But for British backbone Protestants, who have shouted "No Popery," and burnt Guy Fauxes, to adopt a Roman Catholic legend — for free and independent householders who would not move on for a live policeman, to move off, bag and baggage, at the dictum of a very dead monk—who can doubt, after such a spectacle, that a Nincom Tax would be very productive!

As a subject for a comic picture, there could be no richer scene for a modern Hogarth than the return of a party of Earthquakers to the metropolis—that very metropolis which was to have been knocked down, as Robins would say, in one lot—that devoted City which Credulity had lately painted as lying prostrate on its Corporation!

In the meantime good luck enables me to illustrate the great earthquake of 1842 by a few letters obtained, no matter how, or at what expense. It is to be regretted that type can give no imitation of the handwritings; suffice it that one of the notes has actually been booked by a well-known collector, as a genuine autograph of St. Vitus.

No. I.—*To* Peter Crisp, *Esq.*

Ivy Cottage, Sevenoaks.

Dear Brother,

You are of course aware of the awful visitation with which we are threatened.

As to F. and myself, business and duties will forbid our leaving London, but Robert and James will be home for the usual fortnight at Easter, and we are naturally anxious to have the dear boys out of the way. Perhaps you will make room for them at the cottage?

I am, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

Margaret Faddy.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

(The Answer.)

DEAR SISTER,

As regards the awful visitation, the last time the dear boys were at the Cottage they literally turned it topsy-turvy.

As such, would rather say—keep Robert and James in town, and send me down the Earthquake.

Your loving brother,

PETER CRISP.

NATURE'S SCHOOL.

No. II.—*To Messrs.* H. STALEY AND CO.

Camomile-street, City.

GENTLEMEN,

As a retired tradesman of London to rural life, but unremittingly devoted to the metropolis and its public buildings, am deeply solicitous to learn, on good mercantile authority, if the alarming statements as to a ruinous depression in the Custom-house, St. Paul's and other fabrics, stands on the undeniable basis of fact. An early answer will oblige,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN STOKES.

Postscriptum.—My barber tells me the Monument has been done at Lloyd's.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

(The Answer.)

SIR,

In reply to your favour of the 14th inst., I beg to subjoin for your guidance the following quotations from a supplement to this day's "Price Current."

"MARCH 16.—In Earthquakes—nothing stirring. Strong Caracca shocks partially enquired for, but no arrivals. Lisbons ditto. A small lot of slight Chichesters in bond have been brought forward, but obtained no offers. Houses continue firm, and the holders are not inclined to part with them. In Columns and Obelisks no alteration. Cathedrals as before. Steeples keep up, and articles generally not so flat as anticipated by the speculators for a fall."—I am, Sir, for Staley and Co., your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STUCKEY.

No III.—*To* DOCTOR DODGE, F.A.S., *London.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

As you are an Antiquarian, and as such well acquainted of course with Ancient MSS. and Monkish Chronicles, perhaps you will be so obliging as to give me your opinion of the Earthquake predicted by Dr. Dee and the Monk of Dree, and whether it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, or Icon Basilisk, or any of the old astrological works.—Yours, dear Doctor,

ANASTASIA SHREWSBURY.

(The Answer.)

DEAR MADAM,

I have no recollection of such a Prediction in any of the books you mention; but I will make a point of looking into the old chronicles. In the meantime it strikes me, that if any one should have foretold an Earthquake it was *Ingulphus*.—I am, dear Madam, your very humble Servant,

T. DODGE.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

No. IV.—*To* Mr. Benjamin Hockin.

Barbican.

Dear Ben,

About this here hearthquack. According to advice I rit to Addams who have bean to forin Parts, and partickly Sow Amerikey, witch is a shockin country, and as to wat is dun by the Natives in the like case, and he say they all run out of their Howses, and fall down on their nees and beat their brests like mad, and cross theirselves and call out to the Virgin, and all the popish Saints. Witch in course with us Christians is out of the question, so there we are agin at a non plush—and our minds perfecly misrable for want of making up. One minit it's go and the next minit stay, till betwixt town and country, I allmost wish I was nowheres at all. But how is minds to be made up wen if you ax opinions, theres six of one and half a duzzen of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the tother—for I make a pint of xtracting my customers sentiments pro and con, and its as ni a ti as can be. One books the thing to cum off as shure as the Darby or Hoax, while another suspends it til the Day of Jugment. And then he's upset by a new commur in with the news that half St. Giles is cast down, and the inhabbitants all Irish howling, quite dredful, and belabbering their own buzzums and crossing themselves all over as if it saved the Good Friday buns from being swallered up. So there we are agin. All dubbious. As for Pawley he wont have it at anny price but says its clear agin Geolology and the Wolcanic stratuses; witch may sarve well enuff to chaff about at Mekanical Innstitushuns but he wont gammon me that theres anny sich

ROCKS AHEAD.

remmedy for a Hearth Quack as a basun of chork—no nor a basun of gruel naythe r. Well wat next. Why Podmore swears

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

wen he past the Duke of York he see his hiness anoddin at the Athenium Club as if he meant to drop in pervided he didn't pitch into the Unitid Servis. So there we are agin. For my own share I own to sum misgivins and croakins, and says you, not without caws wen six fammillis in our street has gone off alreddy, and three more packin up in case. Besides witch, Radley, the Builder have nocked off wurk at is new Howsis for fear of their gettin floored, and missis Sims have declined her barril of table beer till arter the shakin. When things cum to sich aspects they look serus. But supose in the end as Gubbins says its all a errer of that Dr. Dee—wat a set of Dee'd spooneys we shall look. So there we are agin. Then theres Books. It appear on reading the great Lisbon catstrophy were attendid by an uncommon rush of the See on the dry Land and they do say from Brighton as how the Breakers have reached as far as Wigney's Bank. That's in faver agin of the world losing its ballance. Howsomever I have twice had the shutters up, and wonce got as fur as the hos in the Shay cart for a move off, but was stopt by the Maid and the Prentis both axin a hole holliday for the sixteenth, and in sich a stile as convinced if I didnt grant they wood take french leaves. And then who is to mind the house and Shop not to name two bills as cum doo on the verry day and made payable on the premmises. Whereby if I dont go to smash in boddy I must in bisness. So there we are agin. In the interium theres my Wife who keeps wibratin between hopes and fears like the pendulum of a Dutch Clock and no more able to cum to a conclusion. But she inclines most to faver the dark side of the Picter and compares our state of Purgatory, to Dam somebody with a sword hanging over his head by a single hair. As a nateral consekens she cant eat her wittals and hears rumblins and has sich tremlins she don't know the hearth's agitatings from her own. Being squeemish besides, as is reckoned by her a very bad sign, becos why theres

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

a hearthquack in Robbinson Cruso who describe the motion to have made his Stomich as sick as anny one as is tost at See. Well in course her flutters aggrivates mine till between ourselves I'm reddy to bolt out of house and home like a Rabbit and go and squat in the open Fields. And wats to end all this suspense. Maybe a false alarm—and maybe hall to hatums indoors or else runnin out into a gapin naberhood and swallerd up in a crack. Whereby its my privit opinion we shall end by removing in time like the Rats from a fallin house even if we have to make shift with a bed in the garden, but witch is prefferrable to an everlastin sleep in the great shake down that nater is preparing. Thats to say if the profesy keeps its word—for if it dont we are better in our own beds than fleaing elsewhere. And praps ketch our deths besides. Witch reminds me our Medical Doctor wont hear of hearthquackery and says theres no simtoms of erupshun. So there we are agin. But St. Paul's and all Saint Giles's is per contra. And to be sure as Pat Hourigan says of the Irish, ant we sevin fifths of us hod carriers and bricklairs, and do you think as we'd leave the same, if we didnt expect more brick and building materials than we can carry on our heds and sholders. Witch sartinly wood strongly argy to the pint, if so be their being Roman Cathliks didnt religusly bind one whatever they beleave, to beleave quite the revers. And talking of religion, if one

BLOWING UP FOR RAIN.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

listened to it like a Christian, instid of dispondin it wood praps say trust in Providence and shore up the premisis. And witch may be the piusest and cheapest plan arter all. But bisness interrupts——

Its the Gibbenses maid for an Am. I've pumpt out on her that the fammily is goin to Windser for Change of air. And Widder Stradlin is goin to Richmond for change of Scene. Yes as much as I am goin to the Lands End for change of a shilling. And now I think on it there were a suspishus mark this morning on the Public House paper, namely Edgingtons advertisement about Tents. So arter all the open Air course of conduct—but annother cum in—

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Poor Mrs. Hobson, in the same perplext state as myself. To be sure as she say a slite shock as wouldnt chip a brass or iron man would shatter a chaney woman all to smash. But wats the use of her cummin to me to be advised wen I carnt advize myself? Howsomever a word or two from your Ben wood go fur to convict me—Only beggin you to considder that Self Presevashun is the fust law of Nater, and the more binding as its a law a man is allowed to take into his own hands. As the crisus approach, a speedy answer will releave the mind of

Your loving Brother,
JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S.—Since riting the abuv the Reverend Mister Crumpler, as my wife sits under, have dropt in and confirmed the wust. He say its a Judgment on the Citty and by way of Cobberrobberation has named several parties in our naberhood as is to be ingulped. That settles us, and in course will excuse cuttin short.

No. V.—*To* MRS. * * * *

No. 9, —— Street.

MADAM,

It may seem stooping to take up a dropped correspondence, but considering that an Earthquake ought to bury all animosities, and enjoying the prospect of an eternal separation, Christian charity induces to say I am agreeable on my part for the breach between us to be repaired by a shaking of hands.

I am, Madam,
Yours, &c.,
BELINDA HUFFIN.

(The Answer.)

MADAM,

I trust I have as much Christian charity as my neighbours—praps more—and hope I have too much *true* religion to

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

believe in judicious astronomy. And if I did, have never heard that earthquakes was remarkable for repairing breaches.

When every thing else shakes, I will shake hands, but not before.

I am, Madam,
Yours, &c.,
MATILDA PERKS.

No. VI.—*For* REBECCA SLACK.

2, Fisher's Plaice, Knightsbridge.

DEAR BECKY,

If so be when you cum to Number 9, on Sunday and Me not there don't be terrifide. Its not suicide and the Surpintine but the Erthquake. John is the same as ever but Ive allmost giv meself Warnin without the Munths notis. Last nite there cum a ring at the Bel, a regular chevy and Noboddy there. Cook sed a runaway Lark but I no better. And John says Medicle Studints but I say shox. Howsumaver if the bel ring agen of its own Hed I'm off quake or no quake to my muther at Shrewsberry Srops. One may trust to drunken yung gentilmen too long and misstake a rumbel at the Anti Pods for skrewin off the nocker. No, no. So as I sed afore, another ring will be a hint to fly, tho one thing is ockard, namely the crisus fixt for the 16 and my quarter not up till the 20. But wats wagis? Their no object wen yure an Objec yurself for the Ospittle. To be shure Missus may complain of a Non Plush but wat of that. Self Preservin is the law of Nater and is wat distinguishes resoning Beings from Damsuns and Bullises.

Mister Butler is of my own friteful way of thinkin and quite retchid about the shakin up of his port wine for he allways calls it hisn, and dredful low, his Hart being in his celler. But Cook choose to set her Face agin the finomunon. Don't tell me says she of the earth quakin—its crust isnt made so lite and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

shivvery. So weve cum to Wurds on the subjec and even been warm but its impossible to talk with sang fraw of wat freeses ones Blud. But wat can one expec as Mister Butler

"COOK! YOU MAY DISH MASTER'S DINNER."

says but Convulshuns of Nater wen we go boring into the Erths bowils witch as all the world nose is chock full of Cumbustibuls as ketching as Congrevs and Lucefirs. We mite have tuck warnin by the Frentch he says witch driv irun pipes and toobs down and drew them up agin all twisted by the stratums into Cork skrews with the Ends red hot or meltid off. So much for prying into the innfurnel reguns.

As you may supose I am meloncolly enuf at sich a prospict. But if a Erth Quake isnt to cast one down wat is? I never go to my Piller but I pray to sleep without rockin or having the roof

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

come down atop of me like a sparrer in a brick Trap. And then sich horribel Dreams! Ony last nite I dremt the hole supperstructer was on my chest and stomack but luckily it were ony the Nite Mare and cold Pork. And in the day time its nothin but takin in visitters cards with Poor Prender Congy which you know means Frentch leave and not a bit two erly if correct that Saint Pauls have sunk down to its Doom. To be shure I over heerd Master say that even Saint Faith don't beleave in it. But she is no rule for Me. Why shudn't we be overwelmd as Mister Butler says as well as the Herculeans and Pompey? I'm shure we deserve it for our sins and piccadillies.

A SPOONEY.

Well time will show. But its our duty all the same to look arter our savings. John thinks Mr. Green have the best chance by assenting on the day in his Voxall baloon but gud gratious as Mister Butler says supose the world was to annihilate itself wile he was up in the Air. One had better trust to the most aggitated Terry Firmer. Wat sort of soil is most propperest for the purpus has been debatted amung us a good deal. One thinks mountin tops is safest and anuther considders we ort all to be in a Mash. Lord nose. The Baker says his Master has inshured his-self agin the erth quake and got the Globe to kiver him.

Theres Missus bel so adew in haste.

MARY SAWKINS.

Poscrip.—Wile I was up in the drawin room master talkt very misterus about St. Pauls. Its all a report says he from one of the Miner Cannons.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

No. VII.—*To* Sir W. Flimsy, Bart., & Co.

Lombard Street, City.

Gentlemen,

I beg respectfully to inform you that placing implicit confidence in the calamity which will come due on the 16th instant, I have felt it my duty to remove myself and the cash balance to a place of security. It is my full intention, however, to return to my post after the Earthquake; and, I trust, instead of condemning, you will thank me for preserving your property, when I come back and restore it.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your very faithful and obedient,
Servant and cashier,
Samuel Boulter.

No. VIII.—*To* Mr. Benjamin Hockin.

(Vide No. IV.)

Dear Benjamin,

In my last I broke short through sitting off—and now have to inform of our safe Return and the Premises all sound. The wus luck to have let Meself be Shay carted off on a April Fool's arrand, as bad as piggins milk. For wat remanes in futer but to become a laffing stock to our nabers and being ninny-hammered at like nails. As for the parler at the Crown that's shut agin me for ever, for them quizzical fellers as frequents could rost a Ox whole in the way of banterin. So were I'm to spend my evenins except with my wife Lord nose. Theres misery in prospect at once.

Has for servin in the shop I couldnt feel more sheapish and sham-faced if I had bean found out in short wait and adultering. Its no odds my customers houlding their Tungs about it—the more they don't say the more I know wat they mean, and witch

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

as silent contempt is wus than even a littel blaggard cumming as he did just now, and axing for a small hapenny shock. Not that I mind Sarce so much as make beleave pitty. Its the wimmin with their confoundid simperthisin as agrivates sich as hoping no cold was cotchd from the nite dues and lamenting our trouble and expense for nothink. With all respect to the sex if it pleas God to let one see them now and then with their jaws tide up for the Tung Ake as well as the Tooth Ake it wood be no harm. There's that Missis Mummery wood comfort a man into a brain Fever. And indeed well ni soothd me into a fury wat with condoling on our bamboozilment and her sham abram concern for our unlucky step. She cum for pickels and its lucky for both there was no Pison handy. But I ort to take an assiduous draft meself for swallering such stuff. As praps I shall if I don't fly to hard drinking insted. Becos why, I know I've sunk meself in public opinnion and indeed feel as if all Lonnon was takin a sight at me. Many a man have took his razer and cut his stick for less.

"IT'S ALL UP WITH ME!"

Has for my wife her fust move on cumming Home was up stares and into Bed where she remained quite inconsoluble, being more hurt in her Mind she say then if she had had a leg broke by the Herth quake. And witch I realy think could not more have upset her. Howsumever there she lays almost off her Hed

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and from wat I know of her cute feelings and temper is likely to never be happy agin nor to let anny one else. There's a luck out —and no children of our own to vent on.

In course its more nor I dares to tell her of the nonimous Letter like a Walentine with a picter of a Cock and Bul, and that's only a four-runner. Well, its our hone falts, if thats anny comfort which it ant, but all the hevier, like sum loves and tee cakes, for bein home made.

The sum totle on it is Ime upset for Life. I harn't got Brass enuf to remane in Bisness nor yet made Tin enuf to retire out on it. Otherwis Ide take a Willer in Stanter and keap dux. My ony comfit is I arnt a citty Maggystrut and obleegd to sit in Gild all, arter bein throwd into sich a botomless panikin. How his Washup Mister Bowlbee can sit in Publick I don't know for he was one of the verry fust to cut away. Ketch me says he astayin in Crippelgit. I know it's my ward but it won't ward off a shock.

TOSSING—"WOMAN!"

So much for Hearth Quacks. The end will be I shall turn to a Universal Septic and then I supose watever I don't beleave will come to pass. Indeed I am almost of the same mind

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

alreddy with Dadley the Baker. Dont trust nothing, says he, till it happen. And not even then if it don't suit to give credit.

Dear Ben, pray rite if you can, say anny thing consoling under an ounce—for witch a Stamp inclosed.

Your luving Bruther,

JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S.—The Reverind Mister Crumpler have just bean and explained to Me the odds betwixt Old and New stiles, whereby the real Day for the Hearth Quack is still to cum, namely Monday the 28th Instant. So there we are agin!

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

"All have their exits and their entrances."

IT is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand that is held out to her by male Civility. It might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant place; but looks out for a seat, if possible, between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the meantime the omnibus moves on. Prudery totters — makes a snatch at Civility's nose—or his neck—or anywhere—and missing her hold rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE GRIMSBY GHOST.

CHAPTER I.

In the town of Grimsby——

"But stop," says the Courteous and Prudent Reader, "are there any such things as Ghosts?"

"Any Ghostesses!" cries Superstition, who settled long since in the country, near a church-yard, on a *rising* ground, "any Ghostesses! Ay, man—lots on 'em! bushels on 'em! sights on 'em! Why, there's one as walks in our parish, reg'lar as the clock strikes twelve—and always the same round—over church-stile, round the corner, through the gap, into Short's Spinney, and so along into our close, where he takes a drink at the pump,—for ye see he died in liquor,—and then arter he's squenched hisself wanishes into waper. Then there's the ghost of old Beales, as goes o' nights and sows tares in his neighbour's wheats—I've often seed un in seed time. They do say that Black Ben, the Poacher, have riz, and what's more, walked slap through all the Squire's steel-traps, without springing on 'em. And then there's Bet Hawkey as murdered her own infant—only the poor babby hadn't larned to walk, and so can't appear agin her."

But not to refer only to the ignorant and illiterate vulgar,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

there are units, tens, hundreds, thousands of well-bred and educated persons, Divines, Lawyers, military, and especially naval officers, Artists, Authors, Players, Schoolmasters, and Governesses, and fine ladies, who secretly believe that the dead are on visiting terms with the living—nay, the great Doctor Johnson him-

PALEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

self affirmed solemnly that he had a call from his late mother, who had been buried many years. Ask at the right time, and in the right place, and in the right manner—only affect a belief, though you have it not, so that the party may feel assured of sympathy and insured against ridicule—and nine-tenths of mankind will confess a faith in Apparitions. It is in truth an article in the creed of our natural religion—a corollary of the recognition of the immortality of the soul. The presence of spirits—visible or invisible—is an innate idea, as exemplified by the instinctive night-terrors of infancy, and recently so touchingly illustrated by the evidence of the poor little colliery-girl, who declared that "she sang, whiles, at her subterranean task, but never when she was alone in the dark."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

It is from this cause that the Poems and Ballads on spectral subjects have derived their popularity; for instance, Margaret's Ghost—Mary's Dream—and the Ghost of Admiral Hosier—not to forget the Drama, with that awful Phantom in "Hamlet," whose word, in favour of the Supernatural, we all feel to be worth "a thousand pound."

TALLY-ONI.

"And then the Spectre in 'Don Giovanni?'"

No. That Marble Walker, with his audible tramp, tramp, tramp on the staircase, is too substantial for my theory. It was a Ghost invented expressly for the Materialists; but is as inadmissible amongst genuine Spirits as that wooden one described by old W., the shipowner,—namely, the figure-head of the Britannia, which appeared to him, he declared, on the very night that she found a watery grave off Cape Cod.

"Well—after that—go on."

CHAPTER II.

In the town of Grimsby, at the corner of Swivel-street, there is a little chandler's-shop, which was kept for many years by a widow of the name of Mullins. She was a careful, thrifty body, a perfect woman of business, with a sharp gray eye to the main chance, a quick ear for the ring of good or bad metal, and a close hand at the counter. Indeed, she was apt to give such scrimp weight and measure, that her customers invariably manœuvred to be served by her daughter, who was supposed to be more liberal at the scale, by a full ounce in the pound. The man and maid servants, it is true, who bought on commission, did not care much about the matter; but the poor hungry father,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the poor frugal mother, the little ragged girl, and the little dirty boy, all retained their pence in their hands, till they could thrust them, with their humble requests for ounces or half-ounces of tea, brown sugar, or single Glo'ster, towards "Miss Mullins," who was supposed to better their dealings,—if dealings they might be called, where no deal of anything was purchased. She was a tall, bony female, of about thirty years of age, but apparently forty, with a very homely set of features, and the staid, sedate carriage of a spinster who feels herself to be set in for a single life. There was indeed "no love nonsense" about her; and as to romance, she had never so much as looked into a novel, or read a line of poetry in her life—her thoughts, her feelings, her actions, were all like her occupation, of the most plain, prosaic character—the retailing of soap, starch, sandpaper, red-herrings, and Flanders brick. Except Sundays, when she went twice to chapel, her days were divided between the little back-parlour and the front-shop—between a patchwork counterpane which she had been stitching at for ten long years, and that other counter work to which she was summoned, every few minutes, by the importunities of a little bell that rang every customer in, like the new year, and then rang him out again, like the old one. It was her province, moreover, to set down all unready money orders on a slate, but the widow took charge of

CAMBRIDGE BUTTER.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the books, or rather the book, in which every item of account was entered, with a rigid punctuality that would have done honour to a regular counting-house clerk.

Under such management the little chandler's shop was a thriving concern, and with the frugal, not to say parsimonious habits of mother and daughter, enabled the former to lay by annually her one or two hundred pounds, so that Miss Mullins was in a fair way of becoming a fortune, when towards the autumn of 1838 the widow was suddenly taken ill at her book, in the very act of making out a little bill, which, alas! she never lived to sum up. The disorder progressed so rapidly that on the second day she was given over by the doctor, and on the third by the apothecary, having lost all power of swallowing his medicines. The distress of her daughter, thus threatened with the sudden rending of her only tie in the world, may be conceived; while, to add to her affliction, her dying parent, though perfectly sensible, was unable, from a paralysis of the organs of speech, to articulate a single word. She tried nevertheless to speak, with a singular perseverance, but all her struggles for utterance were in vain. Her eyes rolled frightfully, the muscles about the mouth worked convulsively, and her tongue actually writhed till she foamed at the lips, but without producing more than such an unintelligible sound as is sometimes heard from the deaf and dumb. It was evident from the frequency and vehemence of these efforts that she had something of the utmost importance to communicate, and which her weeping daughter implored her to make known by means of signs.

"Had she anything weighing heavy on her mind?"

The sick woman nodded her head.

"Did she want anyone to be sent for?"

The head was shaken.

"Was it about making her will?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Another mute negative.

"Did she wish to have further medical advice?"

A gesture of great impatience.

"Would she try to write down her meaning?"

The head nodded, and the writing-materials were immediately procured. The dying woman was propped up in bed, a lead-pencil was placed in her right hand, and a quire of foolscap was set before her. With extreme difficulty she contrived to scribble the single word MARY; but before she could form another letter, the hand suddenly dropped, scratching a long mark, like what the Germans call a Devotion Stroke, from the top to the bottom of the paper,—her face assumed an intense expression of despair—there was a single deep groan—then a heavy sigh—and the Widow Mullins was a corpse!

CHAPTER III.

"GRACIOUS! how shocking!" cries Morbid Curiosity. "And to die too, without telling her secret! What *could* the poor creature have on her mind to lay so heavy! I'd give the world to know what it was! A shocking murder, perhaps, and the remains of her poor husband buried Lord knows where—so that nobody can enjoy the horrid discovery—and the digging of him up!"

No, Madam—nor the boiling and parboiling of his viscera to detect traces of poison.

"To be sure not. It's a sin and shame, it is, for people to go out of the world with such mysteries confined to their own bosom. But perhaps it was only a hoard of money that she had saved up in private?"

Very possible, Madam. In fact, Mrs. Humphreys, the carpenter's wife, who was present at the death, was so firmly of that persuasion, that before the body was cold, although not the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

searcher, she had exercised a right of search, in every pot, pan, box, basket, drawer, cupboard, chimney—in short, every hole and corner in the premises.

"Ay, and I'll be bound discovered a heap of golden guineas in an old teapot."

No, Madam—not a dump. At least not in the teapot—but in a hole near the sink—she found—

"What, Sir?—pray what?"

Two black-beetles, Ma'am, and a money-spinner.

CHAPTER IV.

Well, the corpse of the deceased Widow received the usual rites. It was washed—laid out—and according to old provincial custom, strewed with rosemary and other sweet herbs. A plate full of salt was placed on the chest—one lighted candle was placed near the head and another at the feet, whilst the Mrs. Humphreys, before mentioned, undertook to sit up through the night and "watch the body." A half-dozen of female neighbours also volunteered their services, and sat in the little back-parlour by way of company for the bereaved daughter, who, by the mere force of habit, had caught up and begun mechanically to stitch at the patchwork-counterpane, with one corner of which she occasionally and absently wiped her eyes—the action strangely contrasting with such a huge and harlequin handkerchief. In the discourse of the gossips she took no part or interest: in reality she did not hear the conversation, her ear still seeming painfully on the stretch to catch those last dying words which her poor mother had been unable to utter. In her mind's eye she was still watching those dreadful contortions which disfigured the features of her dying parent during her convulsive efforts to speak—she still saw those desperate attempts to write, and then that leaden fall of the cold hand, and the long scratch of the random pencil that broke off for ever and ever the mysterious revelation. A more romantic or am-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

bitious nature would perhaps have fancied that the undivulged secret referred to her own birth; a more avaricious spirit might have dreamed that the disclosure related to hidden treasure; and a more suspicious character might have even supposed that death had suppressed some confession of undiscovered guilt.

But the plain matter-of-fact mind of Mary Mullins was incapable of such speculations. Instead of dreaming, therefore,

IN AT THE DEATH.

of an airy coronet, or ideal bundles of bank-notes, or pots full of gold and silver coin, or a disinterred skeleton, she only stitched on, and then wept, and then stitched on again at the motley coverlet, wondering amongst her other vague wonders why no little dirty boys, or ragged little girls, came as usual for penny candles and rushlights. The truth being that the gossips had considerately muffled up the shop-bell, for vulgar curiosity

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

had caused a considerable influx of extra custom, so that thanks to another precaution in suppressing noises, the little chandler's shop presented the strange anomaly of a roaring trade carried on in a whisper.

Owing to this circumstance it was nearly midnight before the shop-shutters were closed, the street-door was locked, the gas turned off, and the sympathising females prepared to sit down to a light, sorrowful supper of tripe and onions.

In the mean time the candles in the little back parlour had burned down to the socket, into which one glimmering wick at last suddenly plunged, and was instantly drowned in a warm bath of liquid grease. This trivial incident sufficed to arouse Miss Mullins from her tearful stupor; she quietly put down the patchwork, and without speaking, passed into the shop, which was now pitch-dark, and with her hand began to grope for a bunch of long sixes, which she knew hung from a particular shelf. Indeed, she could blindfolded have laid her hand on any given article in the place; but her fingers had no sooner closed on the cold clammy tallow, than with a loud shrill scream that might have awakened the dead—if the dead were ever so awakened—she sank down on the sandy floor in a strong fit!

"SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, LIKE THE NIGHT."

"La! how ridiculous! What from only feeling a tallow-candle?"

No, Ma'am; but from only seeing her mother, in her habit

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

as she lived, standing at her old favourite post in the shop; that is to say, at the little desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the barrel of red-herrings.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT! a Ghost—a regular Apparition?"

Yes, Sir, a disembodied spirit, but clothed in some ethereal substance, not tangible, but of such a texture as to be visible to the ocular sense.

"Bah! ocular nonsense! All moonshine! Ghosts be hanged! —no such things in nature—too late in the day for them, by a

RE-ACTION.

whole century—quite exploded—went out with the old witches. No, no, Sir, the ghosts have had their day, and were all laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The potters and the colliers may rise for higher wages, and the Chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and the sun may rise, and the bread may rise, and the sea may rise, and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

buried should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit."

They may have some messages or errands to the living.

"Yes, and can't deliver them for want of breath; or can't execute them for the want of physical force. Just consider yourself a ghost——"

Excuse me.

"Pshaw! I only meant for the sake of argument. I say, suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come up out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? and if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if vou can't pitch into him."

Why, at least it is *showing your Spirit.*

"Humph! that's true. Well, proceed."

CHAPTER VI.

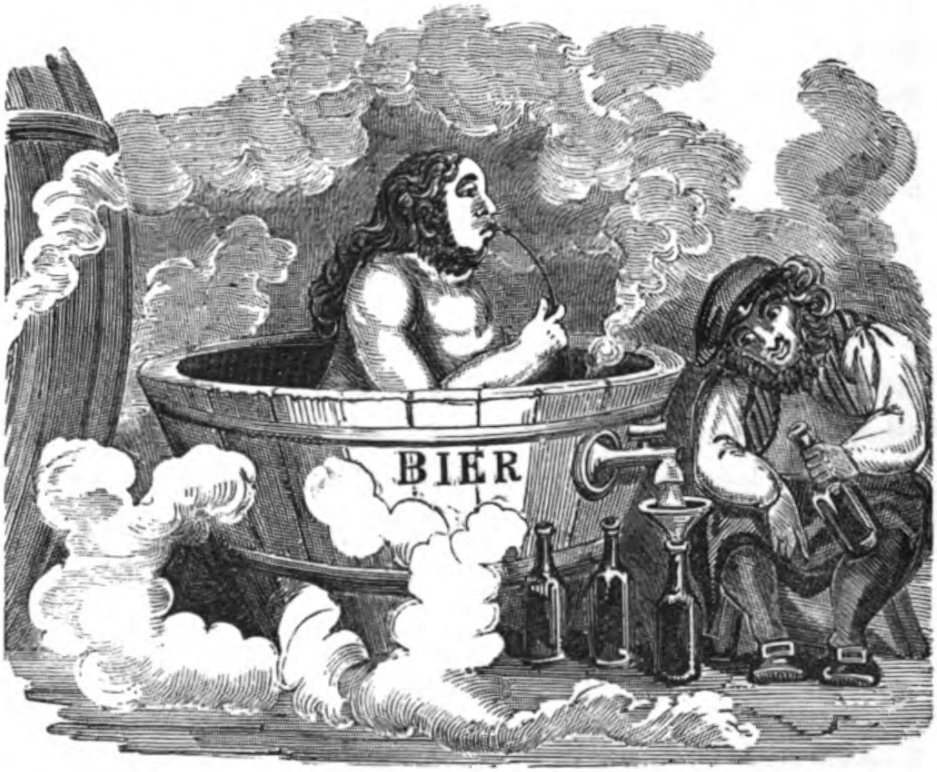
THERE is nothing more startling to the human nerves than a female scream. Not a make-believe squall, at a spider or a mouse, but a real, shrill, sharp, ear-piercing shriek, as if from the very pitchpipe of mortal fear. Nothing approaches it in thrilling effect, except the railway whistle; which, indeed, seems only to come from the throat of a giantess, instead of that of an ordinary woman.

The sudden outcry from the little shop had therefore an appalling effect on the company in the little back parlour, who for the moment were struck as dizzy and stupefied by that flash of sound, as if it had been one of lightning. Their first impulse was to set up a chorus of screams, as nearly as possible in the same key; the next, to rush in a body to the shop, where they found the poor orphan, as they called her, insensible on the floor.

The fit was a severe one; but, luckily the gossips were experienced in all kinds of swoons, hysterics, and faintings, and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

used each restorative process so vigorously, burning, choking, pinching, slapping, and excoriating, that in a very few minutes the patient was restored to consciousness, and a world of pain. It was a long time, however, before she became collected enough to give an account of the Apparition—that she had seen her Mother, or at least her Ghost, standing beside her old desk; that the figure had turned towards her, and had made the same dreadful faces as before, as if endeavouring to speak to her—a



BEER WITH A BODY.

communication which took such effect on the hearers that, with one exception, they immediately put on their bonnets and departed; leaving old Mrs. Dadley, who was stone deaf, and had only imperfectly heard the story, to sleep with Miss Mullins in what was doomed thenceforward to be a Haunted House. The night, nevertheless, passed over in quiet; but towards morning the ghostly Mother appeared again to the daughter in a dream, and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

with the same contortions of her mouth attempted to speak her mind, but with the same ill-success. The secret, whatever it was, seemed irrevocably committed to Silence and Eternity.

In the mean time, ere breakfast, the walking of Widow Mullins had travelled from one end of Grimsby to the other; and for the rest of the day the little chandler's shop at the corner of Swivel-street was surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, who came to gaze at the Haunted House—not without some dim anticipations of perhaps seeing the Ghost at one of the windows. Few females in the position of Mary Mullins would have remained under its roof; but to all invitations from well-meaning people she turned a deaf ear; she had been born and bred on the premises—the little back-parlour was her home—and from long service at the counter, she had become—to alter a single letter in a line of Dibdin's—

All one as a piece of the shop.

As to the Apparition, if it ever appeared again, she said, "the Ghost was the Ghost of her own Parent, and would not harm a hair of her head. Perhaps, after the funeral, the Spirit would rest in peace: but at any rate, her mind was made up, not to leave the house—no, not till she was carried out of it like her poor dear mother."

CHAPTER VII.

And pray, Mr. Author, what is your own private opinion? Do you really believe in Ghosts, or that there was any truth in the story of this Grimsby Apparition?"

Heaven knows, Madam! In ordinary cases I should have ascribed such a tale to a love of the marvellous; but as I before stated, Miss Mullins was not prone to romance, and had never read a work of fiction in her whole life. Again, the vision might have been imputed to some peculiar nervous derangement of the system, like the famous spectral illusions that haunted the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Berlin Bookseller—but then the young woman was of a hardy constitution, and in perfect health. Finally, the Phantom might have been set down as a mere freak of fancy, the off-spring of an excited imagination, whereas she had no more imagination than a cow. Her mind was essentially commonplace, and never travelled beyond the routine duties and occurrences of her everyday life. Her very dreams, which she sometimes related, were remarked as being particularly prosaic and insipid; the wildest of them having only painted a swarm of over-grown cockroaches, in the shop-drawer, that was labelled "Powder Blue." Add to all this, that her character for veracity stood high in her native town; and on the whole evidence the verdict must be in favour of the supernatural appearance.

"Well—I will never believe in Ghosts!"

No, Madam. Not in this cheerful drawing-room, whilst the bright sunshine brings out in such vivid colours the gorgeous pattern of the Brussels carpet—no, nor whilst such a fresh westerly air blows in at the open window, and sets the Columbines a-dancing in that China vase. But suppose, as King John says, that

> "The midnight bell
> Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
> Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
> If this same were a churchyard, where we stand—"

the grass damp—the wind at east—the night pitch-dark—a strangely ill odour, and doubtful whistlings and whisperings wafted on the fitful gust.

"Well, Sir?—"

Why, then, Madam, instead of disbelieving in Ghosts, you would be ready, between sheer fright and the chill of the night air—

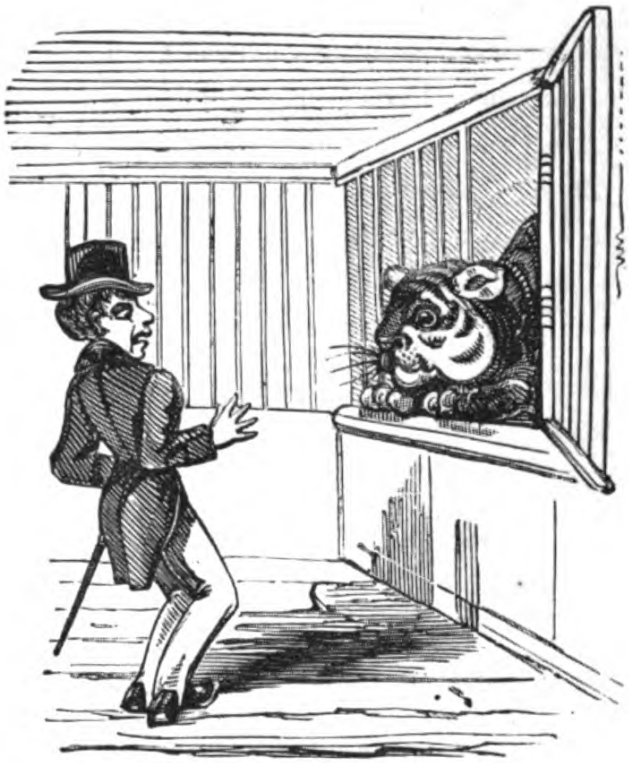
"To do what, Sir?—"

To swallow the first spirits that offered.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

CHAPTER VIII.

THE second night, at the same hour, the same melodrama of "domestic interest" was repeated, except that this time the maternal Phantom confronted her daughter on the landing-place



"I MUST COME OUT NEXT SPRING."

at the top of the stairs. Another fainting fit was the consequence; but before her senses deserted her, the poor creature had time to observe the identical writhings and twitchings of the distorted mouth, the convulsive struggles to speak which had so appalled her, whilst her departed parent was still in the flesh. Luckily, the gossips, backed by two or three she-sceptics, had ventured to return to the Haunted House, where they were startled as before by a shrill feminine scream, and again found Miss Mullins on the ground in a state of insensibility. The fit,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

however, was as treatable as the former one, and the usual strong measures having been promptly resorted to, she again became alive to external impressions,—and in particular that a pint of aquafortis, or something like it, was going down her throat the wrong way—that her little-finger had been in a hand-vice—her temples had been scrubbed with sand and cayenne pepper, or some other such stimulants, and the tip of her nose had been scorched with a salamander or a burning feather. A consciousness, in short, that she was still in this lower sphere, instead of the realms of bliss.

The story she told on her recovery was little more than a second edition of the narrative of the preceding night. The Ghost had appeared to her, made all sorts of horrible wry mouths, and after several vain attempts at utterance, all ending in a convulsive gasp, had suddenly clasped its shadowy hands round its throat, and then clapped and pressed them on its palpitating bosom, as if actually choking or bursting with the suppressed communication. Of the nature of the secret she did not offer the slightest conjecture; for the simple reason that she had formed none. In all her days she had never attempted successfully to guess at the commonest riddle, and to solve such an enigma as her mother had left behind her was therefore quite out of the question. The gossips were less diffident; their Wonder was not of the Passive, but of the Active

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

kind, which goes under the *alias* of Curiosity. Accordingly, they speculated amongst themselves without stint or scruple on the matter that the Spirit yearned so anxiously to reveal; for instance, that it related to money, to murder, to an illegitimate child, to adulterated articles, to a forged will, to a favourite spot for burial; nay, that it concerned matters of public interest, and the highest affairs of the state, one old crone expressing her decided conviction that the Ghost had to divulge a plot against the life of the Queen.

To this excitement as to the Spectre and its mystery, the conduct of the Next of Kin afforded a striking contrast: instead of joining in the conjectural patchwork of the gossips, she silently took up the old variegated coverlet, and stitched, and sighed, and stitched on, till the breaking up of the party left her at liberty to go to bed.

"And did she dream again of the Ghost?"

She *did*, Miss: but with this difference; that the puckered mouth distinctly pronounced the word Mary, and then screwed and twisted out a few more sounds or syllables, but in a gibberish as unintelligible as the chatter of a monkey, or an Irvingite sentence of the Unknown Tongue.

CHAPTER IX.

THE third night came—the third midnight—and with it the Apparition. It made the same frightful grimaces, and, strange to relate, contrived to pronounce in a hollow whisper the very word which it had uttered in Mary's last Dream. But the jumble of inarticulate sounds was wanting—the jaws gaped, and the tongue visibly struggled, but there was a dead, yes, literally a *dead* silence.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

On this occasion, however, the daughter did not faint away; she had privately taken care to be at the hour of twelve in the midst of her female friends, and her Mother appeared to her in the doorway between the little back parlour and the shop. The Shadow was only revealed to herself. One of the gossips, indeed, declared afterwards that she had seen Widow Mullins, "as like as a likeness cut out in white paper, but so transparent that she could look right through her body at the chaney Jemmy Jessamy on the mantelpiece."

But her story, though accepted as a true bill by nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Grimsby, was not honoured by any one who was present that night in the little back-parlour. The two staring green eyes of Miss Mullins had plainly been turned, not on the fireplace, but towards the door, and her two bony forefingers had wildly pointed in the same direction. Nevertheless, the more positive the contradiction, the more obstinately the story-teller persevered in her statement, still adding to its circumstantialities, till in process of time she affirmed that she had not only seen the Ghost, but that she knew its secret; namely, that the undertaker and his man had plotted between them to embezzle the body, and to send it up in a crate, marked "Chaney —this side upwards," to Mr. Guy in the Borough.

CHAPTER X.

On the fourth night the Ghost appeared at the usual time, with its usual demeanour,—but at the shop instead of the parlour-door, close to the bundle of new mops.

On the fifth, behind the counter, near the till.

On the sixth night, again behind the counter, but at the other end of it beside the great scales.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

On the seventh night, which closed the day of the funeral, in the little back-parlour. It had been hoped and predicted, that after the interment, the Spirit would cease to walk—whereas at midnight it reappeared, as aforesaid, in the room behind the shop, between the table and the window.

On the eighth night, it became visible again at the old desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the herring-barrel. In the opinion of Miss Mullins, the Spectre had likewise crossed her path sundry times in the course of the day—at least she had noticed a sort of film or haze that interposed itself before sundry objects —for instance, the great stone-bottle of vinegar in the shop, and the framed print of "the Witch of Endor calling up Samuel," in the back room. On all these occasions the Phantom had exhibited the same urgent impulse to speak, with the same spasmodic action of the features, and if possible, a still more intense expression of anxiety and anguish. The despairing gestures and motions of the visionary arms and hands were more and more vehement. It was a tragic pantomime, to have driven any other spectator raving mad!

MY NATIVE GROT.

Even the dull phlegmatic nature of Miss Mullins at last began to be stirred and excited by the reiteration of so awful a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

spectacle: and her curiosity, slowly but surely, became interested in the undivulged secret which could thus keep a disembodied spirit from its appointed resting-place, the weighty necessity which could alone recall a departed soul to earth, after it had once experienced the deep calm and quiet of the grave. The sober sorrow of the mourner was changed into a feverish fretting—she could no longer eat, drink, or sleep, or sit still,—the patchwork quilt was thrust away in a corner, and as to the shop, the little dirty boy, and the little ragged girl were obliged to repeat their retail orders thrice over to the bewildered creature behind the counter, who even then was apt to go to the wrong box, can, or canister,—to serve them out train-oil instead of treacle, and soft-soap in lieu of Dorset butter.

"I 'BIDE MY TIME."

What wonder a rumour went throughout Grimsby that she was crazy? But instead of going out of her mind, she had rather come into it, and for the first strange time was exercising her untrained faculties on one of the most perplexing mysteries that had ever puzzled a human brain. No marvel, then, that she gave change twice over for the same sixpence, and sent little Sniggers home with a bar of soap instead of a stick of brimstone. In fact, between her own absence of mind and the pre-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

sence of mind of her customers, she sold so many good bargains, that the purchasers began to wish that a Deaf and Dumb Ghost would haunt every shop in the town!

CHAPTER XI.

ACCORDING to the confession of our first and last practitioners, the testimony of medical works, and the fatal results of most cases of Trismus, there is no surgical operation on the human subject so difficult as the picking of a Locked Jaw. No skeleton key has yet been invented by our body-smiths that will open a mouth thus spasmodically closed. The organ is in what the Americans cail an everlasting fix—the poor man is booked—and you may at once proceed to put up the rest of his shutters.

This difficulty, however, only occurs in respect to the physical frame. For a spiritual lock-jaw there is a specific mode of treatment, which, according to tradition, has generally proved successful in overcoming the peculiar Trismus to which all Apparitions are subject, and which has thus enabled them to break that melancholy silence, which must otherwise have prevailed in their intercourse with the living. The *modus operandi* is extremely simple, and based on an old-fashioned rule, to which, for some obscure reason, ghosts as well as good little boys seem bound to adhere, *i.e.*, not to speak till they are spoken to. It is only necessary, therefore, if you wish to draw out a dumb Spirit, to utter the first word.

Strange to say, this easy and ancient prescription never occurred to either Miss Mullins or her gossips till the ninth day, when Mrs. Humphreys, happening to stumble on the old rule in her son's spelling-book, at the same time hit on the true cause of the silence of the "Mysterious Mother." It was immediately determined that the same night, or at least the very

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

first time the Spirit reappeared, it should be spoken to; the very terms of the filial address, like those of a Royal Speech, being agreed on beforehand, at the same council. Whether the

A SHE RUFFIAN.

orator, the appointed hour and the expected auditor considered, would remember so long a sentence, admitted of some doubt; however it was learned by rote, and having fortified herself with a glass of cordial, and her backers having fortified themselves with two, the trembling Mary awaited the awful interview, conning over to herself the concerted formula, which to assist her memory had been committed to paper.

"Muther, if so be you ar my muther, and as such being spoke to, speak I cunjer you, or now and ever after old your Tung."

CHAPTER XII.

ONE — Two — Three — Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine—Ten—Eleven—TWELVE!

The Hour was come and the Ghost. True to the last stroke of the clock, it appeared like a figure projected from a magic

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

THE HOUR WAS COME AND THE GHOST.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

lantern, on the curtain at the foot of the bed—for, through certain private reasons of her own, Miss Mullins had resolved not only to be alone, but to receive her visitor—as the French ladies do —in her *chambre à coucher*. Perhaps she did not care that any ear but her own should receive a disclosure which might involve matters of the most delicate nature; a secret that might perchance affect the reputation of her late parent, or her own social position. However, it was in solitude and from her pillow, that with starting eyeballs, and outstretched arms, she gazed for the ninth time on the silent Phantom, which had assumed a listening expression, and an expectant attitude, as if it had been invisibly present at the recent debate, and had overheard the composition of the projected speech. But that speech was never to be spoken. In vain poor Mary tried to give it utterance; it seemed to stick, like an apothecary's powder, in her throat—to her fauces, her palate, her tongue, and her teeth, so that she could not get it out of her mouth.

MOTHER OF PEARL.

The Ghost made a sign of impatience.

Poor Mary gasped.

The Spirit frowned and apparently stamped with its foot.

Poor Mary made another violent effort to speak, but only gave a sort of tremulous croak.

The features of the Phantom again began to work — the muscles about the mouth quivered and twitched.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Poor Mary's did the same.

The whole face of the Apparition was drawn and puckered by a spasmodic paroxysm, and poor Mary *felt* that she was imitating the contortions, and even that hideous grin, the *risus sardonicus*, which had inspired her with such horror.

At last with infinite difficulty, she contrived by a desperate effort to utter a short ejaculation—but brief as it was it sufficed to break the spell.

The Ghost, as if it had only awaited the blessed sound of one single syllable from the human voice, to release its own vocal organs from their mysterious thraldom, instantly spoke.

But the words are worthy of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Mary! it arn't booked—but there's tuppence for sandpaper at number nine!"

AN OLD ONE, BUT GOOD, WITH BOTH HANDS IN THE RING.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

NOTE.—"It is much to the Discredit of Ghosts,"—Says Johannes Lanternus, in his "Treatise of Apparitions,"—"that they doe so commonly revisit the Earth on such trivial Errands as would hardly justify a journey from London to York, much less from one World to another. Grave and weighty ought to be the Matter that can awaken a Spirit from the deep Slumbers of the Tomb: solemn and potent must be the Spell, to induce the liborated Soul, divorced with such mortal Agony from its human Clothing, to put on merely such flimsy Atoms, as may render it visible to the Eye of Flesh. For neither willingly nor wantonly doth the Spirit of a Man forsake its subterrane Dwelling, as may be seen in the awful Question by the Ghost of Samuel to the Witch of Endor—'Wherefore hast thou disquieted Me and called me up?' And yet, forsooth, a walking Phantom shall break the Bonds of Death, and perchance the Bonds of Hell to boot, to go on a Message, which concerns but an Individual, and not a great one either, or at most a Family, nor yet one of note, for example, to disclose the lurking Place of a lost Will, or of a Pot of Money in Dame Perkins her back Yard, —Whereas such a Supernatural Intelligencer hath seldom been vouchsafed to reveal a State Plot—to prevent a Royal Murther, or avert the Shipwrack of an whole Empire. Wherefore I conclude that many or most Ghost Stories have had their rise in the Self-Conceit of vain ignorant People, or the Arrogance of great Families, who take Pride in the Belief that their mundane Affairs are of so important a Pitch, as to perturb departed Souls, even amidst the Pains of Purgatory, or the Pleasures of Paradise."

NO!

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no " t'other side the way "—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em !—
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
" No go "—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flow'rs, no leaves, no birds,——
November !

RUNNING FOR THE OAKS.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A VERY SO-SO CHARACTER.

"I TAKE it for granted," said Mrs. Wiggins, inquiring as to the character of a certain humble companion, "that she is temperate, conversable, and willing to make herself agreeable?"

"Quite," replied Mrs. Figgins. "Indeed, I never knew a young person *so so*ber, *so so*ciable, and *so so*licitous to please."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

IT was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahony was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealcreagh—who knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolamaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw, at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing,

FANCY PORTRAITS.—ROWLAND AND SON.

and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, revealed successively the neck and the shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leandering distance, from which the unknown might have swum. Meanwhile the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto, the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features at least as plainly as those of the Man in the Moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of "forrin voice," such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahoney.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Divil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised a d flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for about a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know, of course, what I am?"

"Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

FANCY PORTRAIT.—AUDUBON.

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I *am* only half a gentleman, and it's

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling, and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "it's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite reassured, "to cry O'Connell for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or Success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he larn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round, skyblue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Mathew's."

"Bedad, that's true!" exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repale?"

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long-drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favour in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed Union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

"Murther alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honour's tail!"

"That very same," said the Merman. "'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.' But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Shure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder anyhow—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even spill a drop of blood."

Mike shook his head doubtfully — very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself,

"Divil a bit of a Repale without *that* !"

"Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of flesh-coloured paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain," said Mike, "but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, onless I could lend you the loan of a pair o' legs."

FANCY PORTRAIT.—VAN PICKFORD.

"True for you, Mike," replied the Merman, "but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting, Mike," and he winked again with his round, sky-blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see is mighty unconvenient, so long as I am linked to this scaly Saxon appendage."

"Saxon is it!" bellowed Mike, "hurrah then for the Repale!" and whipping out a huge clasp-knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as the Merman had directed,—and, strange to say of an Irish operation, without shedding a drop of blood.

"There," said Mike, having first kicked the so dissevered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a ninepin on

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

the broad end, "there you are, free and indepindint, and fit to sit where you plase."

"Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman, "and as to the sitting where I please," here he nodded three times very significantly, "the only seat that will please me will be in College Green."

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs were powerless, and his mouth only gaped in a prodigious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes opened, but he could see nothing that he could make head or tail of—the Merman was gone.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a dhrame I've had of the Repale of the Union!"

EPIGRAM

ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTERS AT CABUL.

A SORRY tale, of sorry plans,
Which this conclusion grants,
That Affghan clans had all the *Khans*
And we had all the *cant's*.

NAVY STOCK.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:05 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"WE HAVEN'T MET THIS AGE."

HYDROPATHY, OR THE COLD WATER CURE,

AS PRACTISED BY VINCENT PRIESSNITZ, AT GRAFENBERG.

BY R. T. CLARIDGE, ESQ.

"The element that never tires."—BASIL HALL.

THE greatest danger to the health or life in Foreign Travelling, at least in Germany, is notoriously from damp linen. A German-Ofen is not adapted for the process vulgarly called "airing," and the "Galloping Horse," alluded to by Wordsworth in his poem on a Hanoverian Stove, is anything but a clothes-horse. If you send your linen to be washed, therefore, you must expect in return a shirt as damp as a Dampschiff—

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

stockings as dripping as the hose of a fire engine, and a handkerchief with which you cannot dry your eyes. As a matter of course, you must look, now and then, for a wet blanket, or a moist sheet; and should that be the case, there is only one warming-pan to our knowledge in the Rhenish Provinces — and that one is at Coblenz.

Now this drawback would alone prove a damper to many an English Tourist, who would otherwise go up the Rhine: for of what avail are all his Patent Waterproof articles—his umbrella, his Macintosh, his goloshes, India-rubber shoes, and Perring's beaver, whilst he is thus liable to wet next his skin. In fact, we believe this danger, more than any sea risk or land peril, has deterred thousands of Valetudinarians from repairing to Germany to drink the waters—accompanied by the unwholesome probability of chilling the skin, closing the pores, and checking the insensible, invisible perspiration by putting on humid garments; than which nothing can be more injurious to even the strongest constitution,—witness the fatal shirt that clung so to Hercules, and which, allowing for mythological embellishment, was no doubt simply a clean one — sent to him wringing wet by that jade Dejanira.

The catastrophe of the great Alcides rests, however, on the very doubtful testimony of Greek historians. It is true, that by our English sanatory notions he ought to have died—say of inflammation on the lungs—but according to the Hydropathists, the Strong Man ought to have been only the stronger for a "Cold Wet Bandaging." Instead of cutting his stick—or rather club—he ought merely to have broken out in salutary boils, which would have removed all his complaints, if he had any—for example, one Mr. Rausse names all chronic diseases of the lungs, all organic defects, and all diseases in *people whose muscles and sinews are past all power of action, and from whom the vital principle has passed beyond recovery*—which said people,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

if we know anything of plain English, must be neither more nor less than "*Stiffuns!*" And to confirm this cadaverous view of them, p. 74 declares that these assertions of Mr. Rausse are supported by a Mr. *Raven!*

SCHLANGENBAD. "IT HAVE GIVEN ME QUITE A TURN!"

Professor Munde, however, who was cured of a painful complaint during his residence at Gräfenberg, stops short of the cure of Death by light or heavy wet, but enumerates Gout, Rheumatism, Tic Doloureux, Hernia, Hypochondria, Piles, Fevers of all kinds, Inflammations, Cholera, &c. &c. &c., to which Mr. Claridge adds a list, by the Reverend John Wesley, of some hundred of diseases, in man, woman, and child, to be cured by "Primitive Physic," *alias* Aqua Pumpy. Nay, we have cases of Illustrious Patients — Baron Blank, Count Dash, General Asterisk, the Marquis de Anonymous, and others, who

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

were all well washed, and all washed well,—and so far from suffering from wet linen, were actually swaddled in it; and instead of being chilled, actually *heated* from being put up damp, like haystacks. It follows that Hercules could not be carried off in the way supposed, — and especially if he enjoyed such *indelicate* health as he exhibits in his pictures and statues.

The common dread of water and wetting seems certainly to be rather overstrained. We think little, indeed, of the instance of Thomas Cam, aged 207, of whose burial registry Mr. Claridge furnishes an extract from the parish books; first, because there is no evidence that this very "Old Tom" was in the habit of soaking his clay with water; and secondly, because 207 *was very probably the way with an ignorant Clerk of setting down* 27. Neither do we attach much weight to the opinions of the Travellers, who "assure us that amongst the Arabs this age is not unfrequently attained, and that men are frequently married at a hundred years of age; first, because the Desert is not particularly well supplied with water; and secondly, that consequently the Arabs must be of rather dry habits. But looking at another animal which lives in the wet, and is one of the greatest of water-drinkers, namely, the whale, we are quite ready to allow, as to its longevity, that it is "the longest creature as lives."

Take courage, then, ye Valetudinarians, and apply for your passports. Go fearlessly up the Rhine, into swampy Holland, or Belgium, or wherever you will. Your old bugbears are actually benefits—real reforms to the constitution. Write on yourselves if you choose, "This side uppermost," but omit the fellow direction, "To be kept dry." You will thrive like the hydrangeas the more you are watered. Ride outside, and forget your umbrella. Prefer soaked coachboxes and sloppy boats—and if you even go overboard, remember that the mother of Achilles, to make him invulnerable, ducked him in a river. Ask

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

for damp sheets, and pay extra for a wet blanket—nay, never say die, though after a jolly night you find the next morning that you have slept in a dewy meadow, with the moon for a warming-pan. If, in walking on St. Swithin's day, you happen to get under a spout, stay there—it's a Douch-Bad—*vide* Frontispiece, figure 4, and you are lucky in getting it gratis. Should you chance to trip and throw yourself a fair back-fall, with your head in a puddle, don't rise, but lie there as contentedly as a drunkard, for that—see figure 2—is a Kopf-Bad. Instead of striding over a kennel, step into it,—for it is as good as a Fuss-Bad. And when a tub of cold water comes in your way, squat down in it like Parson Adams, when he played at "the Ambassador," for that is a Sitz-Bad — as you may see in figure 3, where a gentleman is sitting, as happy as a Merman with his tail in a tub, and reading Claridge on the "Cold Water Cure!"

And should you experience, though you ought not, any aguish chills, or rheumatic pains from this mode of conduct—push on at once to Gräfenberg, where Vincent Priessnitz will soak all complaints out of you, like the salt from a ling. As the preface says, it is "only eight or ten days' journey from London," and you may go either by Ostend or Hamburg; but the first route is the best, because you can *wet* your thirst by the way at the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Brunnens of Nassau. For our own parts we prefer our washing done at home; but never mind us. Push on for the great Fountain Tavern in Silesia, for depend upon it whatever you feel, whether flushes, shudderings, gnawings, cravings, creepings, shootings, throbbings, dartings and prickings—it is only Nature *boring* for water.

Never stop, then, except perhaps for a minute or so to look at the votive fountain the Wallachian and Moldavian patients have erected, dedicated "Au Génie de l'Eau Froide,"—never

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

halt till you have reached the famous House of Call for Watermen, and pledged the great Aquarius himself in a goblet of his own Adam's ale. If you are faint it will revive you, if thirsty it will refresh you, and if you have broken a bone or two by the upsetting of a diligence, the very man for a fracture stands before you. In fact his first exploit in Hydropathy was with cold water and wet bandages, and some little assistance from a table, to set and mend two of his own broken ribs! After that if you are so unreasonable as still to require any evidence of the peculiar virtues of the fluid, know that by drinking and dispensing it ice-cold though it be, Vincent Priessnitz has made himself so *warm* that he is worth £50,000.

CURLING FLUID.

The above advice, it must be remembered, is not ours, but drawn from the book before us. We should be loth to be responsible personally for any lady or gentleman going so far off as Silesia to drown themselves, and by the awfully premeditated process of taking "twenty glasses of water a day." Neither should we like to have to answer to a visitor to Gräfenberg for the discomfort of a room like "a soldier's chamber in a barrack," so low that Mr. Gross could not stand upright in it—with no better furniture than a bedstead with a straw mattress—a chest of deal drawers, a table, two chairs, a decanter and glass (for water only) and an "enormous washhand-basin." It would vex us to have commended any one to a table where it is

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

generally complained that the food "though plentiful is coarse." He might not be pleased either with the remedy of drinking so much cold water, that there was little room for the solids. And, above all, he would naturally cry out against the heart-burnings incurred by Mr. Claridge himself, and which were relieved by a cure certainly worse than the disease.

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

"The burning liquid which rises from the stomach to the throat is often caused at Gräfenberg by the abundance of the greasy food with which the table is supplied. At the period of the crisis it frequently makes its appearance at the termination of humours, of which part is discharged by the first courses. I

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

was sharply attacked by it at this period of the treatment, and '*a diarrhœa which I brought on in gorging myself with cold water during two days completely cured me.*' "—P. 237.

Now, it may be well for Priessnitz, who boards and lodges his patients, to prescribe water by the pailful to prevent gluttony; or to give them such beds and rooms as must necessarily promote early rising and encourage exercise out of doors. It may be quite consistent with his theory to neither light nor pave his neighbourhood, so that his clients are sure on a rainy day of a

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

Mud-bath in addition to their other ones. But as we said before, we should not like to advise any one we love or like to put themselves under his wet hands, unless inordinately fond of duck and cold pig. Moreover, many points of his treatment are practised, if not openly at least secretly, in our own country; and at a consequent saving of all the trouble and expense to the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

patients of a journey to Silesia. The damp sheet system is no secret to the chambermaids at our provincial inns, and the metropolitan publicans and milkmen are far from blind to the virtues of cold water as a beverage. A fact that probably accounts for the peculiar healthiness of London compared with other capitals.

To be candid, we have besides a private prejudice against anything like a Grand Catholicon—not the Pope, but an universal remedy for all diseases, from elephantiasis down to pip. And we become particularly sceptical when we meet with a specific backed by such a testimonial as that of the Rev. John Wesley in favour of Water *versus* Hydrophobia.

"And this, I apprehend, accounts for its *frequently curing* the bite of a mad dog, especially if it be repeated for twenty-five or thirty days successively."—P. 81.

Of which we can only say, that on the production of certificates of three such cures, signed by a respectable turncock, we will let whoever likes it be worried by a mad pack of hounds, and then cure him by only showing him Aldgate-pump.

Moreover, we are aware of the aptitude of our cousins the Germans to go the whole way "and a bittock" in their theories. As Mr. Puff says of the theatrical people, "Give those fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it." Thus allowing the element to be wholesome, for ablution or as a beverage, they order you not only to swig, sit, stand, lie and soak in it, but actually to snuff it up your nose—what is a bridge without water?—for a cold in the head!—P. 228.

It was our intention to have quoted a case of fever which was got under much as Mr. Braidwood would have quenched an inflammation in a house. But our limits forbid. In the mean time it has been our good fortune, since reading Claridge on Hydropathy, to see a sick drake avail himself of the "Cold Water Cure" at the dispensary in St. James's-park. First in

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

waddling in, he took a Fuss-Bad; then he took a Sitz-Bad, and then, turning his curly tail up into the air, he took a Kopf-Bad. Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected he was going to shout "Priessnitz for ever!" But no such thing. He only cried, "Quack! quack! quack!"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

A WHIPPER IN.

MR. CHUBB.

A PISCATORY ROMANCE.

"Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace."—J. DAVORS.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate."—PISCATOR'S SONG.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take,
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize."—WALLER.

CHAPTER I.

MR. CHUBB was not, by habit and repute, a fisherman. Angling had never been practically his hobby. He was none of those enthusiasts in the gentle craft, who as soon as close time comes to an end, are sure to be seen in a punt at Hampton Deeps, under the arches of Kew Bridge, or on the banks of the New River, or the Lea, trolling for jack, ledgering for barbel, spinning for trout, roving for perch, dapping for chub, angling for gudgeon, or whipping for bleak. He had never fished but once in his life, on a chance holiday, and then caught but one bream, but that once sufficed to attach him to the pastime; it was so still, so quiet, so lonely; the very thing for a shy, bashful, nervous man, as taciturn as a post, as formal as a yew hedge, and as sedate as a Quaker. Nevertheless he did not fall in love with fishing, as some do, rashly and madly, but as became his character, discreetly and with deliberation. It was not a hasty passion, but a sober preference founded on esteem, and accordingly instead of plunging at once into the connexion, he merely resolved in his heart, that at some future time he would retire from the hosiery line, and take to one of gut, horsehair, or silk.

In pursuance of this scheme, whilst he steadily amassed the necessary competence, he quietly accumulated the other requisites; from time to time investing a few more hundreds in the Funds, and occasionally adding a fresh article to his tackle, or a new guide or treatise to his books on the art. Into these volumes, at his leisure, he dipped, gradually storing his mind with the piscatory rules, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," till in theory he was a respectable proficient. And in his Sunday

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

walks, he commonly sought the banks of one or other of our Middlesex rivers, where glancing at sky and water, with a speculative eye, he would whisper to himself—"a fine day for the perch," or "a likely hole for a chub;" but from all actual practice he religiously abstained, carefully hoarding it up, like his money, at compound interest, for that delicious Otium-and-Water, which, sooner or later, Hope promised he should enjoy.

In the meantime, during one of these suburban rambles, he observed, near Enfield Chase, a certain row of snug little villas, each with its own garden, and its own share of the New River, which flowed between the said pleasure-grounds on one side, and a series of private meadows on the other. The houses, indeed, were in pairs, two under one roof, but each garden was divided from the next one by an evergreen fence, tall and thick enough to screen the proprietor from neighbourly observation: whilst the absence of any public footpath along the fields equally secured the residents from popular curiosity. A great consideration with an angler, who, near the metropolis, is too liable to be accosted by some confounded hulking fellow with "What sport,—how do they bite?"—or annoyed by some pestilent little boy, who will intrude in his swim.

"Yes, *that's* the place for me," thought Mr. Chubb, especially alluding to a green lawn which extended to the water's edge—not forgetting a tall lignum vitæ tree, against which, seated in an ideal arm chair, he beheld his own Eidolon, in the very act of pulling out an imaginary fish, as big and bright as a fresh herring.

"Yes, that *is* the place for me," muttered Mr. Chubb; "so snug—so retired—so all to one's self! Nobody to overlook, nothing to interrupt one! — No towing-path — no barges — no thoroughfare — Bless my soul! it's a perfect little Paradise!"

And it was the place for him indeed—for some ten years

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

afterwards the occupant died suddenly of apoplexy — whereupon Mr. Chubb bought the property, sold off his business, and retiring to the villa, which he christened "Walton Cottage," prepared to realise the long water-souchyish dream of his middle age.

"And did he catch anything?"

My dear Miss Hastie—do, pray, allow the poor gentleman a few moments to remove, and settle himself in his new abode, and in the meanwhile, let me recommend you to the care of that allegorical Job in petticoats, who is popularly supposed to recreate herself, when she is not smiling on a monument, by fishing in a punt.

CHAPTER II.

EUREKA!

The day, the happy day is come at last, and no bride, in her pearl silk and orange flowers, after a protracted courtship, ever felt a more blissful flutter of spirits than Mr. Chubb, as in a bran-new white hat, fustian jacket, and drab leggings, he stands on the margin of the New River, about to become an angler for better or worse.

The morning is propitious. The sky is slightly clouded, and a gentle southerly zephyr just breathes, here and there, on the gray water, which is thickly studded with little dimples that dilate into rings,—signs, as sure as these in the zodiac, of Aquarius and Pisces. A comfortable arm-chair is planted in the shadow of the tall lignum vitæ—to the right, on the grass, lies a landing net, and on the left, a basket big enough to receive a Salmon. Mr. Chubb himself stands in front of the chair; and having satisfied his mind, by a panoramic glance, of his complete solitude, begins precipitately to prepare his tackle, by drawing the strings of a long brown-holland case

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

into a hard double knot. But he is too happy to swear, so he only blesses his soul, patiently unravels the knot, and complacently allows the rod to glide out of the linen cover. With deliberate care he fits each joint in its socket,—from the butt glittering with bright brass, to the tapering top—

A WATER KELPY.

and then, with supple wrist, proves the beautiful pliancy of the "complete thing." Next from the black leather pocket-book he selects a line of exquisite fineness, and attaches it by the loop to the small brazen wire ring at the point of the whalebone. The fine gut, still retaining its angles from the reel, like a long zigzag of gossamer, vibrates to the elastic rod, which in turn quivers to the agitated hand, tremulous

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

with excitement. But what ails Mr. Chubb? All at once he starts of into the strangest and wildest vagaries, — now clutching like Macbeth at the air drawn dagger, and then

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

suddenly wheeling round like a dog trying to catch his own tail — now snatching at some invisible blue bottle buzzing about his nose,—next flea-hunting about his clothes, and then staring skywards with goggle eyes, and round open mouth, as if he would take a minnow! A few bars rest—and off he goes again,—jumping—spinning,—skipping right and left—no urchin striving to apprehend Jack o'Lantern ever cut more capers.

He is endeavouring to catch his line that he may bait the hook; but the breeze carries it far a-field, and the spring of the rod jerks it to and fro, here and there and everywhere but into his eager hand. Sometimes the shot swing into his eye, some-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

times the float bounces into his mouth or bobs against his nose, and then, half caught, they spring up perpendicularly, and fall down again, with the clatter of hail, on the crown of his white beaver. At last he succeeds—at least the hook anchors in the skirts of his jacket. But he is in too good humour to curse. Propping the rod upright against the tall lignum vitæ, he applies both hands to the rescue, and has just released the hook from the fustian, when down drops the rod, with a terrible lash of its top-joint in the startled stream,—whilst the barbed steel, escaping from his right finger and thumb, flies off like a living insect, and fastens its sting in the cuff of his left sleeve with such good will, that it must be cut out with a penknife. Still he does not blaspheme. At some damage to the cloth, the Kirby is set free—and the line is safe in hand. A little more cautiously he picks up the dripping rod, and proceeds to bait the hook—not without great difficulty and delay, for a worm is a wriggling slippery thing, with a natural aversion to being lined with wire, and when the fingers are tremulous besides, the job is a stiff one. Nevertheless he contrives, ill or well, to impale a small brandling; but remembering that he ought first to have plumbed the depth of the water, removes the worm and substitues a roll of thin lead. Afterwards he adjusts the float to the proper soundings, and then there is all the wriggling slippery nervous process to be gone through over again. But Patience, the angler's virtue, still supports him. The hook is baited once more,—he draws a long deep sigh of satisfaction, and warily poising his rod, lets the virgin line drop gently into the rippling stream!

Now then all is right! Alas, no! The float instead of swimming erect, sinks down on its side for want of sufficient ballast; a trying dilemma, for the cure requires a rather delicate operation. In fact, six split shot successively escape from his trembling fingers—a seventh he succeeds in adjusting to the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

line, on which he rashly attempts to close the gaping lead with his teeth; but unluckily his incisors slip beside the leaden pellet and with a horrid cranch go clean through the crisp gut!

Still he does not blaspheme; but blessing his body, this time, as well as his soul, carefully fits a new bottom on the line, and closes the cleft shot with the proper instrument, a pair of pliers. Then he baits again, and tries the float, which swims with the correct cock—and all is right at last! The dreams, the schemes, the hopes, the wishes of a dozen long years are realised; and if there be a little pain at one end of the line, what enormous pleasure at the other!

Merrily the float trips, again and again, from end to end of the swim, and is once more gliding down with the current, when suddenly the quill stops—slowly revolves—bobs—bobs again—and dives under the water.

The Angler strikes convulsively — extravagantly — insanely; and something swift and silvery as a shooting star, flies over his head. It should, by rights, be a fish—yet there is none on his hook; but searching farther and farther, all up the lawn, to the back door, there certainly lies something bright and quivering on the stone step—something living, scaly, and about an inch long—in short, Mr. Chubb's first bleak.

CHAPTER III.

HAPPY Mr. Chubb! Happy on Thursday, happier on Friday, and happiest on Saturday!

For three delightful days he had angled, each time with better success and increasing love for the art, when Sunday intervened—the longest *dry* Sunday he had ever spent in his life. This short fast, however, only served to whet his appetite for the sport, and to send him the earlier on Monday to the river's

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

edge, not without some dim superstitious notion of catching the fine hog-backed perch he had hooked in a dream over night.

By this time practice had made him perfect in his manipulations. His rod was put together in a crack—the line attached to it in a jiffy, the hook baited in a twinkling, and all ready to begin. But first he took his customary survey, to assure him that his solitude was inviolate, that there was no eye to startle his *mauvaise honte*, for he was as sensitive to observation as some skins to new flannel: but all was safe. There was not a horse or cow to stare at him from the opposite meadow—no human creature within ken, to censure his performance or criticise his appearance. He might have fished, if he had pleased, in his nightcap, dressing-gown, and slippers.

CLARA FISHER AND LITTLE POOLE.

The ineffable value of such a privacy is only appreciable by say, sensitive men, who ride hobbies. But Toby Shandy knew

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

it when he gave *a peep over the horn-beam hedge* before he took a first whiff of the ivory pipe attached to his smoking artillery. And so did Mr. Chubb, as after a preliminary pinch of snuff, and an ecstatic rub of his hands, he gently swung the varnished float, shotted line, and baited hook, from his own freehold lawn into the exclusive water.

The weather was lovely, the sky of an unclouded blue, and the whole landscape flooded with sunshine, which would have been too bright but that a westerly breeze swept the gloss off the river, and allowed the Angler to watch, undazzled, his neat tip-capped float. Thrice the buoyant quill had travelled from end to end of the property, and was midway on its fourth voyage, when—without the least hint of bite or nibble—it was violently twitched up, and left to dangle in the air, whilst Mr. Chubb distractedly stared on a new object in the stream.

A strange float had come into his swim!

And such a float!—A great green and white pear-shaped thing—of an extra size, expressly manufactured for the most turbulent waters; but magnified by the enormity of the trespass into a ship's buoy!

Yes—there it was in his own private fishing-place, down which it drifted five or six good yards before it brought up, on its side, when the force of the current driving the lower part of the line towards the surface, disclosed a perfect necklace of large swanshot, and the shank of a No. 1 hook, baited, as it seemed, with a small hard dumpling!

Mr. Chubb was petrified—Gorgonised—basilisked! His heart and his legs gave way together, and he sank in the elbow-chair; his jaw locked, his eyes protruding in a fixed stare, and, altogether in physiognomy extremely like the fish called a Pope or Ruff, which, on being hooked, is said to go into a sort of spasmodic fit, through surprise and alarm.

However, disappointment and vexation gradually gave way

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to indignation, and planting the chair against the evergreen hedge, he mounted on the seat, with a brace of objurgations on his lips—the one adapted to a great hulking fellow, the other for an infernal little boy; but before either found vent, down he scrambled again, with breakneck precipitation, and dropped into the seat. To swear was impossible—to threaten or vituperate quite out of the question, or even to remonstrate. He who had not the courage to be polite to a lady, to be rude or harsh to one?—never! What then could he do? Nothing, but sit staring at the great green and white float, as it lay on its side, making a fussy ripple in the water, till SHE chose to withdraw it.

At last, after a very tedious interval, the obnoxious object

A LONG STOP.

suddenly began to scud up the stream, and then rising, with almost as much splutter as a wild duck, flew into the neighbouring garden. The swan shot and the hook flew after it, but the little dumpling parting asunder, had escaped from the steel, and the halves separately drifted down with the current, each nibbled at by its own circle of New River bleak.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Mr. Chubb waited a minute, and then fell to angling again; but as silently, stealthily, and sneakingly, as if, instead of fishing in his own waters, he had been poaching in those of Cashiobury—

"Because Lord Essex wouldn't give him leave."

But even this faint enjoyment was shortlived. All at once he heard, to the left, a plash as if a bull-frog or water-rat had plumped into the river, and down came the great green and white nuisance, again dancing past the privet hedge, and waltzing with every little eddy that came in its way. Of course it would stop at the old spot—but no, its tether had been indefinitely prolonged, and on it came, bobbing and becking, till within a foot of the little slim tipcapped quill of our Fisherman. He instantly pulled up, but too late—the bottoms of the two lines had already grappled. There was a hitch and then a jerk—the swanshot with a centrifugal impulse went spinning round and round the other tackle, till silk and gut were complicated in an inveterate tangle. The Unknown, feeling the resistance, immediately struck, and began to haul in. The perplexed Bachelor, incapable of a "Hallo!" only blessed his own soul in a whisper, and opposed a faint resistance. The strain increased; and he held more firmly, desperately, hoping that his own line would give way: but, instead of any such breakage, as if instinct with the very spirit of mischief, the top joint of his rod suddenly sprang out of its socket, and went flying as the other lithe top seemed to beckon it—into HER garden!

It was gone, of course, for ever. As to applying for it, little Smith would as soon have asked for the ball that he had pitched through a pane of plate glass into Mrs. Jones's drawing-room.

All fishing was over for the day; and the discomfited Angler was about to unscrew his rod and pack up, when a loud "hem!" made him start and look towards the sound—and lo! the unknown Lady, having mounted a chair of her own, was looking

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

over the evergreen hedge and holding out the truant top joint to its owner. The little shy bashful Bachelor, still in a nervous agony, would fain have been blind to this civility; but the cough became too importunate to be shirked, and blushing till his very hair and whiskers seemed to redden into carroty, he contrived to stumble up to the fence and stammer out a jumble of thanks and apologies.

HOOKING HIM.

"Really, Ma'am—I'm extremely sorry—you're too good—so very awkward—quite distressing—I'm exceedingly obliged I'm sure—very warm indeed,"—and seizing the top-joint he attempted to retreat with it, but he was not to escape so easily.

"Stop, Sir!" cried one of the sweetest voices in the world, "the lines are entangled."

"Pray don't mention it," said the agitated Mr. Chubb, vainly

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

fumbling in the wrong waistcoat pocket for his penknife. "I'll cut it, Ma'am—I'll bite it off."

"Oh, pray don't!" exclaimed the lady; "it would be a sin and a shame to spoil such a beautiful line. Pray what do you call it?"

What an unlucky question. For the whole world Mr. Chubb would not have named the material—which he at last contrived to describe as "a very fine sort of fiddle-string."

"Oh, I understand," said the Lady. "How fine it is—and yet how strong. What a pity it is in such a tangle! But I think with a little time and patience I can unravel it!"

"Really, Ma'am, I'm quite ashamed—so much trouble—allow *me*, Ma'am." And the little Bachelor climbed up into his elbow-chair, where he stood tottering with agitation, and as red in the face, and as hot all over, as a boiling lobster.

"I think, Sir," suggested the lady, "if you would just have the goodness to hold these loops open while I pass the other line through them—"

"Yes, Ma'am, yes—exactly—by all means—" and he endeavoured to follow her instructions, by plunging the short thick fingers of each hand into the hank; the Lady meanwhile poking her float, like a shuttle, up and down, to and fro, through the intricacies of the tangled lines.

"Bless my soul!" thought Mr. Chubb, "what a singular situation. A lady I never saw before—a perfect stranger!—and here I am face to face with her—across a hedge—with our fingers twisting in and out of the same line, as if we were playing at cat's cradle!"

CHAPTER IV.

"HEYDAY! It is a long job!" exclaimed the Lady, with a gentle sigh.

"It is indeed, Ma'am," said Mr. Chubb, with a puff of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

breath as if he had been holding it the whole time of the operation.

"My fingers quite ache," said the Lady.

"I'm sure—I'm very sorry—I beg them a thousand pardons," said Mr. Chubb, with a bow to the hand before him. And what a hand it was! So white and so plump, with little dimples on the knuckles,—and then such long taper fingers, and filbert-like nails!

HEY-DAY!

"Are you fond of fishing, Sir?" asked the Lady, with a full look in his face for the answer.

"O, very, Ma'am—very partial indeed!"

"So am I, Sir. It's a taste derived, I believe, from my own reading."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Then, mayhap, Ma'am," said Mr. Chubb, his voice quavering at his own boldness, "if it isn't too great a liberty—you have read the 'Complete Angler?'"

"What, Izaak Walton's? O, I dote on it! The nice, dear old man! So pious and so sentimental!"

"Certainly, Ma'am—as you observe—and so uncommonly skilful."

"O! and so natural! and so rural! Such sweet green meadows, with honeysuckle hedges; and the birds, and the innocent lambs, and the cows, and that pretty song of the milkmaid's!"

"Yes, Ma'am, yes," said Mr. Chubb, rather hastily, as if afraid she would quote it; and blushing up to his crown, as though she had actually invited him to "live with her and be her love."

"There was an answer written to it, I believe, by Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"There was, Ma'am—or Sir Walter Scott—I really forget which," stammered the bewildered Bachelor, with whom the present tense had completely obliterated the past. As to the future, nothing it might produce would surprise him.

"Now, then, Sir, we will try again!" And the Lady resumed her task, in which Mr. Chubb assisted her so effectually, that at length one line obtained its liberty, and by a spring so sudden, as to excite a faint scream.

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the horrified little man, almost falling from his chair, and clasping his hands.

"I thought the hook was in my eye," said the Lady; "but it is only in my hair." From which she forthwith endeavoured to disentangle it, but with so little success, that in common politeness Mr. Chubb felt bound to tender his assistance. It was gratefully accepted; and in a moment the most bashful of bachelors found himself in a more singular position than ever

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

—namely, with his short thick fingers entwined with a braid of the glossiest, finest, softest auburn hair that ever grew on a female head.

"Bless my soul and body!" said Mr. Chubb to himself; "the job with the gut and silk lines was nothing to this!"

CHAPTER V.

THAT wearisome hook! It clung to the tress in which it had fastened itself with lover-like pertinacity! In the mean time the Lady, to favour the operation, necessarily inclined her head a little downwards and sideways, so that when she looked at Mr. Chubb, she was obliged to glance at him from the corners of her eyes—as coquettish a position as female artifice, instead of accident, could have produced. Nothing, indeed, could be more bewitching! Nothing so disconcerting! It was a wonder the short thick fingers ever brought their task to an end, they fumbled so abominably—the poor man forgot what he was about so frequently! At last the soft glossy braid, sadly disarranged, dropped again on the fair smooth cheek.

FANCY PORTRAIT.—THEODORE HOOK.

"Is the hook out?" asked the Lady.

"It *is*, Ma'am—thank God!" replied the little Bachelor, with extraordinary emphasis and fervour; but the next moment making a grimace widely at variance with the implied pleasure.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Why it's in your own thumb!" screamed the Lady, forgetting in her fright that it was a strange gentleman's hand she caught hold of so unceremoniously.

"It's nothing, Ma'am—don't be alarmed;—nothing at all—only—bless my soul,—how very ridiculous!"

"But it must hurt you, Sir."

"Not at all, Ma'am—quite the reverse. I don't feel it—I don't, indeed!—Merely through the skin, Ma'am,—and if I could only get at my penknife——"

"Where is it, Sir?"

"Stop, Ma'am—here—I've got it," said Mr. Chubb, his heart beating violently at the mere idea of the long taper fingers in his left waistcoat-pocket—"But unluckily it's my right hand!"

"How very distressing!" exclaimed the Lady; "and all through extricating me!"

"Don't mention it, Ma'am, pray don't—you're perfectly welcome."

"If I thought," said the lady, "that it *was* only through the skin—I had once to cut one out for poor dear Mr. Hooker," and she averted her head as if to hide a tear.

"She's a widow, then!" thought Mr. Chubb to himself. "But what does that signify to me—and as to her cutting out the hook, it's a mere act of common charity."

And so, no doubt, it was; for no sooner was the operation performed, than dropping his hand as if it had been a stone, or a brick, or a lump of clay, she restored the penknife, and cutting short his acknowledgments with a grave "Good-morning, Sir," skipped down from her chair, and walked off, rod in hand, to her house.

Mr. Chubb watched her till she disappeared, and then getting down from his own chair, took a seat in it, and fell into a reverie, from which he was only roused by putting his thumb

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and finger into the wrong box, and feeling a pinch of gentles, instead of snuff.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next day Mr. Chubb angled as usual; but with abated pleasure. His fishery had been disturbed; his solitude invaded —he was no longer Walton and Zimmerman rolled into one. From certain prophetic misgivings he had even abandoned the costume of the craft,—and appeared in a dress more suited to a public dinner than his private recreation—a blue coat and black kerseymere trousers—instead of the fustian jacket, shorts, and leathern gaiters.

The weather was still propitious, but he could neither confine his eye to his quill nor his thoughts to the pastime. Every moment he expected to hear the splash of the great green and white float,—and to see it come sailing into his swim. But he watched and listened in vain. Nothing drifted down with the current but small sticks and straws or a stray weed,—nothing disturbed the calm surface of the river, except the bleak, occasionally rising at a fly. A furtive glance assured him that nobody was looking at him over the evergreen fence—for that day at least, he had the fishery all to himself, and he was be-

STICKS AND STRIKES.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ginning heart and soul to enjoy the sport,—when, from up the stream, he heard a startling plunge, enough to frighten all the fish up to London or down to Ware! The flop of the great green and white float was a whisper to it—but before he could frame a guess at the cause, a ball of something as big as his own head, plumped into his swim, with a splash that sent up the water into his very face! The next moment a sweet low voice called to him by his name.

It was the Widow! He knew it without turning his head. By a sort of mental clairvoyance he saw her distinctly looking at him, with her soft liquid hazel eyes, over the privet hedge. He immediately fixed his gaze more resolutely on his float, and determined to be stone deaf. But the manœuvre was of no avail. Another ball flew bomb-like through the air, and narrowly missing his rod, dashed—saluting him with a fresh sprinkle—into the river!

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Chubb, carefully laying his rod across the arms of his elbow-chair, "when shall I get any fishing!"

"A fine morning, Mr. Chubb."

"Very, Ma'am—very, indeed—quite remarkable," stammered Mr. Chubb, bowing as he spoke, plucking off his hat, and taking two or three unsteady steps towards the fence.

"My gardener has made me some ground bait, Mr. Chubb, and I told him to throw the surplus towards your part of the river."

"You're very good, Ma'am—I'm vastly obliged I'm sure," said the little Bachelor, quite overwhelmed by the kindness, and wiping his face with his silk handkerchief, as if it had just received the favour of another sprinkle. "Charming weather, Ma'am!"

"Oh, delightful! It's quite a pleasure to be out of doors. By-the-bye, Mr. Chubb, I'm thinking of strolling—do you ever stroll, Sir?"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

"Ever what?" asked the astounded Mr. Chubb, his blood suddenly boiling up to Fever Heat.

"For jack and pike, Sir—I've just been reading about it in the 'Complete Angler.'"

"O, she means *trolling*," thought Mr. Chubb, his blood as rapidly cooling down to temperate. "Why, no, Ma'am—no. The truth is,—asking your pardon—there are no jack or pike, I believe, in this water."

"Indeed! That's a pity. And yet, after all, I don't think I could put the poor frog on the hook—and then sew up his mouth,—I'm sure I couldn't!"

"Of course not, Ma'am — of course not," said the little Bachelor, with unusual warmth of manner,—"you have too much sensibility."

"Do you think, then, Sir, that angling is cruel?"

"Why, really, Ma'am"—but the poor man had entangled himself in a dilemma—and could get no farther.

"Some persons say it is," continued the Lady,—"and really to think of the agonies of the poor worm on the hook—but for my part I always fish with paste."

"Yes—I know it," thought Mr. Chubb,—"with a little hard dumpling."

"And then it is so much cleaner," said the lady.

"Certainly, Ma'am, certainly," replied Mr. Chubb, with a particular reference to a certain very white hand with long taper fingers. "Nothing like paste, Ma'am—or a fly; if it was not a liberty, Ma'am, I should think you would prefer an artificial fly."

"An artificial one!—O, of all things in the world!" exclaimed the Lady with great animation. "*That* cannot feel!—But then"—and she shook her beautiful head despondingly—"they are so hard to make. I have read the rules for artificial flies in the book,—and what with badger's hair and cock's

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

cackles (she meant hackles), and whipping your shanks (she meant the hook's), and then drubbing your fur (she meant dubbing with fur), O, I never could do it!"

Mr. Chubb was silent. He had artificial flies in his pocket-book, and yearned to offer one — but, deterred by certain recollections, he shrank from the task of affixing it to her line. And yet to oblige a lady—and such a fine woman too—and besides, the light fall of a fly on the water would be so much better than the flopping of that abominable great

"THERE'S ONE AT ME! NOW FOR A BITE!"

green and white float!—Yes, he would make the offer of it, and he did. It was graciously accepted, the rod was handed over the hedge, and the little Bachelor,—at a safe distance,—took off, with secret satisfaction, the silk line, its great green and white float, its swanshot, the No. 1 hook and its little hard dumpling.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

He then substituted a fine fly-line, with a small black ant-fly, and when all was ready, presented the apparatus to the lovely Widow, who was profuse in her acknowledgments. "There never was such a beautiful fly," she said, "but the difficulty was how to throw it. She was only a Tryo (she meant a Tyro), and as such must throw herself on his neighbourly kindness, for a little instruction."

This information, as well as he could by precept and example, with a hedge between, the little Bachelor contrived to give; and then dismissed his fair pupil to whip for bleak; whilst with an internal "Thank Heaven!" he resumed his own apparatus, and began to angle for perch, roach, dace, gudgeons,—or anything else.

But his gratitude was premature—his float had barely completed two turns, when he heard himself hailed again from the privet hedge.

"Mr. Chubb! Mr. Chubb!"

"At your service, Ma'am."

"Mr. Chubb, you will think me shockingly awkward, but I've switched off the fly,—your beautiful fly,—somewhere among the evergreens."

Slowly the Angler pulled up his line—at the sacrifice of what seemed a very promising nibble—and carefully deposited his rod again across the arms of the elbow chair.

"Bless my soul and body!" muttered Mr. Chubb, as he selected another fly from his pocket-book,—"when shall I ever get any fishing!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Poor Mr. Chubb!"

How little he dreamt—in all his twelve years dreaming, of ever retiring from trade into such a pretty business as that in

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

which he found himself involved! How little he thought, whilst studying the instructive dialogues of Venator and Viator with Piscator, that he should ever have a pupil in petticoats hanging on his own lips for lessons in the gentle art! Nor was it seldom that she required his counsel or assistance. Scarcely had his own line settled in the water, when he was summoned by an irresistible voice to the evergreen fence, and requested to perform some trivial office for a fair Neophyte, with the prettiest white hand, the softest hazel eyes, and the silkiest auburn hair he had ever seen. Sometimes it was to put a bait on her hook—sometimes to take off a fish—now to rectify her float—and now to screw or unscrew her rod. Not a day passed but the little Bachelor found himself *tête-à-tête* with the lovely Widow, across the privet hedge.

Little he thought, the while, that she was fishing for him, and that he was pouching the bait! But so it was:—for exactly six weeks from the day when Mr. Chubb caught his first Bleak—Mrs. Hooker beheld at her feet her first Chubb!

A LEGAL TENDER.

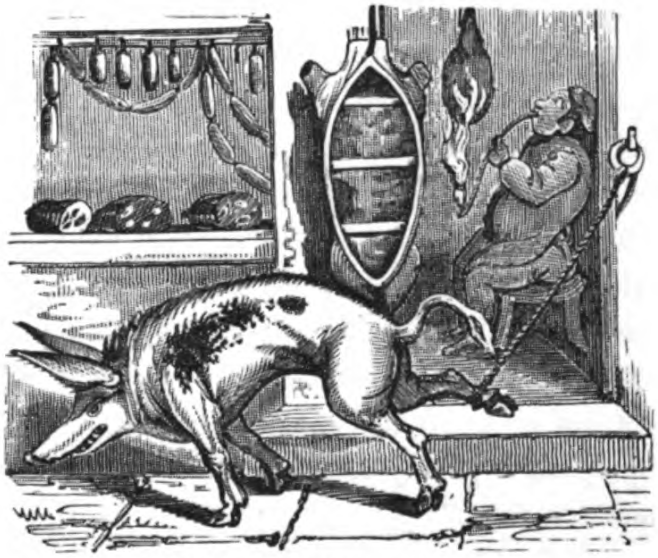
What she did with him needs not to be told. Of course she did not give him away, like Venator's chub, to some poor body;

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

or baste him, as Piscator recommends, with vinegar or verjuice. The probability is that she blushed, smiled, and gave him her hand; for if you walk, Gentle Reader, to Enfield, and enquire concerning a certain row of snug little villas, with pleasure-grounds bounded by the New River, you will learn that two of the houses, and two of the gardens, and two of the proprietors have been "thrown into one."

"And did they fish together, Sir, after their marriage?"

Never! Mr. Chubb, indeed, often angled from morning till night, but Mrs. C. never wetted a line from one year's end to another.



"SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D."

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

IT is singular that none of the commentators on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," have hitherto attributed to *Sir John Falstaff* a tampering with the Black Art of Magic. There are at

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

least as plausible grounds for such a supposition, as for some of the most elaborate of their conjectures, for not only does the Fat Knight undertake to personate that Witch the Wise Woman of Brentford, but he expressly hints to us that he himself was a Wizard, and popularly known as "Jack with his *Familiars*."

A proof of the antiquity of the practice of letting lodgings, or offices for merchants and lawyers, has been equally overlooked by the Annotators. It occurs, indeed, more than once, and in words that might serve for a bill in a modern window—namely, "*Chambers let off*."

NOTE ON "KING JOHN."

Prince Arthur.—Must you with hot irons burn out both my eyes?
Hubert.—Young boy, I must.

In the barbarous cruelty proposed to be practised on Prince Arthur there appears to be some coincidence with a theory brought forward of late years, in reference to the Hanoverian Heir Apparent; namely, that by the ancient laws of Germany the sovereignty could not be exercised by a person deprived of the sense of sight. Although "death" was indicated by the royal uncle in his conference with Hubert, it would seem as if John, shrinking from the guilt of actual murder, had subsequently contented himself with ordering that the young "serpent on his path" should be rendered incapable of reigning by the loss of his eyes. It was a particular act, intended for an especial purpose, expressly commanded by warrant, and Hubert was "sworn to do it."

Supposing, therefore, that the intention was simply to blind the victim, to disable him from the throne, not to inflict unnecessary torture, or endanger life, it is humbly suggested to future painters and stage-managers, that the inhuman deed would not have been performed with great clumsy instruments like plumbers' irons, but more probably with heated metal

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

skewers or bodkins, as the eyes of singing birds have been destroyed by fanciers—though for a different reason—with red-hot knitting needles

"MY EYES! THERE'S A MOUSE!"

NEWS FROM CHINA.

Of the genuineness of the following letters there can be no doubt: the parties are all known to us, and if necessary, we could swear to the handwriting. But the internal evidence will satisfy any competent judge who knows anything, by books or travel, of the Celestial Empire. No corrections have been attempted, whether in style or in the orthography (for example, Morfius for Morpheus, and Romus for Remus, in No. II.); and the only

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

suppressions are of real names, and a few domestic particulars too private for the public.—Ed.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

No. I.—*To Mr.* Abel Dottin, *Grocer, Manchester.*

Dear Brother,

In spite of differings and I must say harshness on some points, you will be delighted to hear I have at last got a letter from dear Gus. How it came I do not quite know, but a most gratifying one to maternal feelings, and I should hope to others, however some people's prognostifications are proved to be in the wrong. But I'm not going to triumph over any one, tho' if I

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

did, motherly joy might be my excuse, for her pride will rise up when a beloved son turns out such as to justify my fondest hopes, and do honour to her system of bringing up. That repays for all. Nobody knows the sacrifices I have gone through for his sake, indeed, such as nothing would reconcile to, except the reflection, it was all for his dear welfare, whatever others might think to the contrary. I have pinched myself in many ways both inside and out, and even more than prudence or health dictated, or even keeping up appearances; but a mother, like a pelican of the wilderness, will go shabby genteel or anything for a beloved child. For of course his outfitting came very heavy, and I had to part with the Japan buffet and all my beautiful old chiney to make him fit for the Celestial Empire. Not to name all his little desideratums, which at such a time I could not grudge or refuse anything he set his heart on to an only departing son for a foreign land. As is more than some people perhaps will sympathise with, but uncles an't mothers. Indeed, his goold watch and other nicknacks ran rather over than under your kind thirty pound. Then what with bullock trunks and regimentals and other items, besides chains and trinkets to barter with the natives, came to a pretty penny, so as obliged me to sell out of my long annuities, and has sadly scrimped a narrow income. However I am now repaid for all my efforts and privations, and only my due and proper reward for my own sagacity and foresight in putting my dear Gus in a line of life adapted to his uncommon cleverness. Some people I know thought otherwise, but in common justice ought to acknowledge I always predicted my son would be a *shining character*. Those were my very words, and they have literally come as true as if I had been a fortune telling gipsy. So much for cultivating genius, and which you'll excuse my saying, the mother it springs from must naturally know more about than even the best of uncles. Indeed, you know yourself, to be can-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

did, I always said he was a genius out of the common way, and was the first to put it into his head. And now I have reason to be thankful that I never thwarted him, as some people wished, but always let him have his own way in everything, and the consequence is, instead of his being a plodding tradesman, or a low mechanick, my Augustus has distinguished himself as a shining character, and for what we know may be at this very moment a Colonel, a General, or a Plenipenitentiary. Every bodies nevies do not get up to *that!* As for himself, poor fellow, whatever other people may have said or done agin him, it is plain he harbours no malice or anymosity or he wouldn't joke so good humoured about your pigtail. But he always was of a forgiving disposition, bless him, and a generous nature besides, and no doubt when he comes back will bring heaps of foreign presents for all his friends and relatives. For my own part I seem to see the house turned into a perfect British Museum, what with great porcelain jars, and little tiny shoes, and bows and arrows, and the frightfullest staring idols. And the Chinese make the most beautiful carved ivory fans. So I need not grudge the Japan buffet and the old chiney,—and instead of going shabby genteel, who knows but I may some day go to routs and parties, in a rich filial silk, and be fetched home with a splendid illuminated lantern? But those are pictures some people won't or can't enter into, so I say no more. But it stands to reason one's sister must surely reflect more credit on him properly consulting appearances according to her rank

A CENTRE-BIT.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

in life, and handsomely dressed and set off as if she had just walked out of the Book of Beauty, than if she had just come out of Mrs. Rundle's Domestic Cookery—which is too often the case.

I enclose dear Gussy's letter, of which I hope you will take religious care of, and not file it into holes like a common trumpery business letter, as some in trade are too apt. Some sentences read oddish, but you must not be set agin it by his style, which to be sure ought not to be exactly like other people's who have no shining parts. At any rate, it shows uncommon cleverness and a good heart. I don't mind owning I enjoyed a good cry over those infantile Chinese fondlings, and then that savage monkey! But some people are of more untender natures, not having had any family of their own. How would you like *your* Gus, if you had one, to be shot and peppered at by a set of long pigtailed savages, contrary to all laws human and divine, as if he was no better than a preserved pheasant or a poached hare? I do hope the wretches will be well civilised for it with a broadside! But what can one expect from such wicked heathens? I only hope he won't be tempted ashore among them, but he's very venturesome, for if they once catch my dear Gus, near any of their nasty Joss houses, they will idolize him as sure as fate!

A full sheet compels to conclude with my love—with which your nevy if he was here would unite—but alas there's oceans between. Lord preserve him from that and all other perils by sea and land, not forgetting the barbarous inhabitants of China and Tartarus! With which I remain, dear Brother,

Your affectionate sister,

JEMIMA BUDGE.

Wisbech, 13 October.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

No. II.

DEAR MOTHER,

Since my last from the Cape,* I suppose you have been in a regular slow fever of maternal solicitude to hear of my arrival among the Mandarines—inquiring at every Tea Warehouse and Crockery shop whether they have heard anything from Canton, and expecting twelve general posts a day, and twenty particular ones with a letter from "my son in China."

Well, here it is at last, warranted oriental, and if it don't go thro' the parish like the Asiatic Cholera I know nothing about letters from sons in foreign parts. Of course Mrs. Dewdny will have the first reading of it and Mrs. Spooner the last, as she always has of her own novelties in her Circulating Library. I think I see her with her hands flapping up and down, and hear her clucking with her tongue and saying,

"Well—dear me—I never! To think of Mister Gustavus being where all the tea comes from——By the by, Mrs. B., you don't want any real Howqua?—and the ladies can't walk for their little shoes—Captain Pidding's you know—well, I'll order Lord Jocelyn—in catty packages, you see, Ma'am—for the Library—and so Mister Gustavus really is at Kang Tong—did you ever read letters from the Dead to the Living?—well I never!—dear me!"

However, here I am—knocking about in the Chinese waters, not black or green though, as Mrs. Spooner would suppose, but decidedly yellow. Just fancy an ocean of pea-soup, such as you used to make at home and then talk of throwing it over the house,—quite as thick and of the same colour, with lots of weeds floating about in it like the mint, but whole instead of

* This letter never reached its destination.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

crumbled—in short, so like the real thing that I was spoon enough to taste it; and really it might pass for work-house pea-soup, only salted with rather a heavy hand.

SHOVING OFF.

Well, after soup, fish—and what do you think of square miles of it, as we neared the land,—whole shoals, big and little, from sprats up to porpuses, with strange sorts never seen before, all floating on the surface belly upwards, just like old Parkington's carp when somebody had hocussed them with Cockulus Indicus.

However, this time it was that old buffer Commissioner Lin who had poisoned all the finny and scaly tribes by throwing such lots of opium into the River at Canton. Even the gulls were affected by it, from feeding on the small fry, and sat rocking on the waves dead asleep. So the drug really must be as diliterious as the Quakers said it is—even if we had not come across a more striking proof of it, — namely a man-of-war's launch with a middy and twelve hands in her, all as fast as tops, and as hard to be waked up as Dr. Watts's sluggard.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Luckily there was oceans of cold pig at hand, and didn't we give it them, as Dibdin says, with the gravy, which at last brought them to their senses, when it appeared that hearing so much talk about opium, and finding a package of it adrift, they had chawed a little out of curiosity, which being an overdose had sent them all into the land of Nod. On comparing notes they had been drifted about three whole days and nights in the

FOOT SOLDIERS.

arms of Morfius. We got some capital yarns out of them, telling their dreams, turn and turn about, and the middy's was, that he had been down in Bedfordshire a week of wet Sundays, and dozing all the time as fast as a church in the family pew.

Poor fellows! it was lucky we picked them up, before falling

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

into the power of the pigtails instead of the ninetails—for they had two dozen a piece on rejoining their ship, but one of them, an old deep file, took another dose of the opium beforehand, and so was flogged in his sleep, they say, without feeling it, which if true, beats somambulism by long chalks.

Well, the next morning the watch reported that the ship was surrounded with floating spars and timber, some being black and charred, from which we concluded either that some ship had been accidentally burnt and blown up, or else that hostilities had begun with the Chinese, and which proved to be the fact. One of our gun-brigs had had a brush the day before with a fleet of mandarin boats, and of course beat them into fits in no time; but with consequences rather inconvenient to the winners. You know we have in the river Thames a floating Chapel and a floating Infirmary, but what do you think of a floating Foundling Hospital?

However it's fact: and here's the way of it, up and down. The Chinese towns are very populous, so much that there isn't room for half the inhabitants on dry land, and accordingly hundreds and thousands of families live, where *you* wouldn't, namely, on the water in regular swimming houses, with no ground-floors. This arrangement of course prevents the rising generation from playing as ours does about the streets, so they play about the deck instead, which being wet and slippery it often happens that some of them, especially what you call the little toddles, plump overboard, and would be drowned but for a great empty calibash that their mothers tie to their backs, and which acting like a cork jacket keeps the dear little ducklings afloat, till their industrious parents are at leisure to haul them out with a long boat-hook. An operation they never hurry themselves about, knowing the darlings are perfectly safe; as well as doing their own washing, while the young uns from the same sense of security are far from particular about their footing, but drop in

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and float about as if they were paid for doing it, like the aquatic actors at Sadler's Wells.

Well, you see when the mandarin boats bore down on the gun-brig she began to fire away like blazes, right and left, and one or two of the random balls falling among the floating houses, the proprietors considered it as a notice to quit, and away they went helter skelter—*sove qui peu*, which is the French for "devil take the hindmost," some up the river and some into the canals,—whole Water Lanes and River Terraces moving off in double quick, with such screaming and howling, they say, as never was heard. In such a skurry the juveniles got knocked overboard like fun, some of the unpleasant or snubbed children in large families perhaps getting a kick on purpose; however in they went, plump after plump, like frogs frightened into a pond,—the brig all the while kicking up a regular smother, and chattering away like thunder as long as she could get an answer, and rather longer. At last she stopped firing, and the smoke clearing off, lo and behold there was not a mandarin boat in sight—the swimming town had gone into the country, and all round the ship the sea was alive with little Chineses brought down by the ebb tide, all floating about with their life-pre-

BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

servers, and screaming like sea-gulls for their absent fathers and mothers.

As common humanity required, they were all picked up and taken aboard the brig, one hundred and sixty-four in all, from a year upwards, and after a little warm grog apiece, which some took naturally and others quite the reverse, the captain sent them all off in the gig and the cutter, with a white ensign to each boat. Not that the Chinese would mind firing on a flag of truce, which they did so unmercifully that the officers in

INFANTRY AT MESS.

charge out of humanity gave orders to pull round, and brought all the little innocents aboard again, as well as some six or seven more which they had picked up in their passage. Well,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

when Captain —— saw them all come back on his hands, he looked at them, they say like an ogre, for he thought the barbarians had contrived it on purpose, to prevent his fighting his ship, and he swore, so soon as the flood made, he would heave the brats overboard every cherub, and let them tide back again. But when the time come, being a family man himself, his heart always misgave,—so the children remained aboard,—and there was Her Majesty's gun-brig the —— turned into a regular Foundling Hospital.

By good luck our commander took me with him on a visit to the brig, and sure enough she was literally swarming with little flat-faced Chinese, some put to bed three and four in a hammock, and the rest sprawling about the decks, each looked after by a strapping he-nursemaid six foot high,—the carpenter's nurseling excepted, which being called off to a job he had tied by the leg to a ring bolt. And oh, thinks I, if my dear motherly mother could but see the boatswain;—a great red-faced monster, almost as hairy as the beast that suckled Romulus and Romus, a sitting on a carronade, with a brown foundling on each knee, one getting up a squall and the other sick, from being tried with a soft quid of tobacco, because it couldn't manage hard biscuit! And then the noise!—for at least half of the children were screeching like parakeets, I don't think for want of toys, for one had a marlinspike, and another the tarbrush, and another an old swab, but by degrees the whole kit of innocents on deck had set up their pipes as if King Herod had got among them,—and nobody knew why. Some thought it was at the black cook, and others said the Newfoundland dog— however the secret came out at last.

"Forward there!" sings out the first leftenant, "what is that noise?"

"Why then, if you please, Sir," says the coxon, "it's all along of the ship's monkey. He's got so infarnal jealous of our

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:06 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

nussin and fondlin the Chinee babbies, that he crept round on the sly and give 'em all a bite apiece!"

What became of the interesting Foundlings afterwards, I don't know to a certainty, our ship being ordered off the same day to proceed up the river; but somebody said, that the captain exchanged the whole boiling for the Newfoundland dog, which had somehow been inveigled on shore by the Chinese.

As yet our ship had never fired a gun except by way of salute. In going up the river, a few shots had been aimed at us which our commander wouldn't condescend to answer. Our fellows have indeed the greatest contempt for the Chinese batteries, which they call their *piany forts*. At last we got liberty to return their compliments, and I determined to have a shy at the pigtails, so I had a gun run out forward, took aim at a Joss-house, and fired it off with my own hand,—bang! whiz! and away flew the ball howling through the air. Where it went or what mischief it did I have no notion; but after watching a minute the captain sings out,

"Who laid that gun?"

"I did, Sir," was my reply.

"Mr. Budge," says he, "you will be a shining character."

"I hope, Sir, I shall."

None of us have yet been allowed to land, but we hope soon to have a spree on shore. Some of the fellows in the gun-brig have been into the country and had a famous lark. Such cock-shying at the China jars! Such chevying after the natives for their tails! and finishing off with a row in a Joss-house, which they set fire to, after dragging out the Idol, a regular old Guy, and running him up, Jack Ketch fashion, to the bough of a tree. If that does not convert the pagans I don't know what will!

Some day I suppose it will be our turn to have a set-to with the war junks, or an army battle ashore, in which case unless he gets knocked into the Tiger's Mouth, or is chopped in two

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

by a two-handed sword, or has a wriggle like an eel on an ugly sort of three-pronged spear, there is a chance of Mr. Gustavus covering himself with glory, as well as coming in for part of the swag. One of the middies of the gun-brig told me that he had for his own share fourteen tails, three pair of chop-sticks, a beautiful ivory fan, carved as delicate as Brussels lace, two rattan shields, a fighting quail, three odd women's shoes, a state parasol, and a superb lantern! No bad lot, and says you, wouldn't the lantern look well in our passage at home, I should say Hall, and lighted up with gas.

In the mean time our Jacks and jollies are full of the best spirit, and only want a chance to slaughter the Chinamen like pigs. And sarve 'em right, they say, for calling Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria a Barbarian Eye—besides which, they have a notion of their own, that the war is intended to force the Chinese to smoke and chew 'backy instead of opium, and therefore a very just and legitimate business, and even of a friendly character. Be that as it may the natives do not seem to relish the sport. It's a very good game, as the hoop said to the stick, only I get all the licks.

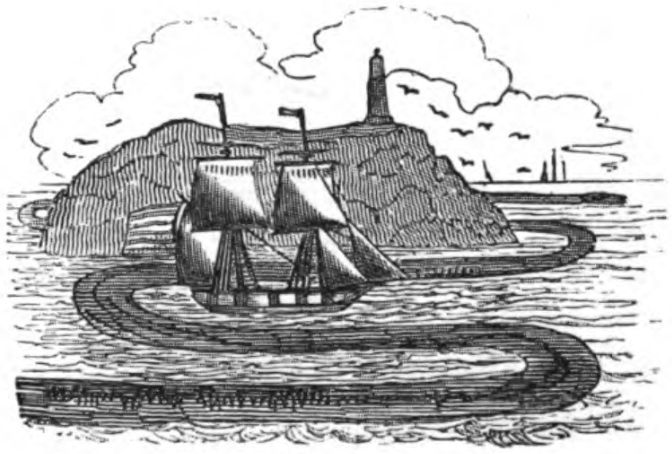
But it is time to belay. Tell uncle Abel, with my duty to him, he may cut off his queue as soon as he likes, for I'll send him one six times as thick, and twelve times as long, if I kill a mandarin on purpose. Likewise a *Swan-pan*, being quite in his line. Cousin Rouzel may depend on a *Tung-lo* to charm his bees with; and Susan shall have a pair of ladies' shoes almost too small for this world. As for yourself, you would not object I dare say to a *Pow-ka*—some of the swell mandarins by the way are first chop dandies, with splendid satin pelisses and silk petticoats that would make up easily into gowns—a *Chin-tow* of course, and maybe you would like a *Kang*. You have only to say which you would prefer, and it shall come by the first ship and no mistake. I should like to see you in a *Kew!*

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

With love and duty to yourself, and remembrances to all friends and relatives,

I am,
Dear Mother,
Your affectionate Son,
AUGUSTUS BUDGE.

P.S.—Since the above a native-boat has come alongside, and I've done a little barter. One of my rings for a fishing cormorant, and the amethyst for a regular game cricket.



TO BE CONTINUED.

No. III.—*To Mrs.* BUDGE, *Wisbech.*

DEAR SISTER,

This is to acnollige your faver of the 13th currant includin one from my Nevy. And am sorry to observe he have put no Date to it which is neglectin what I call one of the three correspondin W's,—namely When Where and What.

As for you and me diferin its what we always did and always shall do like the 2 sides of an Account. Becos why whatever you place to Credit on one Side I set down Per Contra. For exampel what you call propper spirit I call impudence and what you considder generosity I consider extravigance. That's how

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

we don't ballance. Time will show whose Itums was the correctest, yours or Some Peoples, a Firm I know as well as if their Names & Addresses was in the Directry & not many doors off from my own. But its early days to say Im no Profit afore knowing more of the returns And for all that apears as yet you may have a bad Speck in your Sun.

As such I am sorry to hear of your Sellin out Stock & narrowin your Incum, partickly as it was under 150 afore, & so no savin as to the Tax. Also your pinchin Yourself in your vittles & in course narrowin your Figger in that way too, which is

GUY OF WARWICK.

more then I would for any dear Gus in the world. But as you say I can't feel like a Muther, and am glad I cant. I am neither so soft in the Hed nor so tender brested, like the Pellican you rite of & which I take it must be some sort of forin Goose, to go Shylockin a pound of flesh from my own buzum to satisfy extravigant bills. And that such is the case is proved by your own Entries as to uniforms and trinkits and so forth, whereby

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

my thirty Pound have gone it appears for Dux and Drakes instead of buying his Sextons and Squadrons and other nortical Instruments. What bisness has a yung fellow jist startin in life with little desideratums? There was no such things in my time—no nor bullocks trunks nayther, ony elefants. So in course thats a sham entry. Praps insted of a goold snuff box to match his repeter. Or praps for a dandifide sute of Close, to wear turn about with his uniform, for the last time I had the pleasure, my Nevy reminded me a good deal of a Monky. Which reminds me if you want his picter in his absence, there's the very moral of him, in old Snitch's the tailer's winder, drawn and cullerd at full lenth, as a sample of the last ally mode. I mean the one a switching a little refined lickerish boot, as no man with a grate Toe could get his foot into. He's the very immage! Now in *my* yunger days a respectabel yuth was content with a decent coat and hat, and provided he could go into church with a clean shirt, well blackt Boots, and a pair of unholy gloves. But them was plain Johns, not dear Gusses. As to his goold Watch its like his impudence when his Uncle have gone thro life with a Pinch back—and whats more never had a Watch at all till five and twenty. The Cock was my Crownometer. Four in summer and six in winter from years end to years end. But I supose erly risin was none of my Nevy's habbits, and till 12 or 1 he would have been letting himself down by getting up. The later the genteeler,—and I have nerd of one fashonable reiigius lady in Lonnon who always got up singing the Evening Hym. However thats your way of bringin up, namely to give a sun his own way in every thing, which being a very take it esy stile of edicating to mind hardly justifies a Parent in bragging of it so much as she do in your letter. It would have been better praps to have thwarted a little more, for all his lively parts. My flebit Horse in the Spring cart is much such a Genus, with a remarkable tallent for

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Kickin, and not unclever at backin, and an uncommon quickness at running away. But I don't give him his Hed for all that. He would soon be distributing orders at rong doors if I did. But says you dear Gus isn't ment for a plodding tradesman.

RISING AFTER THE LARK.

He's to be a shining caracter, as to which it seam to me, from the letter, my Nevy's cannon bullet went nowheres watever, and the Captin only intended to say he'd be such a shining caracter as a mackrel, when its good for nuthing.

As to his Corrispondance, not having your advantige of a bording Skool edication, I am no judge of stiles, how genuses ort to rite or not, but it do seem to me, from my own pickings up about the streets that he have much the same flashes of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Fancy as the littel dirty ragged genuses that inquire arter strange gentlemens muthers, and if so be they have parted with their mangles. Still to give the Devil his do, as the saying is, there is parts of his letter not so much amiss. The Yellow See reads almost like filosofy—and the Opuim bisness sounds correct, and so does the Chiney Orfins, tho I cant weep over them being as you say a Batcheler, and therefor all the children I havent got are to be chuckt in my teeth. The same of your own pictur of yourself which not being a Femal I cant fancy myself into, any more than you can fancy yourself into my inwizible green and drab shorts. All I can say is I hope I may live to see it, Lantern and all, and dear Gus a ridin arter you on an Elefant, like a nabob, or a Mandarin, which reminds of his libberty taken with my tie. As to cuttin it off praps I may, to *leave as a legacy*. In the mean while he may keep his Shan Pan to fry his own fish in. If he had been reely solicitus to please, a pair of them noddin figures, such as stands in some grocer's shop winders, would have been a more likely and nateral present.

I think now I have answered every pint in your faver: and have only one thing to add namely trade is dredful flat, and money uncommon scarse and tight everywhere, which I mention in case that you or my Nevy may not look to me for the needful in any dilemmy as is far from unprobable. I have no more thirty pounds to give away: and as to lendin on lone, of course it will be expected without sekurity from a Nateral Unkle, whereas the Unnateral ones always gets something or other if its only a flat irun for their advances.

With which I remane

Dear Sister,

Your loving Bruther,

ABEL DOTTIN.

Manchester, October the 26th, 1842.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

No. IV.—*To Mr.* ABEL DOTTIN, *Grocer, Manchester.*

DEAR BROTHER,

A violent cold having flown to my chest, I am too ill to enjoy retorting and retaliating, and which must plead my apology for not recriminating at more length. As such you must excuse my not resenting sereatim every point in your last letter, and making you thoroughly ashamed of yourself and your unnatural sentiments. I allude particularly to your taking refuge as an Uncle in the Character of a Pawnbroker, and declining loans to your nearest ties, except on the usual sharking terms of those moral monsters. But trade hardens every thing. It teaches to adulterate our genuine feelings with sordid ingredients, and to weigh the just claims of consanguity in scales that are anything but correct.

Gracious heavens! where *is* a sister or a nevy to look up to for assistance if needful, but to a rieh connexion without chick or child, rolling in wealth, and where I venture to say, every shilling he advances will be to his everlasting credit! O, brother, consider your nevy's propinquity! Your sister's own son—and if ever a youth exhibited a decided propensity to get elevated, its him. I do hope, therefore, you will reflect before you shirk one so likely to redound upon you, as dear Gus. Already by his native genius, improved by talent, he has arrived at a pitch of splendour to which few sons rise in the East; and of course the greater his eminence and prosperity the more he will reflect on his relations. To be sure, if a nevy was going down in the world instead of up, some people might feel justified in backing him with a cold shoulder; but where he promises wealth, affluence, and opulence, rank, title, and dignity, to cut one's own flesh and blood must be perfect infatuation! And suppose a little pecunery assistance *was* necessary to his exalt-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

ation, ought the laudible heights of his ambition to be chilled and snowed upon by a cold calculating passimony, and let him be arrested on the high-road to fame and fortune, for want of a trifle, as I may say to pay the gates? What's a paltry 50*l.* for such a figure in China! And that dear Gus has turned out a phenomena, is plain from his own account. So great a rise in life of course demands a corresponding study of appearances, — but as transpires, poor fellow, from his letter, he has lost all his linnen and clothes. Such a misfortune must and shall be remedied, whatsoever shifts I may have to make, or if I strip myself to my last dividend. For I presume even *you* would not wish your nevy to be a General without a shirt, or a Colonel without inexpressibles, and especially when he has attracted, as I may say, the Eyes of Europe. A nevy who may some day have to be sculptured, colossially, and set up on a prancing charging horse, over a triumphant arch.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

But some people may treat such a picture as chimerical, though quite as wonderful metamorphoses have come down to us. Look at Boneyparte, who at first was only an engineer officer, like Mr. Braidwood, and yet came to be Emperor of the French. Or look at Washington, who from a common American soldier rose to be king of the whole republic! For my own part I will say for my son, it has been my constant aim to

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

instil genius into him, morning, noon, and night, and to cultivate a genteel turn for either the army, or the navy, or the church. The last, I own, would have been most congenial to my maternal wishes, for besides the safety of a pulpit, a soldier or a sailor when peace comes is a moral nonentity, but there is no peace in the church. However dear Gus would never hear of a shovel hat and a silk apron, and especially at the present time, when, as I understand, the clergy is to go back to their ancient, antiquated costume, and put on their old-fashioned rubrics. As to the law he never could abide a chancellor's wig and gown, and indeed always showed a perfect antipathy to anything legal. So far, then, the Chinese war was a blessing, and all has turned out for the best; for dear Gus has attained to martial glory, quite unusual at his age, and if a parent may predict, will some day be made a peer of, like Wellington, and hand himself down to posterity with his family arms.

In the mean time I have packed up for him a dozen ready-made shirts, together with such money as I could scrape up, namely four sovereigns, a sum, alas! which will fall far short of his Pekin expectations, and certainly not enough to let him see any great capital. In fact he names fifty pounds as the very smallest minimum for supporting the honour of his country at the Chinese court, and which most people will consider as very moderate terms. I do hope therefore, when such a trifle is in the case, and so much at stake, you will kindly contrive to make it up, or if cash is inconvenient, by an accommodation bill or a creditable letter to some banking-house abroad. As to security, my own U.O.I. would, I trust, be sufficient between relatives, or if you preferr'd, dear Gus would no doubt be agreeable to your taking out the amount in tea or Chinese fans, or nid-nodding mandarins, or any other articles you might fancy. In which case you *can* be no loser, but will enjoy the satisfaction of putting forward a shining branch that will greatly add to our family lustre.

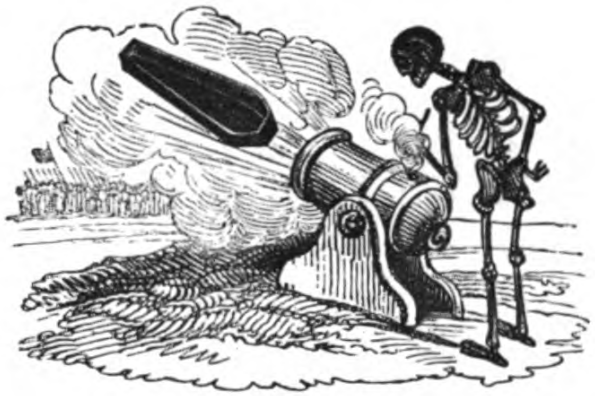
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

How he escaped from such awful Waterloo work as he describes is a perfect miracle. The mere perusal almost turned my whole mass of blood, and made me feel as if poked and stabbed in every fibre, and squibbed and rocketed besides. Indeed war seems from his picture, to be a combination of storm, total eclipse, the great earthquake that should have been, and the fifth of November. It follows that dear Gus must have been specially preserved from such a concatenation for some brilliant destiny, which it would be a sin in us to frustrate by any scrimp measures. I do beg and hope, therefore, to hear from you with the needful, by return of post, in which case I remain, dear Brother,

Your affectionate sister,

JEMIMA BUDGE.

Wisbech, 17th November, 1842.



FIRING SHELLS.

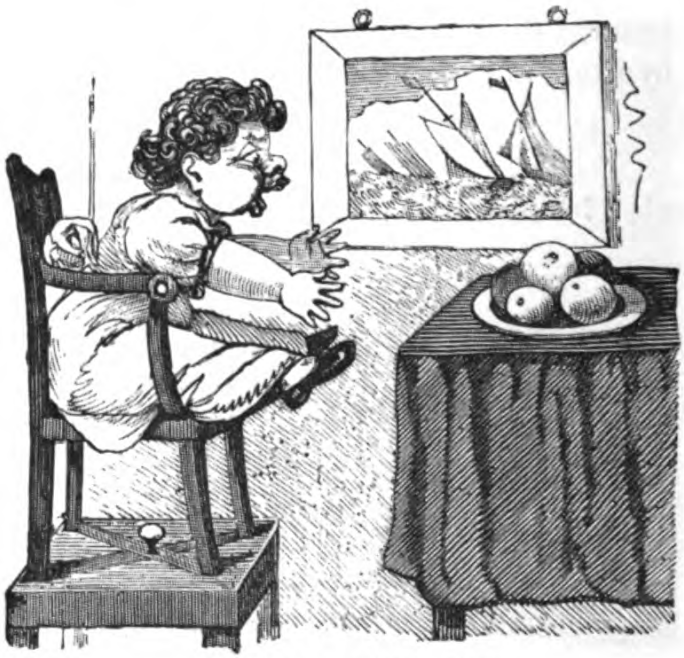
No. V.

DEAR MOTHER,

As I expected in my last, I have at length set foot in the Chinese empire, and am at this moment writing from Chewshew, a regular Celestial Village, though not to be found perhaps on the Celestial globe. However it is a pleasant place enough, and would be pleasanter if our quartermaster had not quartered

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

me with a wholesale breeder of black beetles, for a great Soy manufactory in the neighbourhood—a hint which I suppose will set your face and stomach for the future against that soy-disant sauce. However, here is the process from the Chinese receipt. First fatten your beetles on as much pounded rice as they will eat. Then mash the insects to a paste, which must be slowly boiled in a strong decoction of Spanish liquorice. Strain the liquor carefully, and bottle it, well corked, for English use.



A SQUALL AT LONG REACH.

Since my last we have had several brushes with the natives, whose first attempt was to make a bonfire of us in the river, having agreed to a truce for the purpose. In fact a regular gunpowder plot; but such traitors are sure to split amongst themselves, and one of them gave our commander the office the day before. At first the report was treated as a bam. However, after dark, as soon as the tide turned, down came the fire-raft with the ebb, and if the pigtails had been content with a business-like flare-up of combustibles and destructibles, might

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

have played old gooseberry with our ship. But the Chinese are famous for their pirotechnics, in which they take the shine out of Madame Hengler herself, so their vanity could not resist a little show off in the fancy line, to accompany their infernal machine. Accordingly, instead of the raft drifting quietly down on us, with a length of slow match proportioned to the distance, we were warned of it two miles off by a shower of outlandish squibs and crackers and serpents, cutting away in all directions, and then forming themselves into Chinese characters, one of them stand-

ROCKET TIME AT VAUXHALL.—A PROMINENT FEATURE.

ing, as the pilot told us, for a certain very hot place. Of course we soon shifted our birth, and let the fire-raft drive clear of us, which soon after blew up in the shape of a great fiery dragon, with a blazing tail twisting to a point like a red-hot corkscrew, and spitting a volley of blue zig-zaggy lightning darting out of its mouth. It was a splendid sight, beating the grand Vauxhall finales, or the Surrey Zoological, all to sticks — and except in one little accident a very satisfactory performance.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

In the hurry of shifting the ship, the Chinese wash-boats that were fastened astern of her were all cut adrift, and getting entangled with the fire-raft, our damp linen was terribly over-aired. Being the first wash after the voyage from England, my whole stock, unfortunately, was in the tub—shirts, trowsers, stockings, in short, everything—so that what I am to do for a change I know not, unless I can turn my blanket into a flannel waistcoat and my sheets into a pair of ducks. A queer sort of toggery to exhibit in to the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and the Imperial family at Pekin. To be sure I have since obtained a few laurels, and if they were real ones might go to court as a Jack in the Green—but no, the thing is beyond a joke, and I do hope that on the receipt of this my dear mother will immediately forward a dozen shirts (fine ones mind) to her dear Gus. For trowsers, the climate being warm, I can perhaps make shift *à la* Highlander, but the shirts are indispensable, and may be sent to the care of John Shearing, Esquire, Star Coffee-house, Drury-lane, who is coming out with the first reinforcements and supplies.

Having mentioned my laurels, you will naturally wish to know where they were picked. After the fire-raft business our commanders resolved in a council of war, to waste no more time in chaffing, but to commence uncivil operations, and do the offensive. So we were all disembarked, soldiers, sailors, and marines, and after a skirmish or two, brought the enemy to a regular stand-up fight at a place called Kow-Tan. They were in great force, and opened a smart fire on us from their matchlocks and field artillery, which are small swivels fastened on camels' backs, but are frequently so overloaded, that the recoil tears off the poor animal's hump. On our sides we had lots of howitzers that kept shelling out their bombs and grapnells like fun.

Our right was composed of the marines, and our centre of the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

regulars, but we had no left at all on account of a swamp. The sailors were the reserve, only, as usual, they would not reserve themselves, but ran off helter skelter to a Chinese castle, which they took by boarding. In the meantime Captain Pidding got possession of a tea-grove towards Howqua, while Twining's company captured a magazine containing about 20,000 pounds of fine gunpowder, and immediately opened a discharge of canisters, that made regular Mincing-lanes through the main body of the Teatollers. My own post was with a cloud of skirmishers that was pushed forward to enfilade our artillery, while it made a reconnoisance—but I do not pretend to describe all the manœuvres of our army, like the moves at a game of chess. Some eye-witnesses, I know, profess to have seen everything in an action, right and left, back and front, and in the middle, as clear as the figures of a quadrille, but which is very different to my notion and experience of a battle. To my mind it is more like a turn-up in London, where you are too much engaged with your own customers to attend to what goes on over the way, or at the other end of the street,—not to forget the dust and smother, for the guns and cannons, as yet, are not obliged by Act of Parliament to consume their own smoke. To give a clear idea of it, just fancy yourself in a London fog, so thick that you can only see your two next files. Well, by and by, the right-hand one, after cutting an extraordinary caper, suddenly drops and rolls out of sight into the fog, and when you look rather anxiously for your left-hand man, you see Tom Brown instead of Jack Robinson. The next minute you throw a summerset yourself over a log or a dead corporal, you cannot see which, and then plunge with your head into the big drum, or perhaps on a dismounted cannon, with a crash that makes you see all the gas-lights in London in one focus. Of course, you're insensible for a bit, till you're refreshed with a kick or a stab, and then you revive again, but as cool and collected as a gentleman

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

waking suddenly at midnight, to a storm of thunder and lightning, a smother of smoke, a strong smell of fire, and a burglar or two at his bedside. All you see distinctly is some sort of bright picked-pointed instrument within an inch of your eye, which of course you parry off by natural instinct, and then going to work at random, cut and thrust right and left with your sword, or pike, or bayonet, into the darkness visible, which goes into something soft, and comes back red and dripping. That's to say, if you have good luck; if not, you get a slash or a poke yourself, from some person or persons unknown, in your throat, or your chest, or your stomach, or wherever you like. However, for this once you win first blood—so on you go groping, stumbling, poking, parrying, and coughing, when you've time for it, and winking if you can't help it, the flashes increasing like blazes, the smother getting thicker and thicker, and the noise louder and louder,—so that you don't know you've been cheering except by getting hoarse and short of wind. No matter, on you push, or are pushed, into the cloud, till at last you dimly see a sort of Ombre Shinois dodging before you, that suddenly turns to a real Tartar, painted and dressed up to look like a Bengal Tiger, and flourishing a great double-edged sword in each of his fore paws. Of course it's kill or be killed, so at it you go, like Carter and his wild beasts, only in right down earnest, two or three more Tigers joining in, clash slash, and the sparks flying as thick as in a smith's forge, or at a Terrific Combat at the Surrey or the Wells. Such a shindy is too hot to last, and, accordingly, if you're alive at the end of two jiffies, the chance is that you find yourself making quite a melodramatic Tableau—namely, your bloody sword in one hand, a Chinese pigtail in the other, and four or five weltering Tartars lying round your feet!

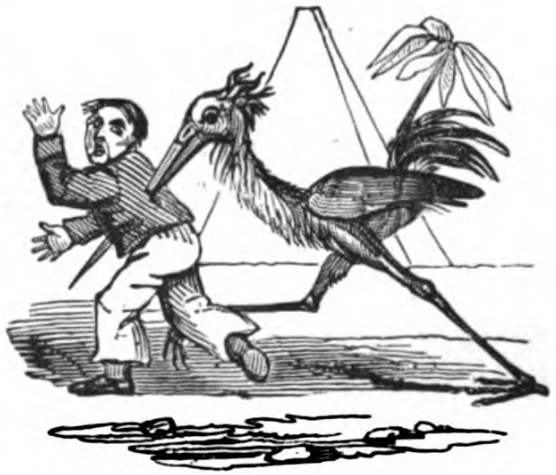
What followed I hardly know, my head seeming to spin like Harlequin's; but I am told that I performed prodigies of pluck,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

and which, if you do not read of in the dispatches must be laid to the envy and jealousy of our Top Sawyers and the Commander-in-chief.

The pigtails, to do the handsome, behaved with great coolness, many of them fanning themselves with their great fans in the heat of the action. But, as usual, European tactics prevailed over want of discipline; and the barbarians having both their wings broken were obliged to fly. The slaughter was prodigious—our mortars playing like bricks, and the flying artillery dropping their tumbrils with beautiful precision into the thick of the mob. The sword and bayonet, as we may suppose, were not idle, but indulged in lots of "sticks and strikes," as Miss Martineau says, at the expense of the Chinese, and turned a great many of their flanks. The swag is immense: including the enemy's military chest, and the key of their position, which is of solid gold, and first-rate workmanship, and is to be sent home to England for presentation to the Queen.

The loss on the English side was trifling; only one man belonging to our ship being killed,—a London Bill-sticker who had volunteered with the Expedition, to get a sight, as he said, of the great Chinese Wall.



A BILL-STICKER.

Well, after the battle was over we turned, as the song says, from Lions into Lambs, sparing all such as made signs for quarter, only marking them, by cutting off their tails, as being under British protection. A

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

good many of the natives were also chevied after, and humanely hunted back to their homes, though some of our fellows, it must be owned, preferred breaking into the villas and Joss-houses in search of the silver, and got plenty of tin, besides Poo-Choos, Joo-ees, and the like. Mister Augustus for his share, only getting a fiddling little Ye-Yin, *alias* a Kit. The truth is I was

"WHAT FOR YOU HANG DE PICKANINNY?"

too much interested in going after a poor little stray Chinese. From the marks, it was evidently very young, and unaccompanied, and the mere idea of a lost child in such a vast empire as China, would have engaged the commonest humanity in the task; the country, besides being full of swamps and canals, and hundreds of uncovered wells, into which, in its headlong terror, it might plunge. My heart turned sick at the very thought, and made me the more eager to overtake the youngster,

Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

while fancy painted the delightful scene of restoring it uninjured to its distracted parents. But fear had lent wings to the little feet which I tracked, with Indian-like perseverance, by the prints in the mud and sand,—on, and on, and on, but alas! without a glimpse of the fugitive. Scared by the thunder of our artillery, it had probably flown for miles, and I had almost given up all hope, when the trail, as Cooper calls it, led me to the edge of a paddy-ground (or rice-field), where I caught sight of something crouching down amongst the herbage. You may guess with what eagerness I dashed in and made a grab at her blue-satin, when, suddenly jumping up to bolt, the poor child turned out to be her own mother, or at least a full-sized China-woman, but with the little tiny feet of an English two-year-old. Still, being a female in distress, I tried to comfort and encourage her—no easy job for a foreign Barbarian, as black as a sweep with gunpowder, as ragged as a beggar with slashing and fencing, and jabbering all his compliments and consolations in an unknown tongue. So as chaffing was of no use, I was compelled to active measures—but the more I tried to save her the more the little catty package clawed me with what I can only compare to human tenpenny nails. However, I made shift to carry her off to the nearest house, which proved to be either her own or a friend's; for she flung herself into the arms of a fat elderly Chinaman, who met us at the door. The old fellow, whether husband or father, was very civil, and seemed to twig my motives much better than the lady: for after a little telegraphing, he politely set before me a regular Chinese feast, namely a saucer full of candied garden-worms, a cold boiled bird's nest, and a basin of addled eggs, making signs besides, that if I would wait for one being killed, I should have a dish of dead dog. All being intended on his part to do the handsome and the grateful in return for my services—but which, as virtue is its own reward, I declined

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Our victory at Kow-Tan, it is thought, will end the war, so that before you are much older, you may look, my dear mother, to see

Your affectionate son,
AUGUSTUS BUDGE.

P.S.—I re-open my letter to say that a Treaty of Peace has been signed at Nankin. It remains to be seen whether the English nation will be satisfied with the terms, but they were

"COME, EAT SOME PADDY."

the best we could get—namely, the Chinese are all to turn Christians, and to pay off our National Debt. Of course there will be Illuminations in London, and at Pekin there is to be a grand Feast of Lanterns, to which the Emperor has invited our Commander-in-chief, with such officers as he may name; and I am proud and happy to say I am set down rather high in the list. So to say nothing of promotion at home, which may be booked, I am sure of something handsome from the Brother of the Sun and Moon, who, like those celestial relatives, is famous for tipping with gold and silver. But a little of the ready, say fifty pounds at the very lowest, will be absolutely needful in the

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

meantime, if I am to keep up my rank at the Chinese Court. In such a case I know *you* will grudge nothing, and perhaps Uncle Abel will come down, in whole or in part. *But pray do remember that the money must be had*, and may be forwarded through the same channel as the shirts.

No. VI.—*To* Mrs. Budge, *Wisbech.*

Dear Sister,

Your last of the 17 Instant came duly to hand And am sorry to note you are too poorly for illfeeling, which in course I can excuse. In such a case being loath to agrivate, shall confine myself to Matters of fact which being unanserable will save you the troubble of a Reply.—Otherwise I should have considdered my deuty to set you to rites and partickly on the subjex of Trade and Tradesmen and their adulteratin and use of short waits. As to which a honest man, altho he is a grocer, may be a fare dealer and have as nice senses of honners in his trade, as a Lord or a Duke who has no bisness whatever in the world. Thats my feeling, and on my own private Account beg to say so fur from aproving of fraudulent Practices if so be I thought my Skales was cheatin I would kick the beam. Concerning which I may remark that some people who considder themselves Gentry such as Bankers toppin Merchants and the like contrive to have false Ballances without any Skales at all. So much for your flings at trade tho I do not care a fig, nor even a whole Drum of them for sich reflections. Praps if my Nevy had been put early in life to the same Bisness he mite by this time have been rollin in Welth as well as his Uncle, which however I ant. The times is too up hill and money too scarse for any sich opperation. But at any rate he mite have reallized a little Mint instead of his Sprigs of Lawril of which I advise to inquire the vally at Common Garden. But that comes of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

your genteel notions of a polite bringin up and which nothin would satisfy more humbler than a Lord Chancellor, or a Bishop, or a Field Marshal. In my yunger days the sons of limmitted Widders with narrer incums had no sich capital choices, or my own Muther would certanely have preferred me in a silk apon to a dowlus, and a clericle shovel hat to a shockin bad un with the brim turned up all round. Not to name a military hat on full cock and very full fledged with fethers. Also a fine scarlet or blew uniform with goold lace down my unexpressibles, in loo of a pair of cordray Shorts meant for longs, as well as shabby, with a scrimp Jacket that praps objected to meet them on that account. As for linnin, its enuff to say my muther hardly thort it worth markin, and never numbered it all. As regards which its my opinion if you ever see dear Gus again you are more likely to see a shirt without a General than a General without a shurt. But its the prevailing fashion nowadays for every Boddy to aspire above their stashuns, or at any rate to pass off their humbleness under some high flown name. For exampel John Burril of our place, who I overheard the other day calling himself the Architect of his own fortune, and he's only a little Bilder.

But as I said above I am not going pint by pint through your faver, but to convey certain perticlurs as follows. When I received yours of said date I was jist on the eve of startin off by the railway on urgent business to the metropulis. So I had only time to put your letter in my pockit-book, which will explane my ansering it from this place, namely the Gorge and Vulture, High Holborn—N.B. and prepaid beforehand. Being seven year since my last visit to London and my first regular holliday, it appeared not altogether incumpatible to treat myself for once to the piay, which was Theatre Royal Drury Lane, at three shillings ahead to the pit, the front row next the Musick. The peace was King John, another exampel you will say of a

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

hard harted Uncle and a neglected Nevy, and as such, a theatricle slap in somebody's face. But beggin pardon it seems to me that the account between such relashunships have never been correctly stated nor the claims of the junior party fairly made out. A Father is a father with his own consent and concurrants and therefore only responsibel as I may say for his own Acceptance — but an Uncle is made such willy nilly whether he's agreeable or not, as is partickly hard on a single Batcheler who not wanting children at all, is obligated to have them at second hand in the shapes of Nevies and Neeces. As such I could not help symperthisin with King John, with a plaguy Nevy of a Prince Arthur, and an unreasonable Muther, always harping like somebody else on her son, her son, her son, and to be sure when she did kick up a dust it was a hot one, like ground pepper and ginger! However the second act being over, I stud up and looked round, as usual, to have a survey of the House and the company when lo and behold whom should I see about three rows off in the pit, whom but dear Gus himself!—your preshus Son and my identical Nevy,—who ought by rites at that very moment to have been at Canton in Chiney! What I said or did in my surprise I don't know, but the hole House, Boxes Pit and Gallery, bust out in a loud roar of horse lauffing which

"OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND."

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

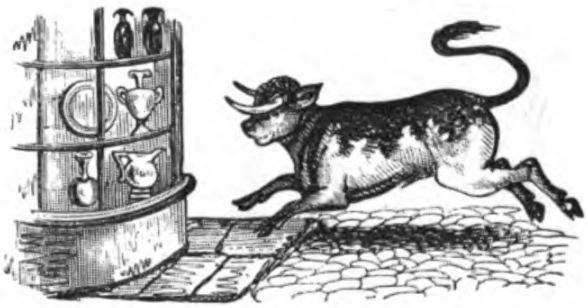
to my humble capacity was anything but a propper display of feelin at such juvenile depravity. However I scrambled over the Benshes without ceremunny and had well nigh apprehendid him when a genteel blaggard thumpt down my bran new bever right over my bridge of my Nose and afore I could get it up agin, both scoundrils includin dear Gus had made off. Still I mite praps have ketchd him except for a new Police but more like an old Fool, who insistid on detainin me to know my par-

ticklers of my Loss. Why then says I it's 30 pound, a new hat and a nevy, but as he had seen none of them took he declined to interfere. I mite have added to my minuses the best part of the Play, which of course I could not set out but returned to the Gorge and Vulter to engage a sleepless bed for the night. But not being bed time I set down to anser your faver, on referring to which put me in mind to inquire of his

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

frend sum Reprobate of course at the Coffee-shop in Drury Lane and the same being handy instead of the letter I posted off myself and asked if Mr. Shearing was known at the House. Which he was. So I was showed into the Coffee-room, into a privit box and sure enuf there he were—not his frend but himself, having only used the other name for an Alibi.

However there he were, with a siggar in his mouth and a glass of Negus afore him which I indignently drunk up myself and then demandid an account of his misconduct, Errers not Excepted. Which he give. So the long and the short is he made a full Confession whereby it apears insted of goin abroad he was never out of London at least not further then Hide Park Corner to a Chinese Exhibition and where he pickt up his confounded Long Tungs and Slang Wangs and Swan Pans and every attum he knows of them infurnal Celestials.



FOR CHINA DIRECT.

As mite be expected his Cash including my £30 was all squandered mostly I suppose for bottles of wine and smoke,—and such little desideratums. His goold watch went a month ago—and the bullocks trunks as I predicted grew out of his own Head. So much for a shinin caracter and a Genus above the common. As such you will soon have dear Gus on your own hands agin, at Wisbech, where if Uncles may advise as well as contribit he will be placed with some steddy tradesman

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

to lern a bisness. Unless praps you prefer him to have an Appintment in the next Expedition to Bottany Bay. With which I remain, dear Sister,

Your loving Brother,
ABEL DOTTIN.

London. November the 28th, 1842.

P.S. I did hope to save the new Shurts out of the fire. But to use his own words they are Spouted and he have lost the Ticket.

HULLAH-BALOO.

NEW HARMONY.

" I'll have five hundred voices of that sound."—CORIOLANUS.

A FEW days since, while passing along the Strand, near Exeter Hall, my ear was suddenly startled by a burst of sound

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

from the interior of that building:—a noise which, according to a bystander, proceeded from the "calling out of the Vocal Militia." This explanation rather exciting than allaying my curiosity, induced me to make further inquiries into the matter; when it appeared that the Educational Committee had built a plan, on a German foundation, for the instruction of the middle and lower orders in Music, and that a Mr. Hullah was then engaged in drilling one of the classes in singing.

As an advocate for the innocent amusement of the lower classes, and the people in general, the news gave me no small pleasure: and even the distant chorus gratified my ear, more than a critical organ ought to have been pleased, by the imperfect blending of a number of unpractised voices of very various qualities, and as yet not quite so tuneable as the hounds of Theseus in giving tongue. Indeed, one or two voices seemed also to be "out of their time" in the very beginning of their apprenticeship. But to a patriotic mind, there was a moral sweetness in the music that fully atoned for any vocal irregularities, and would have reconciled me even to an orchestra of Dutch Nightingales. To explain this feeling, it must be remembered that no Administration but one which intended to be popular and paternal, would ever think of thus encouraging the exercise of the Vox Populi: and especially of teaching the million to lift up their voices *in concert*, for want of which, and through discordances amongst themselves, their political choruses have hitherto been so ineffective. It was evident, therefore, that our Rulers seriously intended, not merely to imbue the people with musical knowledge, but also to give them good cause to sing, —and of course, hoped to lend their own ministerial ears to songs and ballads very different from the satirical *chansons* that are chanted on the other side of the English Channel. In short, we were all to be as merry and as tuneful as Larks, and to enjoy a Political and a Musical Millennium!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

This idea so transported me, that like a grateful canary I incontinently burst into a full-throated song, and with such thrills and flourishes as recurred to me, commenced a Bravura, which in a few minutes might have attracted an audience more numerous than select, if my performance had not been checked in its very preludium by an occurrence peculiarly characteristic of a London street. It was, in fact, the abrupt putting to me of a question, which some pert cockney of the Poultry first addressed to the unfledged.

"DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

PRINTED BY W. H. SMITH AND SON, 186, STRAND, LONDON.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

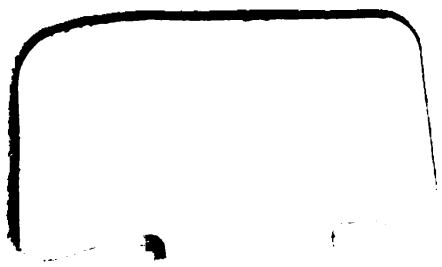
Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Generated on 2019-08-01 15:07 GMT / http://hdl.handle.net/2027/nyp.33433081580395
Public Domain, Google-digitized / http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google